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THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW

No. 524.—APRIL 1935.

Art. 1.—LONDON UNDER THE FIVE GEORGES.

THE London of George the First differs as markedly from that of our present King as does the social life to which it serves as background. I suppose architecture may be regarded as the outward and visible expression of a nation's ideas, for unlike pictorial or plastic art it is not necessarily confined to the conceptions of those who perpetrate it. Its very conditions require the co-ordination of such as may employ experts to put their schemes into concrete form, and so one can to some extent gauge a nation's sentiments and desires by the houses they build or the public edifices in which their more ambitious aspirations are exhibited. London is to no small extent a proof of this. If we visualise what it was like when George I came to rule over us and compare it with what it is to-day, it will not only help us to estimate the enlarged outlook of a people gradually being emancipated from various narrow conventions, but in no small degree to understand the causes produced by changes in social life that have led gradually to the transition that has taken place.

One has only to read in Gay's 'Trivia,' which was first published two years after the accession of George I, to be enabled to form a mental picture of the London of the then budding century. The state of the streets was intolerable, and, as the poet indicates, it required as much care to keep clean by day as it did to keep safe by night. For those were the times when the sober citizen was often afraid to walk abroad after dark, lest he encountered the bands of Mohocks who under such and various other names were the terror of the town. Nor were those

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in carriages in much better plight, for footpads and highwaymen stopped and robbed them in places where to-day the chief danger is in being maimed if not actually killed by motor traffic. Lady Cowper, writing in 1715, when she was staying at Knightsbridge, remarks how the fact of the camp being then in Hyde Park made the highway secure and safe even at any time during the night, a condition of things that was the exception to the rule. Then, the innkeepers were often hand in glove with the gentlemen of the road, who made the Half Way House at Knightsbridge and the Red Lion in Chick Lane their headquarters or, when pressed by justice, their hiding places. And there were other *déségremens*. The roads were so bad that carriages were always breaking down and horses continually stumbling; refuse thrown from the windows accumulated in the streets, and pavements were not; while to avoid being splashed from head to foot in wet weather people jostled one another, so that a special significance was attached to the phrase of 'giving the wall,' which to-day is meaningless.

We who are accustomed to long distances in London cannot easily conceive how limited in extent the City was. What are now integral parts of it, or at least the suburbs, were at that time open country, or only approached sophistication as market gardens or nurseries. In 1720, for instance, Queen's Square, Bloomsbury, immediately abutted on the fields and pasture grounds and was the farthest inhabited part in this direction. Bun Hill Fields really were fields with little or nothing to the north of them. Beyond the Tower the City straggled along the river as far as Redriff; while the inhabited south side of the stream was then confined, more or less, to the area around the foot of London Bridge (the only bridge London then owned) with a few dwellings extending east and west from it. At the 'Court' side of the town St James's Park and Tothill Fields to the south marked the limit of building development. Hanover Square looked on to open ground, as did the then newly developed Cavendish-Holles estate of which Cavendish Square is the centre. It was indeed so exiguous a city, both in size and population, that from its centre, roughly where St Paul's is, half an hour's easy walk would have brought one to its limits in almost any direction.

Although it possessed a few fine buildings, such as the Abbey and St Paul's, as well as Wren's other churches, the rebuilt Royal Exchange, old Somerset House and the Savoy Palace, there were really not many other outstanding landmarks, for the eighteenth century did not take much account of what had been saved from the Great Fire, and therefore such large mansions as Newcastle House in Lincoln's Inn Fields, Northumberland House at Charing Cross, Powis House in Great Ormond Street, and Montagu House where the British Museum now is, would hardly have attracted any special notice unless it was for their size, and Holland House and Peterborough House on Millbank were regarded then as we should regard places of a similar kind, Osterly Park and Syon House, for instance, as being purely suburban residences.

Hyde Park was then outside the town, with an entrance consisting of humble wooden gates, and, close by, the Hercules Tavern where the Rothschild mansion is now. Covent Garden and some of the squares, St James's, Bloomsbury, Cavendish, Hanover, and Grosvenor, for instance, had indeed been formed or were in process of development. The Navy Office in Crutched Friars, where Pepys worked, was still, together with the Admiralty in Whitehall, the centre of naval activity, and some of the City Halls were already in existence in notable buildings, although that of the Grocers had been allocated to the use of the Bank of England, and the General Post Office was in Sir Robert Viner's old dwelling in Lombard Street. The Stocks Market occupied the spot where the Mansion House was to come, Westminster Hall was still filled with the booths and stalls of commerce, and Whitehall Palace remained an inchoate mass of buildings spreading on either side of the highway, which at this point was still guarded by the King's Street Gateway and the more famous one known as Holbein's. Bridewell, once a palace, had long since become a House of Correction, and St Thomas's Hospital was still in its original home where London Bridge Station is now, while Bedlam was in its elaborately rebuilt form in Moorfields.

This rapid glance will serve to indicate approximately the appearance of London when George I came to rule England. Nor did it advance much during the thirteen

years of his reign either socially or architecturally, save where Wren, then an old man, was putting the finishing touches to some of his exquisite achievements. The fact is that these early years of the new century were in the nature of a transitional period with the manners and customs and style of the Anne convention merging gradually into that of the Georges. Save for the impeachment of Oxford and Bolingbroke, the excitement incident to the Old Pretender's rising, and the beginnings and tragic close of the South Sea Bubble, London was not greatly agitated by political troubles; while the King, unostentatious, simple in his manners, and used to a different court from that of which he had been called to be the head, preferred Hampton Court to Kensington or St James's, and the familiar groves of Herrenhausen to both.

In one spot in the metropolis, however, there was something approaching more regal state; for at Leicester House the Prince and Princess of Wales kept up their opposition court, and the 'Pouting Place of Princes,' as it has been called, was a centre where literature was nearly as popular as politics, and where that remarkable woman, Caroline of Anspach, somewhat overshadowed the prince whose throne she was to share. To that red-brick mansion, which stood approximately where the Empire Cinema is to-day, all sorts of notable people whose fame made up the glory of the Augustan Age, Pope and Swift, Arbuthnot and Gay, and the great Newton from his house on the other side of Leicester Fields, came and were welcome.

With the accession of George II a gayer time opened for London. Society took its cue from Queen Caroline, who, surrounding herself with a bevy of beauties—Molly Lepel, Elizabeth Chudleigh, and the rest—gave tone to fashion when she was not engaged in what amounted to ruling the country with Walpole. The King was divided between reigning here and making frequent visits to his Hanoverian kingdom, of which he was as fond as had been his father, the only subject on which apparently they saw eye to eye. Now it was that Kensington Palace, which had been wellnigh deserted since Queen Anne's death, again became a favourite royal residence when the Court was out of town and had removed from the more formal atmosphere of St James's. That palace which

Wren had evolved out of old Nottingham House for William III was to be further enlarged for George II by William Kent, who during the whole of this reign was employed in doing that variety of work, architectural, pictorial, and decorative, which has made him the type of the Jack-of-all-Trades of Art.

Now it was that the Society of Dilettanti came into existence and architecture became part and parcel of the fine gentleman's educational curriculum. Lord Burlington, aided by Kent, designed Burlington House; Lord Pembroke designed Marble Hill and the New Lodge in Richmond Park; Spencer House was created for the 1st Earl by Colonel Edward Grey, inspired by Inigo Jones and aided by John Vardy who completed Kent's scheme for the new Horse Guards. George Dance the elder was building churches and was responsible for the Mansion House, for which Lord Burlington's designs were turned down as they were based on one of Palladio's and the Common Council discovered that Palladio was not a Freeman of the City and surmised that he must be a Roman Catholic! Brettingham was setting up those excellent brick mansions some of which survive in Bloomsbury Square, as does his Norfolk House, in St James's, although that occupied by the late Baroness Burdett Coutts has gone the way of the neighbouring Devonshire House, erected about the same time by Kent, who was responsible for some of the houses in Arlington Street, where Sir Robert Walpole once lived, and in Berkeley Square, where his famous son ended his days.

But probably the most notable architectural feature of this reign was the building of Chesterfield House, which Ware designed for the great Earl. It was then so far out of town that a watch-dog was recommended as a protection by friends of the owner. In this then newly developed area which that great builder Sir Richard Grosvenor initiated, May Fair still carried on during certain parts of the year its gradually increasing rowdy existence. Here, as in other parts of then outlying London which were being gradually brought into development, the squares were the outstanding features; indeed, this form of town-planning, if not exactly initiated then—for a few had been formed in Charles II's day—was brought to its perfection, so that we may roughly date the great

majority of these 'quadrates' to the reigns of George II and his successor.

London in those days was being aroused to enthusiasm in other than architectural directions. Wesley and Whitefield were preaching to entranced congregations in Moorfields or St George's Fields, or, indeed, anywhere where large numbers could assemble to hear the eloquence that emanated from deep conviction. It was, however, the kind of thing that but lightly stirred the minds of the gay throngs which crowded the Mall or more romantically sought the pleasantries about Rosamond's Pond. Not yet had Buckingham House emerged from its red-brick dress into the Buckingham Palace of Blomfield's reconstruction; and society, that restricted society of which in these days few can have a conception, passed by the royal abode at St James's, or went in sedans and heavy coaches to pay their respects at Kensington. Most of us know the old prints that depict the Mall as it was in the days of George II, full of crinolines covered with the sprigged silks or lute-strings of the prevailing fashion, with gentlemen in brocaded coats, tie wigs, and small-swords, the Sir Plumes proud of their amber snuff-boxes and their clouded canes, in attendance. There they walk up and down in a sort of formal informality, scenting something of a country air amid the surrounding greenery, but yet urban to their finger tips. A throng that nothing might seem to enthuse, unless it should be the appearance of Royalty itself or the sudden rumour that the lovely Gunninges were taking the air, with a guard specially provided by Majesty in order to keep off the too great pressure of the crowd which might overmuch betem their cheeks with its curious insistence.

The age of King George II and Queen Caroline was, however, not wholly compounded of this Cytherea-like existence—this page from a Watteau or a Lancret—for other and more vital matters occupied that forty years of sovereignty. But this was London's more decorative side; this and when Majesty took barge to Kew or Richmond, with gaily caparisoned rowers and 'the sights-self,' sitting complacent beneath the hood, what time the strains of Handel's exquisite music rose and fell in drops of golden harmony on the royal and attentive ears. Indeed, the river was then, as it had been during

earlier times, used to an extent which by comparison reveals it to-day as a practically deserted stream. The absence of all but a single bridge made it, of course, necessary for those who wished to cross it to use the innumerable boats that plied for hire and were to be engaged at the many 'stairs' with which the banks were dotted. Not only were royal progresses made up and down the Thames, but the brightly decorated barges of the City Companies gave it on occasion that festive air which has long ceased to characterise it. In fact, London's river was then as much a highway as London's chief thoroughfares. London Bridge (whose houses were not removed till 1758), which still retained no little of the picturesqueness of earlier times, divided the Thames at this point into two distinct parts, for the rush of water through its narrow arches made 'shooting' it a feat fraught with no little peril; and those who took the water at Westminster, on their way eastwards, generally landed before they reached the bridge and again hired a boat below it to convey them to the confines of the City.

In a sense, indeed, the reign of George II revived no little of the gay life which the Restoration had brought in its train, for although a greater restraint was put on the royal pleasures, yet it gave the tone to society, and if Lady Suffolk was 'my good Howard' to the Queen and something more to her consort, there was nothing of that shameless lack of decorum which had characterised the Court of Charles II. When Queen Caroline died in 1737, after sufferings described by Lord Hervey with a startling particularity, and Walpole followed her eight years later, King George was left to continue his quarrel with Frederick, Prince of Wales, who occupied much the same position at Leicester House as his father had done. During these remaining fifteen years, under the successive premierships of Pelham and Newcastle, London remained in a state of quiescence, save when Prince Charles Edward's rising—the famous '45—gave it an anticipatory thrill of apprehension—a thrill which Prestonpans accentuated and Culloden finally converted into one of relief.

Frederick, Prince of Wales, had died in 1751, and it was his son who nine years later succeeded to the throne. When some one remarked to Horace Walpole that there was nothing new under the sun, 'Nor under the grandson,'

was his reply. Had he waited a few years he would have found his *not* singularly falsified by facts. For instance, it was not many years before London was to be largely ruined by the excesses of the Gordon Rioters, who did irreparable damage to much public and private property, and would have done more but for the energy displayed by the young King, an energy in marked contrast with the pusillanimity of some of those whose special duty it was to keep the peace and protect the citizens. It is a curious thing that one cannot visualise George III as anything but an elderly man, intent on a country life and never quite happy except at Windsor or Kew. As a matter of fact he was but twenty-two when he ascended the throne, and described himself as every inch a Briton. He was, indeed, one of the few English Kings born in London, and the only one whose birth took place in a private residence—the Duke of Norfolk's house in St James's Square, which had been lent to Prince Frederick during one of his specially violent quarrels with his father.

With the accession of George III we arrive at the period when the first King since James II was in all essentials, by upbringing and innate sentiments, an Englishman. His reign, as every one knows, was the most extended of any of our rulers, till its length was exceeded by that of Queen Victoria. During those long and pregnant years a wholly changed London came into existence. Its appearance and size, its very characteristics, altered to such a degree that those who could remember King George's accession and were alive when he died might have been pardoned for doubting if they were still in the same capital, or in the same England. Here I am only concerned with the London of that period, and even as it is I can but touch lightly on the subject. What it looked like before the coming of the third George I have endeavoured roughly to indicate; what it looked like when he died in 1820 was amazingly different.

In the first place three more bridges had been thrown across the Thames, at Westminster, Blackfriars, and Battersea, the first steps towards making the river less used, except for pleasure excursions, than it had been. The Adam brothers had sprinkled London with the fruits of their delicate designs, and stucco began to take the place of brick. Architecture in other directions had

passed from the hands of Kent and Gibbs, James of Greenwich and Ripley and the rest to those of the Dances and Sir Robert Taylor and above all Sir William Chambers. The greatest achievement of the last named, Somerset House, had been created on the site of the old palace, hitherto the dower-house of the Queen's Consort, till George III bought Buckingham House for the use of Queen Charlotte; while Nash and Burton were to inaugurate that new and classic style of domestic architecture of which London's few remaining examples are to be found in the Regent's Park. Newgate Prison was rebuilt by Dance the younger in 1780; Bloomsbury was developed and the massive houses of the later Georgian convention began to arise on ground still abutting at the close of the eighteenth century on open land.

Town-planning on a large scale was adumbrated, if it did not always materialise, by such men as Gwynn and Smirke, in whose published suggestions much was anticipated that has only been carried out in our own day. Notwithstanding the efforts of Nash at the close of the reign when Regent Street was formed and Carlton House, the successor of an earlier red-brick residence, erected, it is curious that the great space known to all the world as Trafalgar Square should have been left in its pristine condition till nearly the middle of the following century. Apart from the changes in architecture that were inaugurated and developed at this time, the sixty long years of George III's rule obviously could not have passed without immense extensions of the City in all directions. To particularise these is here impossible, but they included the development of that vast area to the south of the river known as St George's Fields where the Gordon Riots began, large extensions at the north of London which from being open country gradually assumed an urban aspect, and the spreading out of streets and houses both on the east and the west. Rennie created the London Docks in 1805, many of the great hospitals were improved and reconstructed, institutions of all kinds came into being, and a fresh impetus was given to the creation of churches, of which many were necessary for the spiritual wants of freshly created residential areas.

From Hyde Park Corner to the villages of Kensington and Brompton was then open ground, with a private

road, roughly identical with that now running through Eaton Square, bisecting what was known as the Five Fields but is now covered by the houses of Belgravia. When George III had been nearly forty years on the throne Earl's Court was still merely a small collocation of houses with fields about them, reaching to Kensington (then little more than a palace and a square) on the one hand and Chelsea on the other. Paddington was then an outlying village, and the New Road linked it up with the equally exiguous Somers Town and St Pancras, and was the limit of building development on the north.

The extent to which London increased by the end of the reign can be realised by a comparison of plans dated respectively 1799 and 1827, within which period all sorts of development had taken place in those parts where open ground abutting on existing houses cried aloud for the builder's attention. Then the New Road (now the Euston Road) and its eastern extension the City Road had become lined with dwellings; the Regent's Park had come into existence, flanked by the fine terraces of Nash and Burton's creation; the Five Fields had begun to disappear under the load of Cubitt's great mansions; and St George's Fields on the south of the Thames was already intersected by highways of ample proportions radiating from such pivotal centres as St George's Circus and the Elephant and Castle. From the spot where the White-chapel Road becomes the Mile End Road there were, even at the close of George IV's reign, only scattered dwellings along the highway, masking open ground on each side!

The amusements of the people gradually became far more numerous and various. Theatres sprang up in almost as unexpected a number and variety, although with little or nothing of the present elaboration of *décor*, as they have done in our own time; Ranelagh and Vauxhall were rival places of amusement, the former chiefly catering for summer delights; while the Pantheon and the assemblies of Mrs Cornelys in Soho Square were the fashionable resorts during the winter months. The Mall and St James's Park were more favoured than they had been in the time of George II, and in Dayes' famous picture one may see the *haut ton*, as it used to be called, taking the air and disporting fashions hardly less decora-

tive than they had been at the earlier period ; fashions which gradually, as the century wore on and especially when the new one had been born, tended to become soberer in hue if hardly less exaggerated in outline. The great private palaces, Spencer House and Devonshire House and the many which arose on the site of the now entirely obliterated Whitehall Palace, were centres of that lavish hospitality which was kept up by a society ignorant of Income Tax and the deadening incidence of Death Duties ; while old Northumberland House at Charing Cross, whence on one occasion Horace Walpole and a gay party set out to examine the *locale* of the Cock Lane Ghost, vied with Holland House in what were then the suburbs in reminding the eighteenth century of an earlier style of architecture and a former grandeur of outlook.

Those were the days when, in a limited population, the great ones of the land, great sometimes in the possession of wealth and territorial influence, great sometimes in the possession of intellect, great not infrequently in both, might be recognised as they paced the streets or passed in their bedizened coaches. Charles James Fox coming out of Brooks's, or Sheridan reeling out of White's, George Selwyn uttering some of his sallies or going off to watch an open-air execution at Newgate ; the beautiful *châtelaine* of Devonshire House or the lovely Lady Spencer, and how many more of those whose faces look down at us from the canvases of Sir Joshua or Gainsborough or Romney, 'the man in Cavendish Square,' might have been identified as they came and went along the highways of pleasure and fashion. The fat form of Gibbon and the thoughtful glance of Warren Hastings ; Burke off to the House of Commons, that old building so different from the successor which Barry was to raise ; or Dr Johnson himself touching the posts as he passed with the sedulous little Scotsman at his side ; or Goldsmith, in the famous plum-coloured suit of Filby's contriving, coming out of Wine Office Court or his later rooms in the Temple. Literary London at this time was largely centred in the Grub Street that has become proverbial, and Mr Cave enlisted its more prominent members for his 'Gentleman's Magazine' at St John's Gate, where Johnson in the days of his poverty ate his meals behind a screen,

and Garrick, rather surprisingly, made his *début* as an actor, by performing in 'The Mock Doctor' of Fielding, in a room prepared for the performance over that historic gateway.

But in spite of Goldsmith and the many other illustrious writers who illuminated the reign of George III, it is the great Lexicographer who dominates that scene: whether he was eating his frugal meal in a small tavern off the Strand, or reading his 'Irene' to Garrick at The Fountain; walking round St James's Square with Savage, or receiving scant courtesy at the doors of Lord Chesterfield in Grosvenor Square; on his way to a meeting of The Club or the Essex Head, or going to his historic interview with King George III in Buckingham House; or visiting the scene of the Cock Lane Ghost's strange rappings—wherever you may walk in London that ponderous figure seems to meet you and recall the days when London was lighted but by oil lamps and the peace was inadequately kept by the watchmen whose boxes were to be the special objective of the young bloods of the succeeding period out for a night's boisterous amusement. Even the figure of Charles Lamb wandering amid the flowers and fruit of Covent Garden, or entranced at the scenes presented at Sadler's Well is not so dominant—no figure of all that time is indeed so dominant—as that of the man of enveloping talk who bulks in our literature as so much greater than anything he actually produced.

As the period wore on gradual changes took place, not merely in the outward appearance of London, but in the tone and thought, manners and customs, of the time. War, *mutatis mutandis*, which affected this country under King George III as it has done under King George V, brought a soberer view of life to innumerable households. The fear of invasion was stronger then than we even experienced in recent times, and when the Pilot who weathered the storm—the Mr Pitt whose house in Baker Street can still be pointed out—died of despair, England must have felt something of what we felt when the man whose name created a vast host disappeared in the infinite sea. Nor were other thrills lacking to that distant London: Clive was closing his extraordinary career in Berkeley Square; Warren Hastings was undergoing his long ordeal in Westminster Hall, where the Duchess of

Kingston had a few years before been arraigned for bigamy and Lord Melville was to be impeached some years later. That age had, too, its Royal Jubilee and those Peace celebrations which illuminated London from end to end and brought illustrious foreign monarchs and military heroes to the personal knowledge of the relieved and delighted citizens, and Wellington became the god of their idolatry, just ten years after his great naval compeer had been buried in St Paul's.

The last nine years of George III's long reign represent the period when the Prince of Wales carried on the kingly office, and with the Regency and the decade when the Regent became King, London entered on yet another phase of its variegated existence. Then the new stuccoed convention in architecture, the background, as it were, to the social scene, reached its apogee. Then London was as excited over the armed successes in the Peninsula as Horace Walpole indicates that they were when in his day it 'rained victories.' Waterloo put the crown on the earlier achievements of the great captain of the age, who might have been seen mounting his horse at Hyde Park Corner, or, by a more limited gathering, riding into Westminster Hall when his royal master was crowned with a pomp and ceremony hitherto unequalled.

If London's architectural features began to take on a new form, the manners of the people were, too, gradually changing. The beaux of an earlier day became the bucks who wore hessian boots, until Brummell, the arbiter of fashion, induced them to wear trousers. Lace cravats were being superseded by stocks, whose innumerable convolutions were to remain the vogue into Queen Victoria's reign, when Brummell's successor D'Orsay wore them with the incomparable air of a Phœbus-Apollo. Indeed, dress became among all classes less decorative if more serviceable. Classicism was now as fashionable in attire as it was in architecture and furniture. Powder went out, ringlets came in, and there was evolved a sort of Greek and Roman convention in female costume only made possible in our less salubrious climate by the immense muffs which the ladies carried and the cloaks and shawls which they wore. Men began to be seen in London in top hats, of a shape different, indeed, from those now worn, but approximating in their rigid outlines, and

far removed from the tricornes favoured when the old King was young and the graces of an earlier day still survived.

The charming (they would have called it 'elegant' then) furniture of Chippendale and Sheraton and Hepplewhite was beginning to be succeeded by the massive mahogany, the ponderous rep-curtains to keep out the light and the heavy carpets to harbour the dust, which were to become general when Victorianism finally put an end to Georgian elegance. Even the children taking the air in Hyde Park, which by now had succeeded St James's Park as a fashionable promenade, became little counterparts of their parents and with their uncomfortable dress and formal manners seem vastly different from the childish, delightful youngsters, clad in flowing easy garments and full of the *joie de vivre*, who look out at us from the pictures of Reynolds and Gainsborough, Hoppner, Raeburn, and Lawrence.

If not so exciting in one way, London during the Regency and the reign of George IV was not without its thrills, and the even then relatively small newspapers that had succeeded the diminutive news-sheets of earlier times were full of stimulating, and sometimes disturbing, information. One day the populace learned that Mr Perceval, the Prime Minister, had been assassinated in the very lobby of the House; anon came the news from Spain where victory succeeded victory, and that from Belgium where the greatest victory of all in those times was achieved. The return of Napoleon from Elba which had preceded that welcome tidings threw London into one of its periodical panics. The trial of Hone for sedition and that of Queen Caroline; the Cato Street Conspiracy, which had been organised by a set of desperadoes in the street from which it took its name, and was to have resulted in a holocaust of the whole Cabinet in a house in Grosvenor Square; the subsequent apprehension and execution of its head and front, Thistlewood, and his companions; the untimely death of Princess Charlotte, and the suicide of Lord Castlereagh; the agitation over the Test and Corporation Acts, and the still greater disturbances produced by the Catholic Emancipation Bill which occurred during the last year of George IV's reign, are but a few of the events with which London was

specially interested but which had their repercussion throughout the kingdom.

All these diverse *mémoires* are with 'yesterday's seven thousand years.' They seem to us echoes from a past so far removed from our own standards of life and conception of living, that the first four Georges appear to have no relation with present events or with existing modes of thought. This arises, of course, from the fact that between them and the accession of King George V a period of only just under ninety years has intervened. Still more does it arise because that period covers not only the long and glorious rule of Queen Victoria, but also the seven years during which her immediate predecessor was on the throne and a decade when King Edward VII ruled over us. During those years vast changes took place and such immeasurable improvements occurred in all directions; human effort exerted itself to such an extent towards the improvement of life and the general well-being of the community, that the preceding era, notable as it was in many and various ways, seems to us almost like the Middle Ages with which we have nothing in common but what heredity and the hopes and fears which have persisted in humanity from the beginning of things have bequeathed to us.

When people talk of the good old days it is generally those of the earlier Georges to which their minds revert. They were in many respects great days, spacious days, above all decorative days. But who would wish them back, with the dangers and, for so many, the hardships of life that accompanied them; their class distinctions, now greatly lessened; their cruel punishments, now so much ameliorated; their difficulties of transit, now practically obliterated; their darkness in streets as well as in so much of their mental outlook; the unrelieved misery of the poor; the horrors of child labour; the filth and vice with which their prisons were characterised; their lack of sanitation, and their groping attempts at curing the evils arising from them all?

We are now celebrating the Jubilee of the fifth King George. For a quarter of a century we have been ruled by one who has scorned delights and lived laborious days; whose reign has been darkened by such a war as was without parallel in the history of nations, if not for its

drawn-out agony—for there have been longer struggles though none so continuous and insistent—at least in its tremendous consequences and the number of its military and civil victims. Throughout those terrible four years the King identified himself with his people, not merely in the resolve to conquer, but in bearing with equanimity those phases in the struggle when the angel of defeat seemed hovering over us.

If for no other reason, and he has laid on us many other claims to gratitude, loyalty, and respect, King George has so endeared himself to the hearts of his myriad subjects, has so closely identified himself with their aspirations, that, beloved as other of his predecessors have been, none, I think, has done this so whole-heartedly as he or has so truly earned the title of the Father of his People. And what he has done has been consolidated not only by his gracious and illustrious Consort, but by the Heir to the Throne, and in their varied ways by the other members of the Royal House. When we look back, with His Majesty, on the dark and uncertain days when he was called to the throne, and then remember how since then, through varied crises he has faced life steadily and faced it whole, without—to use another poet's words—making his high place the lawless perch for winged ambition or a vantage ground for pleasure, we can all, as part of that great family of which he has himself said he is the head, join with respect and love in the pæan of rejoicing which salutes the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession, and can give new and deeper significance to the cry of God save the King.

E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR.

Art. 2.—INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT IN SOVIET RUSSIA.*

IN Western Europe the Five-Year Plan of Soviet Russia is usually spoken of as 'the most interesting experiment of organised national economy,' and is supposed to have had brilliant results. It is, therefore, looked upon as possibly a remedy in the world economic crisis. At any rate the Plan undoubtedly is regarded as of advantage to the Soviet system. As a matter of fact, the Five-Year Plan does not exist at all! The leader in the organisation of Soviet industry, M. Serge Ordjonikidze, could not show us any such system in working. 'Here is the first Plan,' he would say, 'and here is the second.' We should see what has been called a 'variation-minimum' and a 'variation-maximum' of it; all of which have been adopted—but which of them is the standard Plan? No single branch of industry in Russia has had the advantage of being worked on a firm and definite plan, but instead countless plans have been adopted and have hindered the work. The directors of factories and trusts, misled by so much uncertainty, have acted according to their own judgment. They did not know which plan to follow. This was called following 'counter-plans'; but in reality it meant mere anarchy. The same can be said of the second Five-Year Plan—1932-37. Its third year has begun, and still there is no trace of a definite design—only 'variations.'

It cannot be denied that in the years 1928-32 many new factories were built and industrial enterprises started in Soviet Russia. But most of them were planned without consideration being given to the real wants of the country. Take, for instance, the famous 'Dneprostroy,' the powerful electric plant on the river Dnepr. The State has already spent on it 300,000,000 gold roubles; it is able to produce 400,000 kilowatt of energy—but it stands almost still and works only for 20 per cent. of its capacity, because there are no undertakings in the neighbourhood needing so much electric energy as it could produce. The Bolsheviks had the intention to build factories in that region, but they had not the money to do it with. The 'aluminium combine' that

* The author of this article is a Russian engineer who recently escaped from Russia. His name is necessarily omitted.

is being built close by, will consume only 100,000 kilowatt of energy. In that way half the machines will stand still and enormous sums of money, as well as much effort of work, will have been wasted. At the same time many factories in Moscow, Leningrad, in the Urals and other parts of the country, cannot continue their work for want of electrical energy. Or take 'Turksib,' the railway line that was laid with enormous difficulties from Siberia to Turkestan, across deserts and mountains for hundreds of miles. This was originally intended for the transport of corn and timber to Turkestan; but as those goods are not to be had, the railroad is hardly used. Only one train runs over it daily—to transport exiles from the centre to the concentration camps.

The tractor-works in Tcheliabinsk and Harkov are the trump cards of the Soviets. Germany's biggest works produce 17,000 tractors yearly; Ireland's, 14,000; the Soviet's, 60,000! * This sounds grand, but in reality only half the number are produced; the tractors being of American or Italian construction and of scarcely any use under Russian conditions. The result was that, in 1932, two-thirds of the whole sowing area were cultivated by horses, while the tractors remained unused. Before they are able to supply suitable tractors the tractor-works must be reconstructed! And even if they did produce a sufficient number, the necessary spare parts are lacking. If a ball-bearing is over-heated, it cannot be repaired, and the tractor has to stand where it stops. In the whole U.S.S.R. there is only one place where ball-bearings are made.

Then there are the famous motor-car works in Nizhni-Novgorod ('Avtostroy'), constructed two years ago with the help of American engineers. Over 100 million of gold roubles were spent on it. At the same time roads in Russia are in such a bad state that a motor-car gets worn out after a few months of service. While making the cars, the Soviet Government ought to be improving the roads; but evidently this has not been thought of. It is scarcely two years since their gigantic motor factory was completed, and now the question is raised of its being reconstructed entirely, because a young Communist engineer, Dyakonov,

* These figures are derived from Soviet sources.

who had been to America, brought Stalin a new model of a car! The slogan of Soviet Russia now is: 'Let us overtake and surpass America!' Stalin, therefore, approved and encouraged the mass production of cars after the new model, at the same time as one can hardly get a pint of benzine—and that only by special order. Does the country really need such enterprises, or do the Communists want them merely for show? Those new works are said to be models of modern technique. But, as it happens, by the side of a new machine one generally finds a rickety old work-bench upon which the work of the heavy new machine depends. The State is too short of money to secure a complete new equipment; and many of the factories recently built, already have cracks in the walls; the beams and foundations are sinking, while defects are everywhere. When they were being built there weren't enough nails, bricks, iron and other materials for the purpose—those could be got only from the pulled-down churches. Often the machines in those new buildings slide from their foundations and the work is interrupted. For such defects the G.P.U. arrests the engineers; but how can they be held responsible for it?

The Bolsheviks assert that the paper industry has developed immensely during the Five-Year Plan. In the year 1928 only 5760 copies of newspapers were printed, but in 1932, 9700! * But already by 1932 paper had completely disappeared from the market. According to the first Five-Year Plan, the following paper-mills were to be built: three on the river Kama, two on Vishera, three on the Volga, three in Archangel. In reality only two new mills were built: one in the Urals and one on the Volga, but some old mills were reconstructed. The story of the paper-mill in the Urals is typical. The plan was drawn up by an old Russian engineer, a specialist, working with Americans, and was adopted by Moscow. The construction began. A young Communist, who did not understand anything about the business, was appointed chief of the works. According to the plan, an old saw-mill which lay close by had to be pulled down to make room for new goods-stores. But the Communist protested, the saw-mill remained, and almost at once the work in the

* These and all other statistics of the kind in this article are derived from Soviet sources.

new mill had to stop, because there was no room for storing the newly-manufactured goods. The engineer who had drawn up the plan was arrested as a 'wrecker' and shot. Later on his idea was nevertheless carried out, and not until then did the paper-mill work without interruption. It is no wonder that under such conditions most factories are used only to the half of their capacity and the goods produced are of an inferior grade. And when figures are quoted, as, for instance, for the machine industry (1912—the value of production was 350 million; in 1932—4500 million roubles), it must be remembered that the value of the rouble has fallen by fifty times.

Huge figures also are quoted about the exploitation of rock-oil; yet one has the greatest difficulty in obtaining a pint of petrol. It is reported that the production of electrical industry has increased by 90 per cent., but not a single electric bulb is to be found! Or it is said that the plan of common production had been fulfilled up to 93 per cent. during the Five-Year Plan—but there is a shortage of goods all over the country! There are practically no machines, no instruments, no iron, steel or metal articles, no coal, no dress materials, no leather, paper, benzine, petrol, no agricultural products, no tobacco, no soap—there is practically nothing except matches, 'vodka,' and substitutes for coffee. People in Russia are saying humorously, 'Which is the gayest country in the world?' 'U.S.S.R.' 'Why?' 'Because we enjoy everything; we rejoice when we are able to get some sugar in the shop; we are happy for obtaining a little petrol, and delighted to have a few herrings.'

Such are the results of the Five-Year Plan in U.S.S.R.—this 'interesting experiment' of organising national economy. Those Communist experiments have cost a tremendous sum to the people. For instance, the channel from the White Sea to the Baltic, that lies useless, cost 40,000 human lives; the 'Turksib' about 25,000; the 'Kuznetskostroy' and 'Magnitogorsk,' the pride of the Bolsheviks, grew up literally on the bones of exiled peasants who built it. The people's attitude towards the Five-Year Plan can be seen from the following: The Government decreed that the second Five-Year Plan (1932-1937) was to be carried out in four years. A workman came to Stalin and implored him, with tears in

his eyes, to reduce the time to two years, because 'we can't hold out for four years.' The Soviets have now to pay for the foreign credits on which those useless new mills and factories were built. But they have no currency that is acceptable abroad. So they are obliged to turn to the treasures accumulated by the nation in the course of the centuries and sell the rich collections of the Hermitage, of the Imperial Palaces, of museums: as, for instance the 'Codex Sinaiticus,' recently purchased by the British Museum for the sum of 100,000*l*.

It is often asked whether the working-people in Soviet Russia are better off now than they were before the revolution, and if the Five-Year Plan has made any difference to them. I left the country in 1934. The life of the workers was the same as before the beginning of the famous Plan: with the same dirty houses, haggard, gloomy faces, indifference to any kind of intellectual life, meetings and politics, angry grumblings against the abundance of vermin in workers' lodgings, and the shortage of everything wanted for daily life. The average non-party factory-hand in Soviet Russia earns 250-300 roubles a month. But that is only on paper. Out of these wages 12 per cent. are monthly deducted for State loans (these State loans have been issued for the last seven years and are compulsory), 2 per cent. for the Trade Union, 8 per cent. for cultural purposes, 5 per cent. as income-tax; then 10 roubles monthly are taken for the State-construction Fund, and, finally, a sum in addition for the support of strikes abroad. That leaves only 180 to 240 roubles a month, which is not much, considering the cost of living. True, a factory worker has a provision-card of the first category or can get a cheap dinner in the eating-house of his factory. If he takes dinner there he does not get anything more on his card in the State shops; but the dinner is generally so bad and insufficient that no one can live on it. It consists mostly of vegetable-soup and a portion of porridge with bread.

Or instead of going to the eating-house he can get on his card a kilo of black bread* a day and, monthly, 2 lb. of sugar, 2½ lb. of cereals, 2½ lb. of herrings, and ¼ lb. of oil.

* Since Jan. 1, 1935, one can get 'freely' 2 kilo of bread 'per head' in the government monopoly shops for the doubled prices: from 1 to 2 roubles per kilo.

Anything beyond that he has to buy in the so-called 'free market,' paying for 1 kilo of bread, 4 roubles; of potatoes, 7 roubles; of millet, 15 roubles; of Indian corn, 15 roubles; of butter, 50 roubles; of sugar, 20 roubles; of bacon, 65 roubles; for 1 quart of milk, 4 roubles; for 10 eggs, 12 roubles; for a cabbage, 6 roubles. The monthly wages of Soviet factory workers are thus about sufficient to buy 3 kilo of bacon or 3 kilo of butter! And how about the clothing? Officially it is said that the Government provides it for the workers and that they get everything for fixed prices on their 'goods-cards.' Alas, one is apt to be given children's shoes when looking for trousers, and braces when one wants a dress for the wife. Naturally the workers turn again to the 'free market.' Here the prices are as follows: a shirt, 25 roubles; socks, 8 roubles; stockings, 12 roubles; boots, 200 roubles; a suit of clothes, 500 roubles; an overcoat, 200 roubles; a woollen dress, 200 roubles. People in Soviet Russia are so badly dressed that any one with a necktie and a felt hat attracts attention and is considered a 'hated bourgeois'! And besides food and clothes one still wants such things as soap, petrol, fuel, thread, electric bulbs, etc. Where is one to get them? Private trade does not exist in U.S.S.R.; there are no private businesses nor shops. One can buy 'freely' only from 'speculators' who sell secretly on the market. The Soviet Government boasts that wages are five times higher than before the War. This is true, but the buying power of the rouble is fifty times less than it then was.

Now for a few words about the housing of the workers. Unskilled labourers live in barracks and sleep on plank boards in indescribable filth. Skilled workers live with their families in 'special workers' houses,' near the factory. Each member of the family has the right to 6 square metres of floor-space—that is the rate assigned by the Government. But in reality a whole family (three to six persons) mostly live together in a single small room. Here are some characteristic figures on the housing question in Soviet Russia (from Soviet statistics):

Year.	Floor-space in towns.	Town population.	Floor-space per person.
1928	160 million sq. met.	28 million	5.7 sq. met.
1932	184 " " "	33 "	4.8 " "

From the workers, weak and dull through privations, hard and intensive work is required. Every machine, every work-bench, has its fixed production-norms, which are marked on a special board. Foremen watch strictly that these production-norms are fulfilled; all such foremen are Communists and secret agents of the G.P.U., they swarm in the factories. The working-day is said to last seven hours; in reality it is nine hours and even more, because the administration forces the workers, for lack of manufactured goods in the country, to do overtime. Sometimes the same worker has to take part in the second shift, so that his working-day gets doubled. This is said to be done voluntarily. Such overwork is called 'socialistic competition' and 'shock-work,' but it is only done through compulsion. It is quite impossible to get another job or to go over to another factory, as the whole industry is nationalised and the conditions everywhere are alike. The worker who shifts to another factory or asks for higher wages is considered to be an 'enemy of the State' and discharged. The Trade Unions do not defend the workmen's interests; on the contrary, they are tools of the Communist party. Unemployment is officially denied, but there still are unemployed. Last winter 25 per cent. of all workers were discharged ('régime of economy'). The position of all those discharged people is hopeless, they get neither provision-cards nor a dole. The Russian workman says: 'Formerly we were slaves of our landlords, and then of the capitalists; but now we are slaves of labour and of hunger.' Often there is great delay before wages are paid; in the year 1933 in Nizhni-Novgorod we did not receive our wages for December until the following May!

How does the worker spend his day of rest? In Soviet Russia a new week has been introduced, consisting of six days only, and every sixth day is a day of rest. But in factories, institutions, and schools the rest-days fall differently, as some count from the first day of the month, others from the fifth, and so on. In this way there is no real Sunday, when all can rest and a whole family may spend their day together. Besides that Soviet citizens are often sent on their days of rest to do some 'social' work. All men and women between eighteen and fifty-five have to take part in it. Then you see

professors, workmen, engineers, and chimney-sweeps mixed together. Recently a part of the Underground railway in Moscow was built in that way. When the workman is lucky enough not to be sent to dig or load, or do something of that kind, he often has to stand for hours in queues in order to get kerosene, soap, or sugar on his food-card. In the winter evenings he may go to the club of his factory, or to the library and 'Red Corner'; in summer on a pleasure trip to the 'Park of Culture and Rest,' which a foreigner has nicknamed the 'Park of Rest from Culture.' Such places afford really little pleasure; one sees in them mainly placards and red banners and hears endless speeches about the blessings of Communism shouted through loud-speakers. So that the worker's only real pleasure remains in his 'vodka,' and he drinks in order to find comfort and to forget his troubles.

It is difficult to get to know the real state of mind of non-party workers. They keep silent and never talk politics; are but little interested in abstract ideas and think only of their daily bread. Occasionally one may catch a glimpse of their state of mind; for instance, in the endless queues that are full of grumbings and complainings. Sometimes feelings find expression in songs or in satirical jokes, as 'He who has but one foot is lucky, he needs only one shoe and one golosh.' Another saying is: A worker, looking at a placard which says, 'Lenin is dead, but his work lives,' remarks, 'It would be better if Lenin were alive and his work dead!'

Workers pleased with the Soviet system are mostly young people who never have seen anything else or had any opportunity of comparing their lives with general life abroad. 'Pravda' sometimes quotes letters of young workmen in which they praise their conditions—they now own a bed and a pair of sheets! That seems to be the ideal of a Soviet worker, the summit of happiness! Young workmen also are proud of being allowed to spend their yearly holiday—fifteen days—in former palaces of the Tsar in the Crimea or the Caucasus, now turned into homes of rest. But these palaces have come to look more like common lodging-houses than homes of rest. A stay of twelve days in such 'sanatoriums,' with insufficient food, is not of much use, especially as at its end the holiday-maker must return to his exhausting labours,

the under-nourishment and the endless standing in queues in front of the stores. Of course, everything appears as comparative: a worker compares his life with that of a clerk who suffers more severely; for a worker has a provision-card of the first category, and a clerk only of the second or third. The worker is hungry, but the others are hungrier still—and so he concludes that he is 'master of the situation' and belongs to the 'ruling class'! But most of the unemployed in Western Europe would refuse to lead such a life.

The successful results of the agrarian policy of the Soviets are to be seen—so the Bolsheviks assure us—'in the entire destruction of the old individual peasant farms, and in the creation of collective farms, in the growth of the sowing area in the course of the years 1928–1933 on 26 million hectares, and in the mechanisation of the collective farms.' I am not a politician and do not intend to discuss the 'advantages' of Collectivisation. I shall deal with facts only. The Soviet records may state that the sowing area is doubled since the introduction of the new collective system, or that results of their inventory show general increases; but all those assertions are in contradiction to the truth.

According to the first Five-Year Plan, only 25 per cent. of the peasantry of Russia were to become members of collective farms; in reality by 1932, 75 per cent. of the peasants had ceased to be private land-owners. The Bolsheviks said that the peasants rushed to the collective farms of their own free will, but that is not true. Their Collectivisation was wholly the result of compulsion. By 1925, Russian peasants had recovered from the collapse of the War and the revolution and begun to rebuild farming. And the Soviet Government did not want a strong peasant class, for they would never become Communists. The peasants who got nothing from the Government for their agricultural produce might, indeed, grow into a danger to the State. 'We have to subdue the peasant, or he'll subdue us.' And so the Bolsheviks began to carry through the system of Collectivisation that robbed the peasants of their land, their cattle and other resources, and turned them—miraculously—into 'enthusiastic' collective farmers. The 'miracle' was produced,

of course, chiefly by the almighty G.P.U. Collectivisation is surely one of the cruellest and darkest parts of the maleficent efforts of Bolshevism! 'Collective farmers' declare that the *kolhozi* have been 'watered by tears.' I was able to see closely the process of Collectivisation in the Volga district. It began in December 1928 with arrests, by the G.P.U., of the richest peasants and the destruction of their homes. Those peasants were now called '*kulaks*,' and the destruction of their homes was 'liquidation of the *kulak* class.' Everything, except the clothes they wore, was taken from them; after which they, their wives and children were put into cattle-trucks and sent to Siberia and the North. The journey lasted months. The only food they were allowed was $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of black bread a day each and some hot water. Lice covered them, typhus and scurvy found daily victims among them. In Siberia and in the North—beyond the Polar Circle—they were lodged at first in devastated churches and later were sent to timber-camps. Those still alive are working there even now.

After those transports had been despatched, the local Soviet authorities called meetings in the villages where they proposed to 'introduce' Collectivisation. No one seemed to want it. New meetings were summoned, with the same result. So G.P.U. reappeared. Many peasants were arrested in the night, both among the rich and the poor. Five minutes were given them in which to make preparations—and a new transport with prisoners was sent off to Siberia and Murman. It was announced at one meeting that the 'enemies of Collectivisation' have been exiled. The presiding G.P.U. agent declared: 'Who is against Collectivisation, come out here.' No one stirred. 'All the village have unanimously entered the *kolchoz*'—was wired to Moscow. 'Our success makes us giddy,' said Stalin. Members of the collective farms dare not keep any private property. 'Pull down your own stables and build a common one. Drive your cattle, your horses, sheep, pigs, poultry all together! All your possessions are to be put in one heap.' The greatest part of the cattle was slaughtered in the turmoil and eaten. Who would use horses, when tractors were to do all the work? Therefore, horses also were butchered. Why keep the old tools and stock, if modern machines, tractors

and combines were expected? Therefore they also were destroyed. Such was the beginning of the new era of Collectivisation.

Six years have gone by since then: time enough to rebuild everything. The Soviet Government declares that the collective farms are prospering. But as soon as Collectivisation came into force famine began. It grew worse from day to day. Food products soon disappeared from the markets; ration-cards were introduced. Long queues could be seen waiting patiently before the 'co-ops.' Ten per cent. of the population were pronounced by the Government to be *lishentsi*—that is, deprived of bread and food-cards. When I left Russia in 1934, famine had spread over the country, especially in the districts where there had been absolute Collectivisation, as in the Ukraine, North Caucasia, and the Volga district. Many villages died out. One could see corpses lying in the fields. There were even cases of cannibalism, it is said. And one cannot say that this famine came as a result of a bad harvest, as for the last few years the harvests were rather good.

The collective system is supposed to possess the following advantages: (1) Mechanisation of labour through the heavy machines, the employment of which would be impossible in small peasant farms; (2) the cultivation of greater sowing-areas not divided into small individual fields as before; (3) the planning and improvement of agricultural produce through modern methods. But these advantages mostly come to nothing. Foreign machines, such as tractors and combines, proved to be for the most part unsuitable to the Russian ground, so that it was found necessary to return to horses. During the last two years two-thirds of the sowing-area in Soviet Russia have been cultivated with horses as in the old days. As to those new mile-long fields, it seems impossible to keep them in a proper condition because of weeds, the abundance of which grows proportionally with the size of the fields. The labour required did not become easier at all, and a peasant turned into a collective farmer lost all interest in the work, which now is compulsory and is badly paid. One may work ever so well, the State pays just enough for one not to die—or even less. *Kolhozi* are like the plantations of the times of slavery. The

Communist administration is the planter; the collectivised peasants his slaves.

The 'planning' in agriculture is entirely bureaucratic. The central offices do not pay the slightest attention to local peculiarities, and, for instance, often order in some districts the sowing of plants that cannot grow there. All these inevitable results of Collectivisation destroy its problematic advantages. Every one knows this fact, although officially the *kulaks* and 'wreckers' are held responsible for the failure. In a village in the province of Samara, not far from the town of Buzuluk, there were before the introduction of collective farming 36 private farms with 126 cows and 43 horses. In the year 1933 there remained only 41 cows and 21 horses. No wonder that Stalin has recently ordered Collectivisation to stop in the parts of Russia that might be threatened by war, i.e. the Far East and Karelia, and to turn the 'enthusiastic' collective farmers into peasants once more.

But really the peasant no longer exists in Russia. He has been annihilated by Collectivisation, and replaced by the 'agricultural workman,' a hireling whose work is paid by the State. Some farms of individual peasants remain, but they are so few as to be no part of the typical Soviet village, and they are tolerated by the Government merely to show that Collectivisation is not compulsory. I should not like to live on one of them; they have no land or cattle, unless the local *kolhoz* agrees to lease them. Those peasants are free *de jure*; but *de facto* they depend entirely on the *kolhoz*. The *kolhoz* workers, like the town inhabitants, have no private property except in furniture and clothes. Houses, cattle, land, and so on—all they once had owned has been taken over by the collective farms. The *kolhozniks* now get their lodgings from the State, generally one room for the whole family, and pay a rent for it as in the towns. Mostly they are lodged in houses that once belonged to their neighbours. Children sometimes live with their parents and sometimes in special 'houses of children,' where they are supposed to be better nursed and looked after. As to their education, it is completely in the hands of *kolhoz* administration. Old people also are often kept apart from their families.

The Soviet Government tries to make collective

farmers take their meals in common dining-rooms. This system is not yet introduced all over the country, but is so in the greater part of it. The *kolhoznik* has to pay for his meals out of his wages. If he is paid in kind, he pays the rent in kind. He is not allowed to cook for himself or even to take his food-ration from the common dining-room and eat it at home in the family circle. Only hot water may be taken home. His clothing, shoes, and so on, he must purchase at the 'free market' out of his 'savings.' According to the law, the working-day of a collective farmer should not be longer than ten hours in summer and eight in winter. But in reality it is much longer than that, owing to the enormous tasks of daily work. Even the official Soviet Press acknowledges that the *kolhozniks* working-day is for twelve or thirteen hours. I have myself seen a fifteen to sixteen hours working-day. In the Volga district, where I had a job, the working-day of collective farmers began at four o'clock in the morning with a shrill whistle from the *kolhoz* administration office. And they worked all the day till nine in the evening, with only one hour's interval for dinner. If a man is late for his work, the missed time is counted double: that is, half an hour is counted as an hour. And this time is then deducted from his wages. A day's absence from the work which cannot be accounted for, is counted five-fold, and for five entire days the wages are forfeited. For non-appearance on three consecutive days one is generally exiled as a *kulak*. In cases of illness one must produce a medical certificate, and that is not easy to get, for usually there is no doctor near.

The amount of work to be done per day is stated definitely and is very high. For instance, one man with two horses has to harrow an area of 8 acres in ten hours; one man with one horse has to plough $3\frac{1}{2}$ acres; one woman has to sort per day 25 sacks of potatoes. Of course, such enormous tasks lengthen the working-day and lower the quality of the work. Payment in '*kolhoz*' for work done is complicated. It is made either in kind or in money. Money payments are an exception and adopted only on the more privileged collective farms. Payment in kind is as follows: The collective farm has first to deliver to the State a certain amount of agricultural produce. Such amounts are incredibly big. For

instance, in the former province of Nizhni-Novgorod a farm had to deliver 150 gallons of milk from every cow a year; 25 kilo of meat from every family at the collective farm; 3 *puds* (1 *pud*=16.38 kilo) of corn from every person; a certain amount of flax, and so on. The State pays a certain sum for these products, but the prices are ridiculously low: for 1 quart of milk it pays 15 kopeks, while in the 'free market' it fetches 2 to 3 roubles; for meat the State pays 25 kopeks, while in the market the same amount is sold for 15 roubles.

In addition to this, the collective farmers must pay taxes in money—about 225 roubles a year from every family. But as they have no cash, they pay these also in kind, the Government buying the produce from them at the same low rates. Only after all such sums have been paid, can the collective farm turn to its own needs. First it has to put aside a certain quantity of agricultural produce for next year's sowing, for the feeding of cattle and for the reserve fund. Then, and only then, does the collective farm begin to distribute the balance among its members, according to the number of working-days of every member. Consequently, in the richest collective farms an entire working-day is worth the price merely of 3½ lb. bread and 5 lb. potatoes, and corn supplies suffice only till the middle of winter. Owing to lack of flour the people are compelled to supplement with straw or sawdust. Also, the workman on a collective farm has to pay with victuals for his lodgings, shoes, clothing, light and other necessities. It is only natural, therefore, for him to try to escape from these conditions and go to town where work is easier and better paid. But since the introduction of the new passport system in Soviet Russia it has become impossible to escape from the *kolhoz*.

In 1933 Stalin declared that the *kolhoznik* must be well off. He was allowed to keep his own cow and poultry as well as to have a kitchen-garden. But very soon the *kolhoznik* refused to maintain those conditions because 'one's own cow was too much trouble.' The reason being, first, there are not enough pastures for the cows of private owners, which means that fodder must be purchased. Further, one dare not tend the cow during the working hours. Finally, every *kolhoznik* who owns a cow has to deliver yearly to the State 45–50 gallons of milk. At the

same time he is not allowed to slaughter his calf without official permission. The hide is taken away by the State, naturally free of charge, though for one pair of shoes from the State the *kolhoznik* has to pay 300 gallons of milk! At that rate it is certainly not worth while to keep a cow. It is much the same with poultry or a kitchen-garden. A great quantity of vegetables has to be given to the State, but at the same time one is allowed to work there only on holidays or when one is free. I do not think the *kolhoznik* has much chance of getting prosperous, unless the whole system is changed—but that would mean making a fiasco of Marxist doctrine.

The position of the 'individual' farmer is yet more difficult. First, they get from the *kolhoz* the worst part of the fields or meadows, and then it is often so late in the year that they cannot begin sowing before June. Besides, those fields are very small. I have known in the Volga district a peasant family of seven people who had only 7 acres of land in 37 different fields. The allotments may be even smaller—about 4 acres per family. An 'individual' farmer has to pay even higher taxes than the *kolhoznik*; for instance, 70 gallons of milk from every cow a year, 56 kg. meat, 4 *puds* of corn, 409 roubles taxes. This is what the peasants' life under the Soviet has come to: hunger, no clothing, no shoes—people carefully keep the shoes they wore in pre-War times and go barefoot till the late autumn—and cold lodgings. The peasants are not allowed to cut wood for fuel without special permission of the *kolhoz* administration; and there is a complete absence of all spiritual interest.

The following anecdote is typical of their state of mind. Broadcasting was installed in one village. A *kolhoznik* asked the engineer what it was. The latter explained that every word spoken near this apparatus would be heard by all the world. 'Can that be true?' asked the peasant. 'Perfectly true,' was the answer. The peasant suddenly ran to the loudspeaker and shouted: 'Save us, we are perishing!'

Art. 3.—SOME PHILOSOPHIES IN ENGLISH POETRY.

1. *The Metaphysical Poets.* By J. B. Leishman. Clarendon Press, 1934.
2. *The Unknown God.* By Alfred Noyes. Sheed & Ward, 1934.

WHEN two men of such penetrating and independent minds as Voltaire and Matthew Arnold agree in a matter of literary criticism, their joint judgment deserves attention. And we find such agreement in regard to the place of philosophy in English poetry. 'No nation,' said Voltaire, 'has treated in poetry moral ideas with more energy and depth than the English nation,' and he sees here the great merit of our poets. Matthew Arnold used rather different terms, but said the same thing, when he claimed that 'the noble and profound application of ideas to life is the most essential part of poetic greatness.' He was speaking of Homer; but elsewhere he extends the principle to English poetry, which he regards as its most conspicuous embodiment. What they both mean is that the greatest poetry always implies and carries with it some kind of criticism of life. And that of life in its widest sense. When Voltaire spoke of 'moral ideas,' he meant all those ideas on man, on nature, and on human life which make a difference to men's actual thinking, feeling, and doing. We might add also to that Wordsworthian triad ideas on God, and we should still be within the compass of Voltaire's phrase; for creed and conduct are close allies. Bishop Westcott used to say that philosophy was concerned with three main problems—the problem of God, the problem of the world or human society, and the problem of oneself—and with their interrelation. A man's handling of these problems—and what he says to himself about them, perhaps, even more than what he hears from or says to others—makes up his criticism of life, his attitude towards it, his philosophy. And the greatest poetry, say this Frenchman and this Englishman, is indissociable from philosophy in that sense.

This is not to say that the philosophical element is of the same weight and proportion in all great poetry. Poet differs from poet in this respect; and different types of poetry—epic, dramatic, lyric and so forth—vary, even

though they come from the same author, in the measure in which they embody the philosophical element. Cowper, for example, writing 'God moves in a mysterious way' is much more of a philosopher than when writing 'John Gilpin.' And, broadly speaking, it would appear true to say that narrative poetry is least philosophical of all the types. Thus, Chaucer is not easy to place in any gallery of thinkers. As Dryden remarked of the Prologue to 'The Canterbury Tales,' 'It is sufficient to say, according to the proverb, that here is God's plenty'; and again, 'He is a perpetual fountain of good sense.' Yet even in Chaucer there is a criticism of life; his kindliness, humour, good-fellowship—his charity, in short—argue an attitude to life which is recognisable, and (we might add) recognisably Christian. This is true too even of the ballads. Take, for example, the ballad of Chevy Chase, where history is deliberately twisted to serve the interests of a kind of poetic justice, or another Northumbrian ballad like that which describes the treason of the false Halls to Percy Reed, with its haunting intimations of the Nemesis that in the end overtakes treason—intimations that recall the teaching of the Greek tragedies—and it is undeniable that the poet is philosopher too. Even more clearly is this so in the case of Spenser, if we may call him a narrative poet. No one, perhaps, whether poet or prose-writer, has seized with such fidelity and expressed with such purity as Spenser the spirit of the Christian Renaissance; so that in the 'The Faerie Queene' we can see what might have become of Christendom in the sixteenth century, if men had not loved too much the flesh-pots of libertinism, and their inevitable counterpart, the thunders of Sinai.

In none of our narrative poets is it more difficult to identify a criticism of life than in the greatest of them, Sir Walter Scott. Superb in his description, both of action and of feeling, he becomes involved and unpoetical when he branches out into magic or alchemy. Perhaps we should not be wrong if we said that behind Scott's poetry lies a love and understanding of Courage, that much-neglected cardinal virtue, which entitle him to be reckoned among the teachers of moral ideas. The magnificent courage of his own life, in face not of armed enemies but of what our own generation fears much

more, economic poverty and distress, has lately been recalled to us by Mr John Buchan. There is an echo of it in the Introduction to 'Marmion,' where his tribute to Nelson, Pitt, and Fox forms a kind of essay on patriotism. And it flames up into the elemental passion that courage can be in the poem itself, in the description of the wounded chieftain's death :

' A light on Marmion's visage spread,
And fired his glazing eye ;
With dying hand, above his head,
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted " Victory !—
Charge, Chester, charge ! On, Stanley, on ! "
Were the last words of Marmion.'

If 'poetry is the communication to us of an entire experience,' we have it here : it is as though we stood on Flodden Field.

But some experiences are richer, more abiding, than others ; and it is characteristic of the highest poetry that it not only thrills, but also stills our hearts. 'At the touch of the poetic experience,' says a modern writer, 'we become that which we are and which we were not—momentarily whole. Intellect and emotion, mind and heart, regain their lost unity within us. We gain a positive enrichment and integration ; we might say that we are put, if not into possession of, at least into touch with, our souls.' And clearly we shall find this unity at a higher level in proportion as the experience which the poet communicates to us by the magic of his words is itself profound, noble, and rich. English poetry has the signal advantage in this regard that it is the heir of three traditions, gathering from the Greeks its style and suppleness, from the Romans its power of achieving grandeur, and from the Bible its humanity and majesty of language. The greatest of our poets have drunk deep at all three wells. Not, of course, Shakespeare at all three, for reasons of date ; but he is not indebted to the Bible only because he was himself one of the great creators of the language in which it was written. And Shakespeare's name makes it desirable, perhaps, that a reason should be given for not alluding to him again. It is because of the infinite variety of his genius. Students of his Sonnets

might, perhaps, claim to discover in them a criticism of life which could be called characteristic of the man ; but in his dramatic works he is so much absorbed in his characters that it is impossible to disentangle his philosophy from theirs. Every philosophy, every mood, is reflected somewhere in his poetry, including those to which we shall come in a moment ; and so prophetic is his mind that this is true of philosophies which are of later date as well as of earlier ones. Who can fail to descry the teaching of Comte and perhaps of Nietzsche in the great soliloquy, 'What a wonderful thing is man !' Or the teachings of Karl Marx in the Utopian promises of Jack Cade? Even our modern mathematical physicists, who have dissolved the visible universe into waves of probability, cannot do better than Prospero :

' These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air ;
And like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind.'

It is all in Sir James Jeans. It is also in the Second Epistle of St Peter. But on the whole it may be that Shakespeare has put it best.

Let us, however, pass to humbler and more comprehensible themes. It has been observed that English poetry falls into two main types: there is the poetry of acceptance and there is the poetry of escape. Before concluding, we shall have suggested a third type which seems to be equally marked ; but these two make a good beginning. For in acceptance and escape we have two contrasted attitudes to life—two contrasted philosophies, that is to say—which we know well in our own experience, and which we can therefore hope to identify when we meet them in literature. They are not, of course, wholly exclusive : a man may pass from one to another in the course of his working life. But if he passes too easily or too often, then we may reckon that we are dealing with

moods rather than with philosophies. Hood, Calverley, W. S. Gilbert, can all give us examples of this; and there are others. Our concern is with more stubborn strains in English poetry—stubborn enough to enable us to say, This poet stands on this side, that on the other.

Of the two, acceptance comes first, because it is the attitude most commonly found. As Joubert said, speaking of preaching: 'There are far more people who need to be awakened than who need to be consoled.' Settled society, let alone culture, would be impossible, unless most people came to terms with life—with the world, with man, and perhaps with God—and agreed to accept it in one way or another; and most poets are of the same stuff as their generation. They too, or the majority of them, accept life; and one need only mention Vaughan, Traherne, Gray, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Clough, Matthew Arnold, Tennyson, Meredith, to illustrate the range of this acceptance. I say deliberately the range of it: for it covers nearly three centuries, and many more than three kinds of acceptance. But the work of all these poets is properly called the poetry of acceptance. They are concerned not to overturn the world, but to understand it and to interpret it to others. They have come to terms with it themselves, not as it might be, but as they think it is. And the abiding hold that their poetry has on us comes from the fact that we too have also got to come to terms with it, to see the truth of things, and to guide our lives by it so far as we may. We travel along the same path and in the same world as they; and their experience is useful, especially when it is expressed in language which goes (as poetry does go) so much deeper into reality than any other kind of utterance.

When I referred just now to many kinds of acceptance, I did not mean many kinds of temper—such as a cheerful or a grudging or a sanguine temper—in which the poets accepted life, but rather the different kinds of faces which reality presented to their acceptance; though the two, of course, belief and temper, interact closely. Along this line three philosophies which we may call pessimism, agnosticism, and immanentism are discernible. There is all the difference, for instance, between the pessimism of Thomas Hardy or 'The Shropshire Lad' and the

blind and rather bloodless resignation of Clough ; between the cautious faith and doubt of Matthew Arnold's :

' And then he thinks he knows
The hills where his life rose,
And the sea where it goes '

and the robust faith that Meredith has in ' Earth ' ; and again between that fine Stoical outlook and the teaching of those like Vaughan, Wordsworth, and Tennyson who

' See through all this mortal dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness.'

There is much difference between these ; and yet they are all philosophies of acceptance. One sees the tragedy of life, another its inscrutabilities, another its inner divine glory ; they are alike in believing that the truth they see has to be accepted and obeyed.

Stoicism, perhaps, is a term almost comprehensive enough to include them all, so long as we remember that minds so different as Cleanthes and Marcus Aurelius confessed themselves of the school. Scholars are still divided as to whether the Stoics were materialists or pantheists, and the truth is that the Stoics themselves do not seem to have made up their minds about it ; they were more concerned with the ethical reaction to life than with its metaphysic. In English poetry the two poles of Stoicism find their finest representation in Meredith and in Wordsworth. Meredith is quite thorough-going, ascribing to Nature herself the same spirit of acceptance as he finds in his own heart. Two of his shorter poems will illustrate it. Here is Nature's acceptance in the poem entitled ' Woodland Peace ' :

' And this the woodland saith :
I know not hope or fear ;
I take whate'er may come ;
I raise my head to aspects fair,
From foul I turn away.
Sweet as Eden is the air,
And Eden-sweet the ray.'

The modern doctrine of the universe's indifference to man could hardly be more deftly put. And it evokes a like spirit in man, as in ' Outer and Inner ' :

' Accept, she says (*sc.* : Nature) ; it is not hard
 In woods ; but she in towns
 Repeats, accept ; and have we wept,
 And have we quailed with fears,
 Or shrunk with horrors, sure reward
 We have when knowledge crowns ;
 Who see in mould the rose unfold,
 The soul through blood and tears.'

It is a stern doctrine, but it is inexorably honest ; and it is doubtful whether one can go further, except by discovering, as Matthew Arnold did, the new tracts of reality to which love, and only love, gives access. For it is then :

' When a belovèd hand is laid in ours,
 When, jaded with the rush and glare
 Of the interminable hours,
 Our eyes can in another's eyes read clear '

that

' A man becomes aware of his life's flow,
 And hears its winding murmur ; and he sees
 The meadows where it glides, the sun, the breeze.'

Much more solid, settled, and satisfying is the spirit of acceptance that we find in Wordsworth. More than any other poet Wordsworth demands selection : his jewels are embedded in masses of cotton-wool. But his jewels when unpacked are as bright as any that the Muses show. And in philosophy he belongs to the Platonic wing of Stoicism. His doctrine of immortality, his love of the cardinal virtues, his belief that the visible world is but the vesture of the invisible—all these are Platonic, if not indeed Orphic. His plainest utterance of it is in 'Tintern Abbey,' where both divinity and humanity are conceived as lying at the heart, and constituting the inmost truth, of things :

' For I have learned
 To look on nature, not as in the hour
 Of thoughtless youth ; but hearing often-times
 The still, sad music of humanity,
 Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
 To chasten and subdue. And I have felt

A presence that disturbs me with the joy
 Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime
 Of something far more deeply interfused,
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
 And the round ocean and the living air,
 And the blue sky, and in the mind of man :
 A motion and a spirit, that impels
 All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
 And rolls through all things.'

No doubt this is Stoicism mellowed by contact with a Christian environment. But something very similar is to be found in Vergil, who not only made Anchises speak of the Spirit which inwardly nourishes the world, but also penned the line :

' *Sunt lacrimae rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.*'

This is the background on which Wordsworth draws those portraits of nature and of man—of the daffodils, of the skylark, of Michael, of Ruth, of the Solitary Reaper, of Lucy—which are among the glories of the English tongue. And they derive their enduring appeal very largely from the perfection of adjustment between the mind and heart and its environment which they reveal. This man, one cannot help saying of Wordsworth, has found contentment and peace, and has found it in simple people and simple things. It is a pearl of great price ; and through his poetry he shares it with us.

But it is time to turn to the Poetry of Escape—a type of poetry which takes two forms, fantasy and revolt. They differ profoundly in their results ; but their root seems to be the same—a divine discontent with things, a sense of misfit, a homelessness, which makes the spirit cry, ' Oh that I had the wings of a dove : for then would I flee away and be at rest.' We all of us know the mood ; and it is because we do, that the masters of fantasy hold us spell-bound. Mr Yeats has put the case in the lines :

' But I, being poor, have only my dreams.
 I have spread my dreams under your feet :
 Tread softly, because you tread on my dreams.'

And there is much else in this vein in Irish poetry. But its greatest master in the English language is the

Englishman, John Keats. Perhaps it may be objected that we are going beyond the evidence when we attribute to him a spirit of escape, and that in any case he died too young for us to classify him. The objection is a fair one, as against any attempt at rigid classification ; but I must disown any such attempt. If I classify, it is only in the most relative sense, and in order to understand better. And if a tree is known by its fruits—if, that is to say, the predominance of fantasy in a poet points to an underlying spirit of escape—then surely Keats is in this category.

But the poetry of escape is much easier to identify when it hardens, as it does in Byron and in Shelley, from fantasy into revolt. Each is a master of fantasy, in the sense that each has an unerring skill in clothing the actual with the imaginative. When Byron writes :

' She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies,'

or

' There be none of Beauty's daughters
With a magic like thee ;
And like music on the waters
Is thy sweet voice to me : '

(words whose syncopated rhythm is as significant as their diction) ; or when Shelley writes :

' Swiftly walk over the western wave,
Spirit of Night ! '

and all the rest of that exquisite ode, the mind of each is speeding into a world of imagination to find the truth of this world. But neither Byron nor Shelley was content with an imaginative solution of life's problems. They wanted an actual future to redress the evils of the actual present ; they wanted this world changed, real fetters broken, real wrongs put right. That was how Byron became the prophet and inspirer of the liberation of Greece, as Mazzini was to be a generation later of the liberation of Italy :

' The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea ;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free ;
For standing on the Persians' grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.'

Yet the hope has scarcely substance :

' 'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
Though linked among a fettered race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face ;
For what is left the poet here ?
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.'

And at the last indeed there is anger and despair :

' Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep ;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die :
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine !'

One may often find a similar spirit in Shelley, only with a richer note and a wider vision. With the possible exception of Euripides, a sound criticism would, I think, have to give Shelley the palm amongst the world's poets of revolt. 'Queen Mab' and 'Prometheus Unbound' leave no doubt where Shelley stands in relation to human society and its institutions ; he is their unsparing critic and reformer. Yet there were other strains in his character which enlarged and rounded the whole ; if he rebelled, it was with the desire to heal ; he loved far more than he hated, and was as loth to inflict pain as to suffer it. In a 'Note on the Revolt of Islam,' Mrs Shelley says that to the study of literature he 'added a constant perusal of portions of the Old Testament—the Psalms, the Book of Job, the Prophet Isaiah,' and that it was only at great cost that he surrendered the study of philosophy for that of poetry. So it comes about that Shelley *satisfies* in a way you would scarcely expect of a poet of revolt. One finds in him most of the truths one lives by—not perhaps in the texture one is accustomed to, and not with the same facets made most prominent : but one can never say that he did not understand. The richness of his philosophy finds culminating expression in the elegy he wrote on Keats. A stanza or two must suffice :

' The One remains, the many change and pass ;
Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's shadows fly ;
Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity,
Until Death tramples it to fragments.'

Note that last clause : how often are the two preceding lines quoted without it !

‘ Die,
If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek !
Follow where all is fled !—Rome’s azure sky,
Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words, are weak
The glory they transfuse with fitting words to speak.’

And then :

‘ ‘Tis Adonais calls ! oh, hasten thither,
No more let Life divide what Death can join together.’

It would seem as though the philosophy of escape could hardly go further ; as though, indeed, it ended in a completeness of negation which reminds one of the Buddha among the easterns and of Unamuno and Barth among our modern writers. Yet Shelley goes on to show that that is not quite his mind, and to confess a faith of a very different kind. He says that there shines on him :

‘ That Light whose smile kindles the Universe,
That Beauty in which all things work and move,
That Benediction which the eclipsing Curse
Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love
Which through the web of being blindly wove
By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
The fire for which all thirst.’

Is Shelley also among the prophets ? Well, at least he stands here in the mid-stream of that great tradition of theology which numbers among its teachers such writers as Clement of Alexandria, the Victorines, Suso, Donne, and William Law.

But there remains, as was indicated earlier, yet a third type of philosophy in English poetry. Beside the attitudes to life represented by the poetries of acceptance and of escape in their various forms, the literature of Europe presents us with yet a third attitude which finds expression in what may be called ‘ the poetry of conquest.’ I know no better phrase in which to describe the distinctive spirit underlying the work of Dante, Milton, Browning, and Robert Bridges. Belonging as they do to four different traditions of thought—the mediæval Catholic, the mediæval Protestant (for, though

Milton's prose is modern, his poetry is mediæval), the Victorian, and the Christian Liberal of our own day—they none the less concur in importing into their interpretations of life a common faith which is obviously inspired by the creed of Christendom. And it is a faith that conquers, in the sense that it accepts and faces and suffers the full force of what is evil or painful in life, and yet rises above it through the conviction that it is part of a divine and victorious purpose of Love. It believes in an order purposely called 'supernatural,' because it transcends the natural or measurable order which is studied by the exact sciences; and it regards this supernatural order, not as the product of imagination or feeling, but as being (in the Platonic and Aristotelian sense) the most real order. Further, it finds the clue to the relationship of these two orders in a Love, which not merely as the Greeks said *κινεῖ ὡς ἐρώμενον*, but goes out into the world and is made immanent in it as a transforming power—that is to say, *κινεῖ ὡς ἀγαπῶν*; of which the supreme example and focal point is the Person of Christ, living on earth, crucified, and risen.

It is in this faith that Milton wrote 'Paradise Lost' and 'Paradise Regained,' penetrating in the first to the darkest abysses of evil in Satan's words, 'Evil, be thou my good,' and setting forth in the second a better story of redemption than he is commonly given credit for. And he applies it to personal experience, as in the last lines of two such different works as 'Samson Agonistes' and the sonnet 'On his blindness'; the poetry of conquest being superbly embodied alike in the words:

'And calm of mind, all passion spent,'

and in

'They also serve who only stand and wait.'

Browning's sense of victory is of a more elated kind than Milton's. 'The Ring and the Book' forbids us to say that his hatred of wrong or his sympathy with suffering was less poignant; but his emphasis is more decidedly on the triumphant ending, on what he calls 'the C major of this life.' It is not easy to quote, when the *motif* runs consistently through the whole work of one of the most copious of English poets. But three stanzas of 'Abt Vogler' (IX, X, and XI) are perhaps as representative as

any. Browning is one of the Victorian poets of whom one can confidently say that he is among the immortals. And he would be among the first to greet Robert Bridges' 'The Testament of Beauty' as a poem after his own heart, and its author as his true successor in the 'Lampadephoria' of the poetry of conquest. Rarely is it given to a man to produce his greatest work in his eightieth year; more rarely still to a poet to see his work reckoned as a classic within a few weeks of its appearance. Like Lucretius in his mastery of science and power of expressing its intricacies in melodious verse, and like Browning in the fervour of his faith in the Christian interpretation of life, the late Poet Laureate added to these gifts the advantage of having grown up with and through the knowledge and thought which his poem embodies. It is out of this rich experience and retentive memory that he brings forth echoing phrases such as 'The leisure of strength in the hard labor of life' (a line of Miltonic weight and flavour); and concludes his 'Apologia' for Prayer with the couplet:

'Such is the dignity of prayer in the common folk;
And its humility is the robe of intellect;'

and speaks of:

'that clause i' the creed,
which, compelling belief in the *Communion of Saints*,
foldeth the sheep in pastures of eternal life;'

and declares that:

'the Wind of heaven
bloweth where it listeth, and Christ yet walketh the earth,
and talketh still as with those two disciples once
on the road to Emmaus—where they walk and are sad;
whose vision of him then was his victory over death,
that resurrection which all his lovers should share,
who in loving him had learn'd the Ethick of happiness;
whereby they too should come where he was ascended
to reign over men's hearts in the Kingdom of God.'

Acceptance, Escape, Conquest—one could name many other philosophies in English poetry; but here at least are three clues to the practical interpretation of life which we find there. And they are sufficient of themselves to justify the judgment of Voltaire from which we started. That it is a great tradition all lovers of poetry will

agree, intimately bound up with the spiritual life of our country, at once expressing it and nourishing it. The nature and extent of its connection with the religious tradition in the stricter sense would provide material for a separate and, one might conjecture, a fascinating study. But I may venture on the opinion that no religion is likely to hold the heart of the English people unless it is liberal enough to love its poetry; and conversely that its poetry would not long survive the passing (if such a thing could be contemplated) of its religion. For it is one and the self-same Spirit who inspires saint and musician, prophet and poet, distributing to every man severally as He will; and in an obscure and unsettled period of history believers in the spiritual meaning of life are not so many that they can afford to divide their forces. And poetry, unlike religion, is a shy plant. It builds no churches, ordains no ministers, boasts no organisation. If it is to prosper and to do its work for mankind, it must be because it is tended by an unseen company of individuals whose education has trained them to appreciate it. It has been the aim of this essay to make a modest contribution to that end.

E. G. SELWYN.

Art. 4.—FORCES IN INDIA'S FUTURE.

PUBLIC men who recently discussed the proposed new constitution for India referred again and again to the influence which English literature has exerted upon the leaders of Indian political thought, and the Report of the Joint Select Committee speaks of the 'subtile ferments of education' creating Indian public opinion. To cite Macaulay as responsible for this state of affairs is a vague conversational platitude, but Macaulay's recorded opinion flashes from the printed page with magnificent vehemence : 'We do not stand neuter in the contest between truth and falsehood. We are not content to leave the natives to the influence of their own hereditary prejudices.' The imagination of a weaker generation simply boggles at the contemplation of its mental discomfort should any speaker from Broadcasting House betray to-day such a consciousness of moral superiority. Fashions in thought were durable in the nineteenth century and nearly twenty years after Macaulay wrote his dispatch the Court of the Directors of the East India Company declared to the Governor General in Council that the education they desired to see extended to India had for its object the diffusion of the arts, science, philosophy, and literature of Europe, 'in short, of European knowledge.' Their survey of the situation was concise ; it was necessary, they wrote, for Indians, 'who desired to obtain a liberal education, to begin by the mastery of the English language as a key to the literature of Europe.' This is not the mean spirit of the propagandist, but the generous spirit of the true educationalist, for it is the learning of Europe, and not the domination of English theory, that they offered. They desired that this learning should be available to every Indian in his mother tongue : a desire which was befitting in men whose forefathers never rested till their demand that 'all things shall be read and sung in the church in the English tongue to the end that the congregation may be thereby edified' was conceded. The Directors continued : 'As the importance of the vernacular languages becomes more appreciated, the vernacular literatures of India will be gradually enriched by translations of European books, or by the original compositions of men whose minds have been imbued with the spirit of

European advancement, so that European knowledge may gradually be placed in this manner within the reach of all classes of the people.'

Eighty years have elapsed since that dispatch was written, and to-day the key to the literature of Europe is in the hands of two million English-speaking Indians, and the acquisition of European knowledge through the vernaculars is possible, in some small measure, to the twenty or twenty-five million who can read and write in their own tongue. If we were to try to discover the full influence of English literature within the borders of India a lifetime would not suffice, nor would half the miracle stand revealed. The Bible gives its inspiration to five million Indian Christians, and is perhaps the supreme height where a few rare Western and Eastern minds meet in closest sympathy. Read by English soldiers in Palestine and Mesopotamia the whole life of the East became more deeply understood, but the beauty of its language in the English version is probably lost on the average educated convert in Madras. Like Benjamin Disraeli, most thoughtful Indians have held that no society could be durable 'unless it was built upon the principles of loyalty and religious reverence,' and they have marked with dismay the moral influence of orthodox family life losing its hold on students in universities. Professor Mahamahopadhyaya Pramathanath Tarkabhushana gave remarkable expression to his misgivings in his evidence before the Calcutta University Commission.

'The moral ideas of the Indian races are not in a stereotyped condition, but they are in a process of evolution consequent upon the impact of the West and the East. This in itself is not unhealthy, although for the time being crudities are seen to result. Implicit faith in the existence and immortality of the soul, unquestioning acceptance of the letter of the Shastras, and a conception of the present life as one in a series and a preparation for the next—these are the most marked features of our traditional morality. For the present, however, it is jostling with ideas imported from the West, such as the supreme value of the service of humanity . . . the exaggerated importance attached to the individual, and the universality of a material criterion. . . . Not even the most orthodox would reasonably condemn such ideas *in toto*,

and the need of them for the intellectual liberation of the Indian brain is realised by all . . . but the unsettling effect of this transitional morality . . . should be checked as far as possible in the period of growth and training. The student ought to conform in these matters to the social usages and beliefs and must not move faster than society at large.' [p. 78.]

Alas, for the wishes of Mahamahopadhyaya Prama-thanath Tarkabhushana and all the aged who would continue to set the pace!—the speed of youth, like the flow of the tide, is by the very nature of things not to be retarded. The strongest unit in the appalling diversity of India is the family, and that men should be of one mind in a house is essential to their mutual content; but to exact conformity to the usages of uneducated members of a household would be a harsh and disabling discipline to a student. Uneducated, but not uninstructed, members; for the proper mode of life has been prescribed for Hindus by Manu, who said that the student must 'eschew honey, meat, scents, garlands, juices of various tastes, women, articles with fermenting properties, and cruelty to animals; as also massage and the use of collyreum for the eyes, footgear, and umbrellas.'

Some rule of life is necessary, and Muhammadan culture has its ideal as distinct from the Hindu, and continues to exercise the influence of a contrast upon the whole English-speaking public in India. Muhammadans are mindful of the time when Persian, and not English, was the court language of Hindustan, and as a minority community they have special cause for care in the preservation of their own civilisation. The evidence given by Maulvi Abdul Karim before the Calcutta University Commission is interesting because it illustrates the concern felt over the influence exerted by Hindu and English books:

'Some of the Bengali text-books prescribed for the University examinations are not suitable for Muhammadan boys. These books deal with subjects which, though interesting to Hindu boys, do not appeal to Muhammadan students, being full of Hindu ideas and sentiments, illustrations from Hindu history and mythology, and quotations from the Hindu scriptures and classics. They prove most uninteresting and even distasteful to Musalmans.' [p. 381.]

Uninteresting and distasteful: not all the compulsions of examination papers, nor the lure of publishers' advertisements, can in any land or at any period obtain influence for a literature which meets with such a rejection. Here, then, is a case where 'national' sentiment is at a discount and a distinct civilisation claims its own expression. Of the English literature taught in Indian schools and colleges, Maulvi Abdul Karim said that it dealt 'with English life and customs, English heroes and heroines, and English scenes and scenery, and as such it cannot prove as interesting to Indian boys as it should be.' For this result, amounting to a bewildered boredom, the Maulvi had a strange remedy in view—a literature made to order. 'It is most desirable,' he affirmed, 'that an English literature dealing with Indian life and history and depicting Indian scenes and scenery should be created for Indian boys.' One has a misgiving that an English literature uninspired by English scenes and English character might be a thing of nought. One rather suspects that Maulvi Abdul Karim would advocate a strict censorship, for he urged that 'books dealing with subjects that are offensive to Musalmans, or any other community' should not find a place in the list of text-books. 'Passages calculated to wound the feelings of any community should be carefully expunged from books that are not otherwise objectionable.'

This is not an article on the educational system of India, but without education the literature of England is a closed book, and to-day that literature falls with the heaviness of a burden upon the lives of needy young scholars who struggle with their examinations in difficult circumstances. Half its charm, its invigorating power, is lost. Often the picture of the book and the man is pathetic: 'Such as they are, our schoolboys are "gentlemen," sedate, grave, unsporting, hating to turn their heads to anything but the quill.' Rames Chandra Ray, of the Belgachia Medical College, described them as 'fed upon cheap romances' and advocated neither libraries nor institutes for their recreation, but gymnasiums and sports clubs all over India. Yet Shakespeare, Milton, and Scott maintain their sway over men's minds despite the fact that examiners for a Pass B.A. in English in the East demand that the Indian student 'sketch the views

taken by Royalist and Republican respectively of Shakespeare and Milton,' and bid him 'Describe Woodstock. What incidents in Scott's novel are connected with Rosamond's Tower and King's Oak?'

One wonders what educated Indians read for pleasure. Dr Brajendranath Seal, of Calcutta University, has given a picture of a common room in a college with a variety of magazines on the tables: the 'Strand,' the 'London,' the 'Windsor' magazines were there but had, he thought, 'no charm for our prematurely weary youth.' And the young collegian had 'a surfeit' of reading such as the 'Spectator' and the 'Saturday Review' offered. Nor did the 'Contemporary Review' and the 'Review of Reviews' prove more popular. But the 'cult' of Ibsen, Maeterlinck, Anatole France, and Bergson came and went with the movements of taste and ideas. The eminent Indians whose evidence was sought by the Calcutta University Commission quoted Burke, Lord Haldane, Mr Frederic Harrison, and Dr Walter Page in support of their views. A few years before the War the bookstalls in a great market in Calcutta were heaped with the novels of 'Victoria Cross,' a writer who added to the distaste some of her books inspired in the small public of readers who live in cantonments by the choice of a *nom-de-plume* considered most inappropriate to work that was unheroic in quality. Since the War I have met a pensioned Indian cavalry officer, living in a remote village, who missed the society of his British officers so much that he tackled the appalling difficulties of learning English in order to read books about Englishmen. He sturdily waded through historical text-books, his rugged face dulled by the tedium of it, and he expressed the indignant opinion that to be informed of the misdeeds of kings was exceedingly bad for schoolboys. I know of an Indian woman to whom the love stories of the English are the only breath of romance she breathes: 'With us it is childhood, marriage, passion; simply that. Your courtship, I love to read of it!' It is in Shakespeare that the mettle of our pasture has proved to be popular. Up and down the vast sub-continent the strolling players act his dramas. I have seen his works in the house of a Brahmin who lived in a village where all the women and most of the men were illiterate. But one memory abides with me most vividly. In 1917 the 45th (Rattray's)

Sikhs had met with terrible casualties in Mesopotamia during an action in which their gallantry was unsurpassable. The news reached Ajmer, where a pensioned havildar of that regiment was gymnastic instructor at the Mayo College, which is the Eton of India. I was a guest in the house of the headmaster and, as I knew many of the British officers of the 45th Sikhs, it fell to my lot to convey our sympathy to the havildar and give him such particulars of the action as had been received. The boys noted this and next day, with all the courtesy and sympathy of their race, surrounded the veteran with expressions of concern. In the afternoon at a party, given after a game of polo, played by the boys and staff, and a game of hunt the thimble, played by us all, there were recitations, and a young Rajput noble, his eyes aglow, and the War in the minds of all who listened, declaimed :

' We few, we happy few, we band of brothers ;
For he, to-day, that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition ;
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here ;
And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.'

Has English literature been productive of closer personal friendships between Indians and Englishmen ? Frankly, that claim cannot be made for it, as friendship seems to ripen more spontaneously between the Englishman and the unsophisticated Indian, the landowner, the sportsman, and the son of the soil. But it has made full professional and public co-operation possible, and that is a very great matter.

In official trade returns imports from Great Britain of books and printed matter represent an unexpectedly constant figure despite the influence of non-co-operation upon education and political policy. They remain about what they were prior to 1914. They are a trifle less than the value of imports from stationery, unflattering though this preference for the blank page is to authors. And they represent a somewhat greater sum than the value of imported arms and ammunition. Schools, colleges, and that special public of two million English-speaking

Indians, create the important demand for English books. One hundred and thirty thousand English people in India —of whom sixty thousand are the rank and file of the army —make a small, a very small, demand of their own. Comparatively few books are sufficient for these exiles, but it is their community which has created libraries throughout the land; in cantonments, in Presidency towns, in Simla and Delhi, in little forts and official resthouses. Indian officials, and an increasing number of Indian officers with the King's commission, will, as the Indianisation of the services proceeds, draw upon these stores of Victorian, Edwardian and modern literature. Fiction has undoubtedly an important part to play in the social emancipation of Indians from 'their own hereditary prejudices'—caste, purdah, child-marriage.

With few exceptions it is from the British community in India that authors have arisen who have created Anglo-Indian fiction. This fiction found in 1934 a valuable critic in Professor Bhupal Singh. In the preface to his 'Survey of Anglo-Indian Fiction' he says:

'Anglo-Indian writers of fiction enable Indians to see themselves as others, or their rulers, see them. Incidentally they enable us to see our masters as they see themselves—not as demi-gods, as we had imagined them to be, but as human beings, and with the common weaknesses of human beings. We find them nearer to us in fiction than in our contact with them in official life. Anglo-Indian fiction is a criticism of the life of Englishmen and Englishwomen in India, and of Indians. This book is a criticism of that criticism.'

Here, then, is a very important book, for it may mark the beginning of an inflammatory school of Indian literary criticism, resisting and explaining the ideas of English authors, and so sustaining their influence. Professor Bhupal Singh writes with a wide charity and without racial prejudice. Hereafter, it is safe to prophesy, many critics will dip their pens in gall. Anglo-Indian fiction will, however, continue to be the source from which the future historians of many lands will seek to discover pictures of sentiments, manners, and relations between Indians and British during the period, now ended, when John Company and Parliament governed India autocratically. And it may be pointed out here that if Indians derive intimacy with English officials and English soldiers from

the pages of Anglo-Indian novels, most British readers owe to them their only opportunity of achieving intimacy with 'the unscrupulous border Pathan,' the 'old Sikh Rissaldar,' the 'simple Jat from Jandiala,' and 'the heat of the plains in summer, scenes on a railway platform, life in a Roman Catholic school, or people jostling one another in the crowded bazaar of a city like Benares' as described by Kipling, and cited by Professor Bhupal Singh as the extent of the average Anglo-Indian writer's knowledge of India. This limited knowledge was, despite its limitation, a valuable one. It supplemented the knowledge of Indian authors. For an Englishwoman, free to enter guarded harem and zenana, could write of them both with a personal knowledge denied to a male Hindu or Muslim author. The sepoy was a man of memorable adventures in the World War, but he finds his place in War literature through the pen of British writers, since he was not literate and literate India, with but few exceptions, was not by his side. It is strange, but nevertheless true, that among contemporary writings from 1757 to 1919 English writers are likely to be the most widely read when the subject chosen is India.

It would be absurd to ignore the fact that there is now a formidable political reaction against English literature and even the use of English in books of instruction. For instance, Vincent Smith's 'Students' History of India,' in response to this feeling, has been translated into ten vernaculars for schools. Much that is reasonable can be urged for thus simplifying education. But, where English is taught, if our literature finds its way into the heart of any eager young Indian thinker, that early love influences him ever after. Unofficial boards of study, on which Europeans are in a small minority, set all the books read from matriculation up to M.A. Among the books recently set have been a host of anthologies, edited, as a rule, by somewhat obscure professors. One excellent anthology* contained well-chosen selections from the works of Shelley, Keats, Matthew Arnold, Robert Bridges, Mary Webb, J. E. Flecker, Rupert Brooke, Jane Austen, R. L. Stevenson, and H. G. Wells. Thus it is abundantly clear that education has, indeed, extended to India the philosophy

* Edited by R. C. Goffin and published by the Oxford University Press.

and literature of England, and that hereditary prejudices there, as here, are challenged daily by their influence. It is probable that the challenge will be taken up.

It should not be overlooked that Indians have lived for several generations in an immunity from legislation that could be held to infringe the promise made in Queen Victoria's proclamation that, 'none be in any wise favoured, none molested or disquieted, by reason of their religious faith or observances.' Further, the charge to all in authority that 'they abstain from all interference with the religious belief or worship of any of our subjects' has created a conviction that no Government should ever meddle in such matters. In the full measure of self-government bestowed by the proposed new constitution this immunity from disquiet and interference, taken for granted by the orthodox, will depend more and more upon the will of Indian political parties, the demands of forty million voters, and the ultimate support or antagonism of unenfranchised masses. During this period of innovation books will play a great part. We should not overlook the fact that publication is legally safeguarded through copyright. Neither author nor publisher supplies literature free. If adversely handicapped in the book business by copyright law, or robbed in defiance of the law by widespread 'piracy,' the supply of literature to a public in any country dries up and its influence is abated. Copyright is scheduled as a Federal subject, and the control of books and printing presses as a Concurrent subject, in the Bill for the new constitution for India. That is entirely reasonable. But in more than one European country, since the War, the arts, philosophy, and literature have encountered grave political antagonisms, and it is conceivable that certain extreme schools of thought in India might urge men with political power to use the delicate instruments of copyright and censorship to inflict upon the influence of our literature the abrupt injury of legal taboo.

Indian public opinion, seeking first the true interest of the public, is the best safeguard, in the long run, against any enforced divorce between English spirit and Indian mind. If it comes to a struggle, the English language fights on the side of its supreme literature. Authority will not save it, but its delights will bring all true lovers to

its rescue. In political life, in Indian legislatures, and in the Press, the English language encounters ten great vernaculars and is used in preference to them. In the Indian army it gives the word of command, replacing the French word of command which lingered long in the days of John Company. The Dominions, Crown Colonies, and the United States speak to India in our language with many voices. In dispute no doubt a considerable number of Indians prefer the amiable voice and pen of Americans. Provoked by a blunt British appreciation of the ridiculousness of Babu-English, some Indians retaliate by boasting that India will eventually impose on the English language an idiom as powerful as the idiom of the United States. Meanwhile, technical terms are daily introduced into every vernacular. One thing is certain: the influence of English literature in India receives in the present crisis an unlooked-for reinforcement from the use of two new mediums for the English language: film-drama in cinemas, and broadcasting.

Up to 1928 there was one cinema in India to every 802,589 of the population, the province of Bombay having the largest number. There were permanent cinema buildings seating 800 people, with prices ranging from three pennies to four and sixpence; there were shabby travelling cinemas; and many educational and uplift films were shown by various welfare organisations. A second-hand American film could be purchased on the London market for 5*l*. But the spectacular super-films and news and topical films were exhibited in the first-class cinemas. The Indian Cinematograph Committee considered it probable that at least one hundred cinemas exhibited Western films only. There were sixty-six cinemas in cantonments out of the three hundred permanent working cinemas in British India. In the Indian States there were sixty. Japan was better supplied than India seven years ago and, with a population of 83,400,000 as compared with India's 350,000,000, had over one thousand cinemas. The masses had not acquired the cinema habit by 1928: 'The rural illiterates scarcely attend the cinema at all, while of the town illiterates only a small proportion attend. Indian women rarely attend the cinema, particularly Muslim women . . . among some sections of the Muslim community there is a religious

objection to the moving picture.'* There was a considerable production of Indian films in India, where the view is widely held that this should be encouraged; but the Report stated that 'there is no prejudice against Western films, which are much enjoyed and appreciated,' and 'the most popular film ever shown in India was the Thief of Baghdad, with Douglas Fairbanks in an Oriental setting.' The Report pointed out that Indian films were preferred to Western films by the great majority of Indian audiences. Though cinemas in India are now far more numerous than when the Committee made its investigations, the influence of the cinema is still infinitely far from being fully exercised. The great civilisations of Hindus, Muslims, and Europeans, with their diverse ethics and customs, and their many tongues, will contend long for that influence. It is unlikely that the following statement in the Report will become quickly out of date: 'The taste of the Westernised Indian, and of the Indian who has some knowledge of English and acquaintance with Western ideas, is akin to that of the European, and generally the same films . . . which are popular in the West are appreciated in this section of the community.'

Is film-drama a force for good, or evil, in India? Anxiety and no little indignation have been expressed in India by the British who naturally resent the contempt which is bred, they fear, by the misrepresentation, or the misunderstanding, of Western morals and customs as depicted in films. An English officer who goes to a cantonment cinema takes his pleasure, but objects to the presence of an unsophisticated Indian, who watches a drama in which Europeans behave in a manner not calculated to preserve his respect or inspire his admiration. India, with a certain dry humour, might tenderly inquire whether such Englishmen desire that their social and domestic life should go hurriedly into purdah and thus remain unseen? A censorship wisely used—and there's the rub—can deal, and should swiftly deal, with all blatant evils. An unflattering portrayal of our manners is both detestable and deplorable and might do infinite political harm. But it is of secondary importance.

* Report of the Indian Cinematograph Committee 1927-28, composed of an Indian Chairman, two Indian members, and three English members.

Once again, we must not 'stand neuter in the contest between truth and falsehood,' and the vital thing is that our public opinion should not tolerate lies about *life*. Love is the most sacred thing in life; and to humanity, in actual existence, the spectacle of men and women making love is not a source of pleasure, while the privilege of enjoying their own romance in private is sought by all worthy of romance. But human imagination is enchanted by the deathless theme of passionate love and seeks it in drama and literature. Any spectacle representing such a theme requires delicacy in its handling, and without due restraint can outrage every sentiment. Mankind knows love and passion and in no land comes to the cinema as one uninstructed. The wiser he is, the more sensitive he is. And adolescence presents a quite different problem: the problem of the proper training for the mind of man. In matters of taste the cinema everywhere continues to be too often a school for vulgarity and absurdity, distorting all standards of conduct: and until that state of things is changed by a demand for something better, none can rest satisfied. The potential power of the film to place truth and beauty before millions is stupendous and awaits the man of genius.

In India to-day, the cinema acts as a force in the process of emancipation, greatly to be welcomed. For if masses need release from the customs of child-marriage and purdah—as heaven knows they do—then in all haste let them throng to witness the unguessed pleasures of emancipated woman! Though her existence as depicted in films is trivial, artificial, and luxurious to the point of fantasy, such fantasy may awaken every despondent, starved day-dream of the secluded Indian woman to an organised activity for greater social liberty. The beauty, strength, and agility of European girls as they dance, swim, dive, drive motors, pilot aeroplanes, may well inspire Indian men with mercy towards the child of twelve, or fourteen, constrained to premature motherhood, or stricken as a widow. If the depressed classes watch the gay geniality of society in Western communities, will not their imaginations conjure up some such future for themselves? Can they remain long resigned to their untouchability in their own land? Pictures of merry people feasting, marrying, working, playing, with social

restrictions blurred and fellowship and equality demonstrated, may have an incalculable influence in hastening the abandonment of caste taboos. Our English fiction and drama, adapted to the films, will achieve a tremendous revolution in Indian social conceptions, more far-reaching than the English sphere of influence as it has hitherto existed in Delhi, Simla, and the Presidency towns, where only some few thousand Indian men and women observe Western customs and forthwith adopt them. The Indian student—the man of the future—stumbling over the printed idiom in English literature (and what does such an expression as 'England was now on the crest of the wave' convey to a lad who has never seen the sea?) can sit to-day in a cinema where his understanding of the English language will be increased with amazing ease by the swift explanation of vision. Will he turn afresh to books, or merely desire more films? At least his comprehension of what he reads will be clearer. Plato wrote of a perfect model city which a man might contemplate and regulate his conduct accordingly, it being no matter whether in this world such a city shall ever exist, for 'he does the duties of this one alone and no other.' Our literature at its greatest presents many aspects of such an ideal citizenship, but our films, while setting the cities of the earth before our eyes, generally ignore the dramatic theme of the conflict between private and public duty, and between duty and inclination. They misrepresent much that is supremely difficult as being easy of achievement and any man's game. Young India will be misled often. That films exist to entertain rather than to edify is true, but affords no excuse if they do mischief. It is all to the good that they place before a soft man the wild, strong actions of a hardy man. The heroic can be set forth in a film to be seen of all. This is a tonic for the quill-driver and salvation to the pedantic.

The illiterate man and woman in India remain immune from many of the fallacies which sway the minds of youth crammed with a Western knowledge not acquired by experience. But their plight assumed a sadder aspect as political power organised itself, and education divided households. The literate possessed a greater adaptability and left the masses far behind, 'on trifles still they plod, because they are poor.' In the very nick of time a divine

fortune has befallen the peasant. Wireless, triumphing over the printing press, can now establish swift communication with villages and speak to the son of the soil and the veiled woman. To-day broadcasting is in its infancy in India, but already preparations are going forward for a rural service. On the North-West Frontier, a transmitter is being installed in Peshawar, and specially designed receiving sets are being set up in some score of villages within a twenty-five mile radius. Where only the guns spoke, man's voice will recite the Koran, impart information, and tell stories to tribesmen who dwell among the hills of danger and kill when they are bored. In Peshawar city there is The Street of the Story Tellers. The art is old, and the audience ever eager. The B.B.C. offered a transmitter to Lahore, and there, too, receiving sets will be installed in selected villages. The farmer and the pensioned soldier will listen to music, and hear tidings of the weather, receive information and news, in their own broad Punjabi, and accept this marvel, this wonder, with the sturdy quiet of their kind in the presence of one speaking with authority. The voices of rumour and of the agitator have all too often stirred whole districts to unrest with none to contradict their lies. Great plans are afoot, and it is hoped to merge experiment into a permanent system, and that as funds become available many regional transmitting stations will be provided. The Government of India are making a grant of Rs. 20 lakhs for broadcasting, and propose to construct a large transmitting station at Delhi, and possibly at Madras. Meanwhile, the Empire Service of the B.B.C. is developing a new means of recreation and information for English-speaking Indians. This service has been described with accuracy as an Imperial link of the greatest importance. By it Indian princes and British sergeants' messes can hear the King speak on Christmas day, and listen in to the Derby. It is to be hoped that eventually such an Empire service will include lectures suited to isolated schools that cannot command the presence of lecturers. But to-day there are only eleven thousand wireless licences in all India. Piracy is rife, an eavesdropping which at least implies an eagerness to hear England speaking.

And what of the effect of broadcasting from London

upon the influence of English literature throughout India? It has already been pointed out that a formidable reaction against our literature exists in India. This is not primarily a critical attitude; it is an indication of a growing spirit of national self-assertion and self-expression. Much depends in the future upon the literary criticism London provides in the Empire Service. Critics who gain the ear and confidence of Indian listeners will have a great responsibility. They, of all men, must not stand neuter between truth and falsehood. Should they merely cry our wares, praise mean things, lay too great emphasis on the latest fashion in fiction, be pontifical about neglected celebrities of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, hesitate to denounce the spite in a book of memoirs, the inaccuracies of a biography, the bias of an historical work, they will most disastrously confirm the opinion often expressed to-day that our literary criticism is at a low ebb. But if our criticism attains a high standard it will help to inspire high standards in the Indian critics of literature who will speak in course of time from every Regional transmitter in a land of three hundred and fifty million souls. Clearly their criticism by wireless could become a mighty demonstration of highly strung Indian national sentiment. Our own critics must guard for Indians, as for all other men, a thirst for and access to the living stream of English thought in her literature.

Youth, emancipated from school and college, turns to novels for relaxation. In India the taste of some young officer, thrust into the task of acting as secretary to a cantonment club's library, reacts upon the taste of the British community and of Indian officers with the King's commission who now dwell in that community. His orders for the supply of this book or that promote its influence in hill resorts and cantonments, and introduce it to two million English-speaking Indians. The selection of modern literature by a community representative of England's civilisation should be informed by the most enlightened suggestion and comment that the culture of London can give across ocean and desert, mountain and jungle. In a land where education is spreading, and spreading among a fifth of the human race, criticism ought not to be confined in the Empire service to poetry, philosophy, biography, and fiction. From time to time

some scholarly man might well criticise text-books and works used as English supplementary readers.

When Muslim sovereignty waned in India, it was European, and not English power that became influential. French, Dutch, and Portuguese strove for mastery in Hindustan. Only during the period from the battle of Assaye until the Great War was England's influence exclusive. It was exclusive, not by any censorship or edict, but through force of circumstances. Since 1914 India's soldiers have fought in many lands, her statesmen have conferred with the statesmen of the world and she has become a member of the League of Nations. To-day the films of Europe and America are shown in her cinemas. To-morrow the voices of Paris, Berlin, Rome, Moscow, Peking, and Tokyo will speak to her by wireless. It is vital that England should now exert herself to the utmost not to lose the influence she has hitherto exercised in India through the published and spoken word : the special, intimate influence of a friend, and one long set in authority. If modern English literature, films, and wireless maintain their essential sincerity, their integrity, in a search for truth and beauty they will always be acceptable to Indians of open mind. Nevertheless, a statesmanlike guardianship of the fair play which alone preserves the whole organisation of the energies involved from planned political destruction must not be neglected. Through imagination our influence has wrought great things, without imagination that force will swiftly perish.

EVA MARY BELL.

Art. 5.—THE ROOSEVELT REVOLUTION.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT's New Deal during the past year has been under fire before the country and in the courts. In both places it has survived what at one time looked like dangerous attacks, and for the time being, therefore, it is free to develop without fear of any sudden repudiation, whether popular or legal. Its opponents will have to beat a strategic retreat and await a more favourable occasion for any further attack. It would, however, be improper to assume that there was no substance in the attacks which have been beaten off. There was substance in them, as many, if not most, Americans realised. A majority of the people, however, also saw that the New Deal and its leader, President Franklin Roosevelt, vulnerable though they might be to all sorts of serious criticism, were the least risky of the alternatives available to the United States during the winter of 1934-35.

The New Deal was being widely criticised last year and during the recent winter on three main grounds, in addition to its great cost and only partial success. It was said to have unduly increased the powers of the President in relation both to Congress and to the State governments, thereby not merely disregarding the constitutional provisions for the separation of governmental powers, but also tending towards that most un-American of all things, a personal dictatorship. Further, it was thought to have extended unduly the scope of the Federal Government's activity, at the expense of individual and corporate liberty and of private enterprise, as well as at that of the State and local governments. Finally, it was accused of having involved an improper interference with contractual obligations, by tampering with the currency, and through other measures benefiting certain groups in the community at the expense of others, as well as leading to a wilful repudiation of a part of the Government's obligations by a voluntary departure from the Gold Standard, repeal of the 'Gold Clause,' and devaluation.

On these grounds it was attacked in the courts, which possess in the United States the power to prevent any Government thus altering the traditional American system of government, as laid down in the Constitution. Such attacks were supported openly by such formerly

influential Democrats as Senator Carter Glass, Governor Albert Ritchie, and the ex-Ambassador John W. Davis, as well as partially and through implication by others, as Mr Alfred E. Smith, and by Republican leaders of all groups, ex-President Hoover, Party-Chairman Fletcher, Senator Reed, and such independents as the great industrialist, Irene du Pont. It appeared for a time as if such attacks might achieve success, for names such as those just mentioned seemed likely to carry weight in many and widely-differing quarters; while persons unaffected by them still might be expected to be disappointed with the Government because recovery was so slow, costly, artificial, and incomplete.

After two years of Mr Roosevelt's Presidency there are still in the United States probably 10 million unemployed, i.e. more than 70 per cent. of the numbers at their worst. In spite of the volume of created work, the consequence of huge Government loans, of the National Relief Administration (NRA), and of devaluation and credit inflation, there are still upwards of 5 million heads of families dependent upon relief. Contrary to Mr Roosevelt's original expectations and promise the budget is still wildly out of balance and looks like remaining so for some time to come, so largely is whatever business activity and purchasing power there may be in the United States dependent on huge Government expenditure and loans. Business leaders are alarmed and disappointed for these reasons, as well as because they feel uncertainty about the future to be an insuperable obstacle to capital expenditure and other moves on their own account. Also, in many cases, they are annoyed at the regulations to which they are now subject under the new Stock and Commodity Exchanges, and Securities Acts, and under NRA, the Agricultural Adjustment Administration (AAA), and other measures. So far as NRA is concerned they are particularly annoyed and worried by Section 7A, which provides for collective bargaining through organisations of the workers' own choice, a section which, together with the Roosevelt administration's outspoken sympathies with labour, has provoked a period of fierce industrial conflict. Labour, on the other hand, though initially pleased with many of the New Deal moves, particularly Section 7A of NRA, has grown more and

more lukewarm, if not hostile, as the administration has appeared to tolerate the capture or emasculation of NRA by employers, and as the enthronement in industrial power of organised labour and the attainment of real or complete recovery have proved so slow to come.

The drift from Mr Roosevelt which for the foregoing reasons might have been expected actually appeared in the summer and early autumn of last year. Criticisms of, or jokes at, the New Deal, and even its leader, the President—which would almost have been *lèse-majesté* in the hectic days of March to August 1933—were quite common in 1934. Proposals to go further than Mr Roosevelt had done, or was willing to go, were being put forward by men like Senator LaFollette in Wisconsin and Mr Upton Sinclair in California, and seemed to be receiving wide support. Efforts to beat a strategic retreat and return to a more orthodox and less costly policy, sponsored by men ranging from Mr Hoover on the right to Mr Roosevelt's own former Director of the Budget, Mr Lewis Douglas, on the left, appeared to be attracting a narrower but even more influential following. In the elections of last November Mr Roosevelt had to face the open or implied competition or attack of Senator LaFollette, Mr Sinclair and others on his left, and of Conservative Democrats like Governor Ely of Massachusetts, Governor Ritchie of Maryland, and Senators Glass and Byrd of Virginia, as well as of almost all the Republican leaders, on his right.

In spite of this and of the very real divisions amongst his followers—many of whom, like his Senate leaders, Vice-President Garner and Majority-Leader Robinson of Arkansas, are privately bewildered by and worried at much of the New Deal, while others, particularly in the House of Representatives, are clamouring for real inflation in one form or another—Mr Roosevelt won an overwhelming success. Few candidates, whether nominally Republican or Democratic, were elected from amongst the ranks of his open critics; while at least the appearance of being pro-Roosevelt was almost a *sine qua non* of victory. And the Democratic party, of which with the discomfiture of his conservative opponents and rivals Mr Roosevelt was more than ever the master, returned to Washington with a hitherto unprecedented

majority both in House and Senate. President Roosevelt is, indeed, the only American President to receive a greater backing in Congress in the middle of his term than he enjoyed at its commencement. He can, therefore, proudly claim that he and his policy have faced their critics and been strongly sustained.

Defeated in the country, Mr Roosevelt's critics until mid-February might have hoped to be vindicated in the courts. Many lawyers had doubted whether much of the New Deal was strictly within the letter, or closely within the spirit, of the Constitution. There had seemed to be a certain unwillingness on the part of the administration to face a challenge in the courts which appeared to indicate that it shared such doubts. People awaited with interest the taking-up of a series of cases which for the first time in Federal courts, and with regard to Federal Acts, would test the constitutionality of the New Deal. The only lead the public had as to what the legal verdict might be was the decisions favourable to emergency legislation similar to the Roosevelt programme which had been rendered in certain State courts in regard to State laws. But these could be regarded as no certain clue as to what the Federal courts might decide when squarely faced with contentious New Deal measures. The first of such major measures to be thus tested, the Act for the regulation of oil production, distribution, and sale, was held to be invalid by a Federal district court. The case may be taken on appeal to the Supreme Court or the Government may find some other way of getting round an unfavourable decision. But for the moment the decision was an annoying setback. Fortunately for Mr Roosevelt, however, this decision was based on an aspect of the problem which might not be raised by other disputed New Deal measures, viz. that Congress, in delegating general regulatory powers to the President, had not specified as clearly as it could and should have done the purposes for which the powers were to be used. Congress could repair the damage by re-enacting the measure in somewhat greater detail.

Far more important than that case, however, both in themselves and because they came before the Supreme Court and gave that body its first chance of expressing judgment on the New Deal, were the cases involving

devaluation of the dollar, and repeal of the 'Gold Clause' in contracts, in respect of which decisions were given in mid-February. These cases had created an enormous interest abroad and at home. An unfavourable decision might gravely have handicapped Mr Roosevelt and involved not merely him and his programme but vast world-interests also in great inconvenience, if not damage. Indeed, the uncertainty about the questions in dispute and the long wait before decisions were announced proved in themselves an unsettling factor in the markets and on the exchanges. Those cases involving suits against bodies other than the United States Government itself were decided in the defendant's favour, and without qualification. The Court ruled—by its usual majority in cases involving a right-left clash of opinion of five to four—that Congress had the power to repeal the 'Gold Clause' in contracts between third parties, and to prescribe, even in matters covered by a 'Gold Clause' contract, for the discharge of obligations in whatever medium, gold, paper, or other, as it deemed best. This power the Court held to be clearly inherent in the constitutional duty of Congress, in order to establish and maintain an efficient monetary system for the United States.

In the one case involving the United States Government, the Court also, and by the same majority, ruled in the defendant's favour, but only with qualifications. It declared that it was both immoral and illegal for the Government wilfully to reduce its own liability by devaluation or repeal of the 'Gold Clause.' The Government, however, even when in the wrong, could only be successfully sued in the Court of Claims by plaintiffs who were able to prove material damage. Since devalued paper dollars possessed at least as great purchasing power at the time of the judgment as had convertible paper or gold dollars at the time of the original contract, the plaintiff, who was an American citizen and resident, could not succeed in his suit because, and apparently only because, he could not prove such material damage. It remains to be seen whether this judgment will leave the way open to foreigners, or to Americans resident abroad, whose purchasing power in their own markets has been reduced by devaluation and repeal of the 'Gold Clause,' to sue the United States Government for payment of

gold bonds either in gold or in paper at such an enhanced rate as will enable them to purchase in world-markets the original amount of gold. It is more than possible, however, that some way will be found to prevent their doing so.

The United States Government clearly will be unwilling, if it can help it, to pay gold, or an extra quantity of paper, to non-residents when it is not doing so to residents. If any constitutional way is open to it to avoid this differentiation between one class of creditors and another it can probably be trusted to take it. Moreover, even apart from that, it seems probable that the Supreme Court would, if faced with such cases, be as anxious as it was in those already passed upon by it to avoid upsetting the Government programme or to create general financial dislocation. It appears from the record and from what one knows in history of the Supreme Court that that body is very unwilling to allow strict legal points to force it into positions which are out of touch with the practical necessities and strong popular prejudices of the moment. To that extent it 'follows the election returns.' If it can possibly interpret the Constitution to justify something which the country much wants and the Government of the day is anxious to maintain, it does so. Only if no legal way of escape is open to it does it place itself, and the Constitution, directly in the way of a determined Government and country.

It was with such motives, in all probability, that it resorted to the doctrine that suits against the United States Government could only succeed where material damage could be proved, to enable it both to condemn legally and morally and to uphold practically any reduction of United States Government obligations through the repeal of the 'Gold Clause.' If compelled to do so it well might, in cases where this way of escape was not open to it, discover some other method of reconciling the legal and moral proprieties which would force it theoretically to condemn, with the practical necessities which would tempt it to maintain, such key measures of the Government. If one can rely, as probably one can, on the Court's continuing to approach cases in this spirit, it is unlikely that the New Deal will be wrecked, or even seriously inconvenienced, by legal attacks. Its reputation for constitutional propriety may be somewhat

tarnished ; it may be forced to enact new measures, or amend old ones, in order to bring its programme within the generously wide limits of what the Court will approve as constitutional. But it is unlikely to be faced with decisions involving it in unavoidable practical defeat. Mr Roosevelt can, therefore, breathe more freely than for some time past. He need no longer fear that either his public or the courts will pull him up for infraction of the Constitution, or for having created an illegal or un-American system of government. His New Deal has emerged essentially unscathed from attacks on such grounds as these.

It would, however, be a mistake for foreign observers to deduce from these facts that the constitutional and traditional United States system of government has been left unaltered as a result of the New Deal, or that the great mass of the American people think that it has been so left, or that they approve of the alterations where they see that it has been altered. The vindication that the New Deal has received from the public and from the courts has been largely the result of necessity. Neither the man in the street nor the lawyer on the bench has liked to consider what would happen if Mr Roosevelt and the New Deal were seriously discredited. What alternatives have been before the United States during the past winter ? Theoretically several ; practically only a return to the pre-Roosevelt system. Even the latter would have been difficult, so many uncontrollable forces have been unloosed during Mr Roosevelt's two years of office and so greatly has America changed during that time. But it might have been possible. Very few Americans, however, even amongst former and theoretical supporters of that old system, are as yet prepared to exchange Roosevelt and the New for Hoover and the Old Deal. These last are still too closely associated with the terrible distresses, the dark pessimism, the terrifying uncertainty of the black winter of 1932-33. Even people who disapprove of Mr Roosevelt and the New Deal, and hold Mr Hoover and the Old Deal guiltless of the catastrophes which America met under their leadership, mostly confess that the public is still so disinclined to restore that old leadership that a serious attempt to do so would precipitate dangerous conflicts of opinion within

the nation. There is too little positive unity in America, even under Mr Roosevelt's attractive leadership. Until opinion changes there would be too much positive disunity under a renewed Hoover or other Republican guidance.

Besides that, many conservative Americans, and most of Mr Roosevelt's severe critics are Conservatives, recognise that the public, if it desert him, is likely to do so in favour of more and not less risky and dangerous pilots. In the present Congress, as during the last elections, it has been from the left rather than from the right that Mr Roosevelt has met his most formidable opposition. Only in matters of foreign policy, in respect of proposals to join the Permanent Court of International Justice, or to collaborate more closely with Europe, or to reduce or cancel war debts, or otherwise to depart from cherished American traditions, is Congress or the public likely as yet to show itself more conservative than the President. In almost all other matters, and especially in regard to finance, Congress and the public are likely to be more radical and less orthodox even than the President.

During last autumn there was a *rapprochement* between American business leaders and the Government. This, accompanied by mutual promises of greater consideration and support in the future, was not really based on positive sympathy on either side. Wall Street and the White House remain at bottom miles apart. But both business and the Government realise that they are vulnerable to further attacks from the left. Payment in full and at once of the so-called Soldier's Bonus, still vaster Government expenditures and deficits, real monetary inflation, these and other such projects appeal to large numbers of Americans in and out of Congress. It may require all the courage and ingenuity of the President to defeat them. In the circumstances, therefore, Mr Roosevelt is to be regarded as a Conservative, and entitled to the loyal support of other Conservatives, of whatever school they be. When thus, however radical and experimental himself, he is to be regarded as the only bulwark between American moderates and radical proposals in comparison with which even his policy appears safe and conservative, Mr Roosevelt can expect at least a grudging eleventh-hour support, even from the most unlikely

quarters. Votes for him and his New Deal, therefore, may express many things besides a real enthusiasm for either.

There is, of course, much real enthusiasm, though, I think, rather for Franklin Roosevelt the man than for his policy. His charm, confidence, courage, his energy, his warm sympathy, his evident sincerity still stir an emotional, even when they can no longer stir an intellectual, response. His policy, though open to criticism and criticised from many angles, has a purpose, energy, breadth, variety, novelty which are appealing. And though it is still far from having achieved all that was expected of it, it at least has lifted the United States well above the 1932-33 level. Yet even so it should be realised that it has been rather as the lesser of the available evils than as the best of the available 'goods' that the New Deal has been endorsed. For many Americans were and are convinced that it has regrettably altered the character of their 'American system,' as Mr Hoover calls it.

It has clearly greatly increased the power of the President. None of Mr Roosevelt's predecessors, even in time of war when the American President tends as Chief Executive and Commander-in-Chief to become something of a dictator, has possessed the authority that has been vested in him. To settle a new gold value for the dollar and alter it at pleasure; to raise or lower tariffs by as much as 50 per cent.; to raise on loan and allocate at his own discretion within the widest Congressional appropriation thousands of millions of dollars for relief and public works; to impose upon industry and agriculture, through NRA and AAA, the most comprehensive systems of collective regulation and control—these and other such things which Mr Roosevelt has been empowered to do exceed anything which his most powerful predecessors—Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln, Woodrow Wilson—would have thought attainable. They exceed also anything which any modern European monarch or extra-American democratic leader would have thought was attainable by any one but a dictator. Indeed, only a few dictators have found themselves possessed of such plenitude of legal power.

This concentration in the hands of the President has,

in practice if not in theory, equivalently lessened the power of those other elements in the American system, the two houses of Congress and the forty-eight State-Governors and Legislatures. If for no other reason than that he who pays the piper usually calls the tune, Mr Roosevelt, on whose grants of money so many units of government as well as private corporations and individuals are dependent, has become, for the moment, the master of his country's destinies. Almost as much as in a unitary and dictatorial state is leadership in practice in America to-day vested in his hands alone. There is little doubt but that such a concentration of power in one man's hands would have horrified the authors of the Constitution, and, indeed, would have horrified its interpreters, popular or legal, through practically the entire period that passed from Washington to Hoover. There is little doubt that it does worry many people, and most politicians, to-day, and probably will lead in time to a violent reaction, as previous aggrandisements of power in the presidential office have done.

It is, however, for the moment generally regarded as inevitable. Seeing that it springs from the emergency and is largely limited to its duration, seeing, moreover, that it rests upon two factors, Congressional grant and popular support, and must largely disappear when they do, this semi-dictatorship is felt to be vastly different from somewhat similar ones elsewhere. Also, it does not involve, as others do, the suppression of criticism or even of organised political opposition; nor does it carry with it the right to meet argument with violence. It is, therefore, deprived of that power to perpetuate itself after the popular desire for it has passed which is a chief vice of most dictatorships.

Even while it lasts it has its practical limits. Mr Roosevelt has already met some outstanding reverses and had to work hard for his successes. The St Lawrence Waterways Treaty, the Protocol of Accession to the Permanent Court of International Justice, the veto of a Bill restoring a part of the cuts in veterans' benefits, the power to appropriate at discretion the 4,880,000 dollars relief and public works fund envisaged in the 1935-36 budget, and to use much of it in made work at less than normal wages, are only outstanding items in what is now

a fairly lengthy list of things which Mr Roosevelt has unsuccessfully sought from Congress. And apart from what he thus has sought and failed to get are the many things, such as the power to deal freely with war debts, which it is well known he would have sought had he not been advised that to do so would be politically unwise. Every passing month brings out more clearly the limits within which the President's leadership of his nominally huge Congressional majority can be exercised successfully. Much, therefore, of President Roosevelt's unprecedented power, though criticised, is tolerated. It is expected that it will soon pass away. Almost all that will remain when the emergency and the President's own popular appeal and political prestige have faded will be the precedent they have created. And it may be long before there will again be such an emergency and such a President.

Less likely to pass away quickly or completely is the extended competence of the Federal Government and the restricted competence and initiative of other units of government, as well as of private corporations and individuals. Centralising forces have long shown in the United States that they were destined to be stronger than the centrifugal, backed though these are by the intentions of the 'Founding Fathers' and the letter of the Constitution. It is becoming manifestly less possible in America, as in other federal states, to maintain the original distribution of power between the central and the local governments, and also, as in all states, to restrict government as a whole within the limits generally set to it during the long period of *laissez-faire* from which the world is now emerging. The central government in all the federal states, and government as a whole in all states, as economic life becomes more complicated and less local, is constantly extending the sphere of its activity. Supporters of 'States' Rights,' as with strict individualists, are being compelled, whether they like it or not, to go along with convinced Centralists and Socialists and to carry the national government into spheres hitherto reserved for other units of government, or from which government as a whole has hitherto been excluded.

Many matters hitherto kept from the Government, or

reserved to State and local governments, as poor relief, housing, labour conditions, including matters of wages, hours, prices, and collective bargaining, banking, even education, have in America through Mr Roosevelt been falling under the control of the Federal Government. This has largely been so because the latter has become the chief source of funds, as private resources and State and local tax-gathering and borrowing power have been exhausted. As emergency expenditure declines and private and local revenues expand, as private and public budgets come again into balance, so agencies and individuals other than the Federal Government and the President will regain some of their lost independence. But probably they will never regain all. For experience has shown that the national government in federal and the State in all countries are more apt in the end to go on to the complete absorption of, rather than to retreat from, activities to which emergencies have forced them.

People generally do not seem yet to have realised this truth. Indeed, they do not seem at all clearly to have recognised how much the actual technique of government and in consequence the character of American life have altered owing to the emergency and the New Deal. And when they have realised this they have tended to gloss over the consequences. There would have been much more protest against the New Deal, in my opinion, had they not done so. By no means all, perhaps not even a majority of Americans, trust the central government permanently and properly to live up to the huge responsibilities it has assumed. Many still believe, as a general rule—possibly to be suspended in emergencies—in limiting the activities and expense of the central in relation to State and local governments, and of government as a whole in relation to business. They still regard private and local, if not individual, initiative and responsibility as the bases on which American society and prosperity should rest, and would be most unhappy if they thought the American people were going to continue to be, anything like as much as now they are, dependent at every turn upon a charitable but interfering central government.

There has already been a dangerous rumble of discontent at some aspects of Government interference,

particularly in connection with NRA and AAA and from small men. These last do not object to State regulation as such ; but they prefer the aid to be divorced from the regulations. As time goes on, and especially if regulation ceases to be sweetened by financial subsidies, there will be energetic efforts on the parts of many Americans to extricate themselves from the net of public or other collective control in which they have been getting enmeshed. It will, however, be surprising if such efforts succeed in restoring anything remotely resembling pre-Roosevelt conditions. Wall Street, and even Main Street, like the State capitals, may and almost certainly will regain some of their lost independence ; they are most unlikely to gain all.

Equally difficult to restore will be the financial system which existed prior to March 1933. Few will regret that Wall Street probably never will again have as much influence in or be as free from the control of Washington as it was in the 'good old days' when most Americans wanted a 'business government' (which in practice meant a government dominated by big business), and expected that government to help and not interfere with business. Few will regret that the local and irresponsible character of American banking, in its old form, is gone for good. But many will wonder whether it is wise to have made the Treasury America's central bank, and, by loans to and the purchase of stock in many private banks, to have given the Government a vast, undefined influence in general banking.

Many more will regret that, while such far-reaching changes have been made in America's financial and banking structure, little has been done to tackle the manifold and long-standing imperfections in those systems which have been largely responsible for the fact that, while Britain, and even Canada, have had no bank failures during the depression, the United States did not know a year, even of good times, to pass without several.

Many people already are alarmed at the size of America's budget deficit, which is equal to the total British budget, and at the signs that, given the best possible conditions, it will be two years probably before a balance is again enjoyed. They wonder whether the precedent thus created, and the lesson that Congressmen

and the public have been taught, that the Government has apparently a bottomless purse, may not prove the Achilles heel of the whole American system of public finance. It is difficult enough under the best conditions to enforce economy, or to prevent senseless extravagance, under the system of divided budgetary responsibility which prevails in America even under the New Deal. It may prove impossible to do so when Congress and the public have got accustomed to astronomical borrowings and deficits, and have been told that, instead of being disastrous, both may be beneficial, as creating purchasing power and stimulating business at a time when private enterprise is unable sufficiently to do either.

People are worried also by that interference between debtor and creditor, and the arbitrary reduction by the Government of its own liabilities, which are implicit in the Roosevelt monetary policy, and have included such moves as the sequestration of all gold (except a minor amount, on permission given by the Treasury, for the discharge of international balances), the reduction in the gold value of the dollar, the repeal of the 'Gold Clause' in contracts, Federal and other, and credit inflation. Whether or not such measures are held to be within the letter of the Constitution, whether or not they have had a beneficial short-run effect, whether or not, having been undertaken, they must be maintained in order to prevent costly dislocation, it yet is widely feared that they may prove to have created dangerous precedents. Of what value are constitutional provisions in regard to the sanctity of contracts and against retrospective legislation when the Government with impunity can use such measures, and thus avoid its own and void other people's contracts, taxing one class or group to the benefit of others? What might not an unscrupulous, or anti-capitalist, or merely a persuasive radical (let us say, a Huey Long) Government do with the Roosevelt precedents and the popular and judicial acquiescence therein before them?

The public have acquiesced in these things, and the courts too—partly because by the time they had an opportunity of passing judgment upon them it was too late, without great damage, to condemn them; partly because people, including judges, often cannot or do not

see far ahead, or realise the fact that one thing leads to others, and thus commit themselves without knowing it, by approval of first moves which seem innocuous, to further others that are far from being so ; partly because the emergency was great, and no one had any likely alternative to suggest to the hurried measures which Mr Roosevelt promised at least would avert disaster ; and partly because in America debtors in general are small men, though numerous and politically influential, and creditors are large men, though relatively few in number and now politically discredited ; and also largely because the profit to the majority of such measures seemed immediate and obvious, while the cost was distant and obscure. Neither public nor judiciary might have acquiesced in these things had they been able to see them whole and to weigh their distant as well as their immediate consequences, or had they felt that selection from amongst them, or flat rejection of them, would lead to anything but a dangerous deadlock.

It will be exceedingly difficult in such matters fully or effectively to put back the clock. The present confused emergency 'twenty-four-hour' system, as Mr Morgenthau, the Secretary of the Treasury, puts it, may be cleared and a more coherent and permanent system be put in its place. It will certainly be attempted, when such consolidation is undertaken, to reduce the arbitrary and controlling influence which now belongs to the Federal Government. But it is difficult to imagine any complete restoration of the pre-Roosevelt system, or the creation of any such semi-autonomous financial and banking systems as exist, for example, in Great Britain. In these circumstances it is true to say that the New Deal and the emergencies out of which it has grown have wholly, and to a large extent irrevocably, altered the earlier American systems of politics and economics. They have led to the destruction of some of the essential features of the old system, as defined in the Constitution and upheld by generations of Americans from 1789 to 1933. The existence of a written and very slowly changing Constitution, the reservation of powers to the separate States, the separation of powers within the Federal Government, the emphasis upon property rights and sanctity of contracts and on individual and local initiative

and responsibility, previously outstanding characteristics of the American system and checks on the Executive, though not destroyed are greatly and permanently weakened. Had America possessed none of these characteristics and the President been faced with none of these checks, he could hardly have acted more quickly or arbitrarily than he has done. With the precedent of the Roosevelt Revolution before them future American Executives, if given opportunities such as his and possessed of his political adroitness, need not feel unduly curbed, as most of Mr Roosevelt's predecessors have been, by the checks, balances, and traditions of the American system.

For the Roosevelt Revolution has been real, though bloodless ; and, to judge from recent court decisions, on the whole it has been a legal revolution. President Franklin Roosevelt's America, for better or worse, is almost as distant from Mr Hoover's as was the France of Louis XVIII from that of Louis XVI.

FRANK DARVALL.

Art. 6.—THE LAST INVASION OF BRITAIN.

1. *The Fishguard Invasion or 3 days in 1797.* Anonymous. Fisher Unwin, 1892.
2. *Papers at Stackpole Court and elsewhere* (unpublished).

ON various occasions in the past decade, while waiting to start out shooting, I have examined in the front hall of Stackpole Court in Pembrokeshire a curious map and a stand of beautifully polished flint-lock muskets and a tattered colour. The map illustrates the campaign which ended in the capitulation on Goodwick Sands, Fishguard, of a French invading force which landed on that part of the coast on Feb. 22, 1797; the stand of arms, thirty-nine muskets, formed part of the weapons laid down, and the flag, bearing the fleur-de-lys, was apparently the colour afterwards presented to the Loyal Pembrokeshire Castle Martin Yeomanry which took part in the affair under the command of the first Lord Cawdor. There are letters and other documents preserved at Stackpole, only a few of which have been made public, which bear on the affair. Legend early grew up around it; a book or two, a few chapters in local guide books, giving a partial, fantastic, or purely romantic account, have from time to time been written concerning it, but, so far as I can ascertain, the true facts of the 'Fishguard Invasion' have never yet been sifted from all available authorities and put on record.

It seemed to me that the time had come to separate truth from falsehood and the essential from the romantic and to add a footnote to history on an event memorable rather for its uniqueness than for its importance. I received permission to examine the Stackpole papers and studied various authorities enumerated in a volume published in 1892 and purporting to set forth extracts from the diary of the Rev. D. Rowlands, a curious mixture of romance and research. It is a tale of 'battles long ago' in all conscience, though, as a matter of fact, there lived into my own childhood an eyewitness of the landing, probably the last. This was Nelly Phillips, who died on Feb. 8, 1891, at the age of 103, at Fishguard. She was herding cows, a child of nine, when she saw the French frigates rounding Strumble Head. Yet her death evoked

little except local newspaper interest, and the centenary of the invasion six years later passed unnoticed. How far we have moved in the art of journalism since the end of the last century!

The year 1797 opened gloomily in England. The Government was fully occupied with the trouble in Ireland and a financial panic in the City which was resulting in alarming withdrawals of specie from the banks. The shadow of the French Revolution still hung over Europe and crossed the Channel. Bonaparte, the man of destiny, was fresh from his Italian triumphs, and the erratic genius of Lazare Hoche was planning the downfall of England. In the country districts the outlook was not more cheerful, and even in the remote little Arcady of Pembrokeshire, 'Little England Beyond Wales,' the scarcity of food was producing unwonted lawlessness. This shortage was in part due to the avarice of the farmers who were holding up supplies in the hope of better prices. The magistrates were anxious, and at their suggestion the Lord Lieutenant instructed his officers commanding the local yeomanries and fencibles to make what parade was possible. There were occasional turn-outs on market days, but the yeomanry field days had been badly attended. There was available in the immediate area the Castle Martin Yeomanry Cavalry, the well-mounted tenantry of Lord Cawdor, who, owing to the age and infirmity of the Lord Lieutenant, Lord Milford, had taken over supreme command of all the local troops. There was the Cardiganshire Militia, the Cardiff Militia (then stationed at Pembroke), the Pembrokeshire Fencible Infantry under Major Ackland, and a few sailors under Lieutenants Mears and Perkins—rather more than 700 men in all. A greater destiny awaited this handful of volunteers than the browbeating of disgruntled yokels in their own counties.

Pembroke still in the present year of grace and speed gives the impression of remoteness. To drive from Gloucester to Hobbs Point or on to St David's is to gain a rare experience of adventuring to the world's end. But 140 years ago it took three full days for an express to reach London, and a full week for an answer to be received back from London. Private gentlemen moving their families from London to their country seats in

summer normally took seven days on the road and (I quote from an original bill for posting preserved at Stackpole) had to pay as much as 70*l.* for the move—apart from the cost of subsistence. In a word, the outlying corners of England in those days must face and overcome their own peculiar troubles on their own initiative, and there was no question in an emergency of awaiting instructions from headquarters.

It is well established that the force which effected a landing on British soil was no haphazard or amateur band of filibusters. Hoche had far-reaching schemes for the employment of the surplus energies of the young republic, and his instructions to the commander of his 'Seconde légion des Francs' were derived from the 'Projet de Carnot,' a carefully worked out scheme for undermining local loyalty and harassing the British Government. Briefly his project was to launch upon the shores of England at various points in the west and north-east well-armed, resolute bodies of young men, one thousand to two thousand strong, with general instructions to destroy communications and, if possible, to arouse to insurrection the peasantry, believed to be seething with revolution and mad with privation. These bodies were designed to be 'ballons d'essai' for a much larger scheme of invasion.

The Second Legion received special instructions to proceed to the Severn Sea and destroy Bristol. If found impracticable, a feint of landing on the Somersetshire coast was to be made, the real landing to take place in Cardigan Bay, to be followed by a march through Wales, gathering local strength, with Chester and Liverpool as the ultimate objectives. Other similar expeditions were fitting out simultaneously.

The command of the Second Legion was given to a Colonel Tate, an Irish-American soldier of fortune, who proved readier at words than deeds. A knowledge of the English language being essential for the mission in hand, Tate was accompanied by two Irish 'captains,' Tyrrell and Norris, and a French captain, Le Brun, and Lieutenant, St Leger. It appears that there were two or three women on the strength, Madame Tate, unquestionably the generalissimo's better half, being one of them. The legion, whose strength was

officially a thousand and fifty 'completely organised resolute determined men,' numbered actually between eleven and twelve hundred, and was well armed with the latest pattern of flint-lock muskets with short bayonets. The officers' swords were manufactured at Nantes by the firm of Cassaguard. Three nine-pounder guns were also shipped aboard the transports, with adequate ammunition. Of the personnel, other than the officers, there was a small leaven of trained men, but the bulk of the force was undisciplined and largely recruited from among political and minor offenders in the Paris gaols.

Some time at the end of January 1797 the Second Legion embarked on board three frigates, one of which was 'La Résistance,' forty guns (Captain Montague), and another 'La Constance,' twenty-four guns (Captain Desauy). The naval commander, Descasteaux, appears to have been in the third. The French Admiralty instructions to the naval commanders differed somewhat from Hoche's broad plan. The objective was definitely a landing in or near Cardigan Bay, after a feint at landing on the coast of Somerset. It seems clear also that the Admiralty did not contemplate the dangerous expedient of leaving the frigates to support the troops or in the event of failure to re-embark the expedition. The landing could only be effected by surprise, and it was laid down that the troops would take nothing ashore but their arms and ammunition and must thereafter fend for themselves and live on the country. It was a desperate venture enough.

The frigates, accompanied by a lugger, proceeded up St George's Channel and a feint attempt at landing was actually made on the Somersetshire coast, in the course of which a small vessel was sunk near Ilfracombe. The naval and military officers in charge discovered to their surprise that the country was on the alert, a considerable force of volunteers being swiftly mustered on the shore. Realising that the alarm would be quickly spread, Descasteaux judged it prudent to waste no time. The danger of finding himself bottled up in any frequented bay was obvious. The frigates stood out into the Channel and proceeded round to the north coast of Pembroke-shire, flying British colours. About 9 o'clock on the morning of Wednesday, Feb. 22, the vessels were sighted

close inshore passing St David's Head, and at 2 o'clock they came to anchor opposite a small cove called Carregwastad on the promontory forming the western arm of Fishguard Bay. By this time the alarm had been given and hundreds of the inhabitants were lining the cliffs. One of the frigates actually sailed round Pen Anglas into Fishguard Bay, but rejoined her consorts after discovering the guns of the fort, capturing a small sloop in her passage. Many of the British vessels in the bay stood out to sea. The frigates then hauled down the British flag and showed their true colour. The landing of the troops began at once and was completed with the aid of flares before 11 o'clock. Efforts to land the cannon failed and the troops were assembled at the top of the cliffs with nothing but their arms and musket ammunition. Tate established posts beyond the village of Castell and fixed his own headquarters at a small manor house named Trehowel, and soon the French bridgehead was marked out by flares and camp fires, while rationing parties and looters stumbled over each other in the dark and added to the already considerable confusion.

Long since, messengers had sped off to St David's, Haverfordwest, and Tenby, and a chain of long-prepared beacon fires spread the alarm inland. One of these messengers, John Upcoat, was despatched from Haverfordwest to Stackpole, where Lord Cawdor was in residence, and reached it at 11 p.m., about the time when the landing at Carregwastad was complete. From Stackpole he rode on to Tenby, carrying the express to be transmitted across three Welsh counties and the Bristol Channel to Somersetshire for transmission to London. For this service (as evidenced in the borough accounts of Tenby) he was paid one shilling.

John Campbell, of Stackpole, had in the previous June been raised to the peerage as Lord Cawdor of Castle Martin, but was better known still as 'Squire Campbell' in Pembrokeshire, where he had large landed interests. He had represented Cardigan in Parliament, had raised among his tenantry, and commanded, the Castle Martin Yeomanry, was a pillar of local affairs, and had recently, as stated, taken over supreme command of all the forces in the county. He was a man of method, not easily put about, and had long since made such preparations as

seemed reasonable to meet the possibility of a landing. Indeed, he had spent the morning of the 22nd with the officer commanding his Pembrokeshire Fencibles. There is something of the Drake touch in the entry in his diary for this day of fate: 'Feb. 22, 1797: A fine day. Major Ackland & Minhouse called. Walked to the garden with them. After, rode with Car (Lady Cawdor, daughter of the fifth Earl of Carlisle) & Minhouse to the Warren, back by Freeman's Quarry. At 11 o'clock, received Mathias' express respecting the French.'

After completing the entry in his diary, Lord Cawdor got busy. He sped Upcoat on his mission with a covering despatch, sent orders after Ackland and mustered his Castle Martin Yeomanry, and in the early hours of the 23rd set out at their head with a detachment of the Cardiganshire Militia to ride the forty odd miles to Fishguard, which he reached about 9 o'clock on the morning of the 23rd. On arrival he found some of the available units already on the scene and roughly disposed to cover the roads by which an advance inland to Haverfordwest or north-eastward to Cardigan could be attempted, broadly in a semi-circle to the south of Goodwick Sands, covering the St David's-Cardigan and the Fishguard-Haverfordwest turnpike roads. He was directed to the Royal Oak tavern, where he found some of his officers assembled. From them he learned that the Frenchmen had yet made no organised attempt to advance, and that outposts had seen no signs of military preparation to that end. Marauding parties in twos or threes had had brushes with the local peasantry and two or three shots had been exchanged and a lad wounded in the ankle. Tate's force was indeed no urgent danger. Many of the Frenchmen were drunk, others intent on looting or finding food; the leaders were wrangling and discipline was totally wanting.

Lord Cawdor, after consulting with his officers, rode round his position and strengthened his defences, sending a troop of yeomanry to cover Manor-owen House, which appeared to be threatened by a small party of marauders advancing inland. News came in that in a brush with some of them one Frenchman had been killed and two more wounded, while a British sailor had been hit. The village of Fishguard was in a state of intense

excitement, and all efforts to enforce martial law were unavailing against the curiosity of small boys and the determination of the country people to save their effects from houses in the danger zone and to miss no detail of the extraordinary proceedings. The surrounding heights and every outcrop of rock or other point of vantage were crowded with spectators, whose numbers grew as the folk from inland followed in the wake of supporting troops. At a distance the crowd on the heights, the women in their red and white shawls or whittles, resembled 'an army with banners,' and its continual movement may well have convinced the French vedettes on Carnwnda that regular troops were assembling there. Be that as it may, Colonel Tate made no attempt to advance from his position and throughout the brief campaign his headquarters remained at Trehowel.

The first estimate of the number of the invading force was put at about 2200, to oppose which Lord Cawdor had in position soon after noon on the 23rd rather more than 700 of all arms. The French flag was visible on the rocky height of Carnwnda surrounded by crowds of soldiers. Late in the afternoon, to the amazement and joy of the watchers, the frigates and lugger were observed standing away from their anchorage off Carregwastad and gradually they faded from view. The news was soon brought to the Royal Oak through the crowds of spectators that thronged the entrance, and Lord Cawdor decided on a personal reconnaissance of the French position. Amid the cheers of the crowd, he rode off at the head of a troop of his yeomanry and trotted towards Carnwnda, but the failing light precluded accurate observation. It was said, however, that Tate mistook his well-mounted bodyguard for a general's escort and that a sudden change of plan due to the badness of the light saved Lord Cawdor from falling into an ambush.

He returned to the Royal Oak to confer again with his officers, Colonels Knox and Colby, George Vaughan (Governor of Fishguard Fort), Dan Vaughan, and Major Ackland. The Lord Lieutenant, Lord Milford, and Mr Mansel also arrived on the scene and joined the council of war. It was now about 7 o'clock in the evening; and the crowd outside the tavern, peering through chinks into the lighted inn parlour, or excitedly commenting on

the coming and going of orderlies, was larger than ever. Suddenly a surprising diversion raised expectations to fever heat. Two French officers were observed pressing through the crowd under a flag of truce, accompanied by an officer from the outpost line. One of them, Tate's second-in-command, Le Brun, was led before Lord Cawdor and presented a letter from General Tate. Lord Cawdor read it aloud. It was headed 'Cardigan Bay' and dated '5th Ventose, 5th year of the Republic.' It was short and to the point :

'SIR,

'The circumstances under which the body of troops under my command were landed at this place render it unnecessary to attempt any military operations, as they would tend only to bloodshed and pillage. The officers of the whole corps have therefore intimated their desire of entering into a negotiation, upon principles of humanity, for a surrender. If you are influenced by similar conditions, you may signify the same to the bearer and in the meantime hostilities shall cease.

'Health & respect,

'TATE, Chef de Brigade.'

The emissary thereupon stated his commanding officer's conditions—that the whole force should be sent back to Brest at the expense of the British Government.

It is said that old Colonel Knox intervened at this stage. 'We have ten thousand men now in Fishguard, ten thousand more on the road.' Whether the bluff carried any weight with the Frenchmen we do not know. Lord Cawdor dismissed them courteously, intimating that he would send a reply to General Tate in the morning, but that the terms would be unconditional surrender as prisoners of war at a place and hour to be appointed. This reply he drafted and read out to his officers, repeating in it, though in vaguer terms, the bluff of superiority of numbers. It is worth remarking that then and up to the hour of the surrender he believed that the Frenchmen numbered over 2000 men and he was perfectly aware that his own force then available was below 1000.

But while Lord Cawdor's hand played itself according to the rules of war and the manner of Englishmen, Tate's actions remain a mystery which I have never heard

explained. Granted that he had accepted command of a forlorn hope. The frigates, as he must have been well aware, had orders to land his force but not to court certain capture by remaining at the point of disembarkation for many hours after the news had spread to the nearest naval base. The theory, therefore, locally held, that the departure of the frigates came as a surprise to him will not hold water. That he expected to find no military force to resist his first stages of advance is very probable, as also that he expected to find a starving peasantry on whose disaffection his English-speaking officers might work. It is quite possible also that some of the heart was knocked out of him when he found that Somersetshire was on the alert. But still, he had contracted for a forlorn hope, had been successfully put on shore, and there was no good reason to justify him in making no sort of effort to advance. He knew, of course, that his force, or three forces of the same size landing simultaneously in Britain, could not hope to conquer the country or do more than pin-prick her hide.

Why, then, did he land, only to kick his heels for a few hours and ignominiously surrender to a force of half his number? The majority of his men were, as we know, gaolbirds presented with the alternative of imprisonment or a forlorn hope. No doubt he had little command over them, and, of course, it is possible that Tate and his senior officers were, some or all of them, in the same predicament. But if so, why did they make repatriation the condition of surrender? There remains the picturesque explanation of the Welsh wives and their red and white whittles. This, indeed, was no romantic legend which grew up long after the event. A letter written at the time, which I shall quote, places it beyond question. It must be assumed, I think, that Tate was half-hearted from the start and determined to save his skin by avoiding bloodshed, that he was willingly 'overborne' by his majority, and that he was impressed by Lord Cawdor's patrol and by the colour and movement of the crowd on the heights into the belief that a considerable force of regulars penned him in to the cliff face.

Lord Cawdor's ultimatum was carried by Major Ackland and Captain Edwardes to Trehowel early on the morning of the 24th, and Tate accepted the terms

instantly. The place appointed for the surrender was Goodwick Sands, the hour 2 o'clock. By 10 o'clock the British troops were taking up their positions on the ridges to the south of the bay, full military precautions being maintained. Every available farm cart and other vehicle had been commandeered to receive the arms surrendered. The French force reached its appointed station punctually, guarded by detachments of militia and fencibles and guided by Captain Edwardes. The men appeared cowed and dispirited as they marched across the sands amid the jeers and growls of the peasantry.

At a word they laid their arms down and marched on, to be divided up into detachments and taken away under escort to all available strong buildings. The local gaol and other buildings at Haverfordwest accommodated a large number, Pembroke and Carmarthen still more, and various churches the remainder. The officers were allowed their parole pending their removal to London for examination. The surrendered arms were collected and carried away to a safe place in the farm wagons—full fifty loads, it was said.

Lord Cawdor at last had leisure to write his despatch to the Government in London and a letter to his wife. Lord Milford, with more leisure but less knowledge, had already short-circuited his deputy with a couple of terse and curiously inaccurate despatches to the Duke of Portland, then Home Secretary. Lord Cawdor wrote to the Duke :

'Fishguard. Friday, Feb. 24, 1797.

'MY LORD,

'In consequence of having received information on Wednesday night at eleven o'clock that three large ships of War & a lugger had anchored in a small roadstead upon the Coast, in the neighbourhood of this town, I proceeded immediately with a detachment of the Cardiganshire Militia & all the provincial force I could collect to the place. I soon gained positive intelligence they had disembarked about 1200 men but no cannon. Upon the night setting in, a French officer, whom I found to be second in command, came in with a letter (a copy of which I sent your Grace together with my answer), in consequence of which they determined to surrender themselves prisoners of war &, accordingly, laid down their arms this day at 2 o'clock. . . . It is my intention

to march them this night to Haverfordwest where I shall make the best distribution in my power. The frigates, corvette & lugger got under weigh yesterday evening & were this morning entirely out of sight.'

Lord Cawdor finished his brief and soldierly report with a word of high praise for the conduct of the troops and for the courage and loyalty of the peasantry. He had resolved to carry the officers up to London for examination.

The rest of the history is told amusingly enough in letters preserved at Stackpole.

Lord Cawdor to Lady Cawdor. Feb. 25, 1797.

'MY DEAR CAROLINE,

'I was too employed since I left you to have it in my power to send you a line till this moment. You will I am sure be happy to hear that the whole French force of about 2200 [*sic*] men surrendered & lay down their arms at 2 o'clock. I have sent off an express to the Duke of Portland, & shall think it necessary to go up myself without delay as soon as I have provided the necessary distributions, but am anxious to see you before I go off. If you will be at the Ferry at eleven o'clock, I will order a boat to be ready for you & a chaise on this side to take you on to this place. The French prisoners have behaved remarkably well, & are exasperated in the highest degree with the French Government.

'God bless you my dearest love.

'Most truly Yours,

'CAWDOR.'

Lord Cawdor to Lady Cawdor. March 13, '97.

'Oxford St. Monday morning.

'I have at length, my dearest love, the satisfaction of an hour's free time from interruption to give you a short account of our employment, etc., since I quitted you but shall reserve much of the detail for yr amusement when we meet, a moment I ardently long for.

'Near Tavernspite I met a messenger with the D. of Portland's despatches to me signifying the King's approbation of my conduct, which probably General Rooke has shewn you, accompanied by a handsome flattering private letter from the Duke.

'Upon my arrival at Carmarthen I immediately sent off the messenger with my letters & finding the impossibility

of procuring horses until the following morning, was in the expectation of getting a quiet night, having procured a bed at a private house.

'But an alarm of fire in the town, joined to confusion created by a report of a landing in great force in Glamorganshire which I knew must have no foundation, prevented my obtaining sleep for one moment. Early in the morning we left Carmarthen in three chaises. In the first Joe Adams had charge of Tate & Capt'n Tyrrell, the first alarmed & confused, the second a stupid Paddy. I had Le Brun with me, as dirty as a pig, but more intelligent & better manners. In the last, Lord E. Somerset had the care of Capt. Norris & Lt St Leger, both greatly frightened; they had but little conversation. The whole road we passed through, great crowds of people at all the places were [*sic*] we passed through & through Wales the indignation of the people was great.

'I found my influence would protect them without difficulty.

'The women were more clamorous than the men, making signs to cut their throats & desiring I would not take the trouble of carrying them further. All the military assistance I could get at Oxford as a guard for the night was a sergeant of your friend the landlord & two recruits. But I had no apprehension of their escape as their remain [*sic*] with us was the only thing that insured their safety. At Uxbridge the rage of the mob was chiefly directed against Tate, who was supposed to be Wall, & he trembled almost to convulsions. By a little arrangement I contrived to hurry them thro' the Parks & lodged them in the Duke of Portland's, before any crowd was assembled.

'My time since that has been taken up with attendance at the different offices etc. Ministers are so bewildered by the difficulties at the Bank etc. that it is more than usually difficult to get access to them for any time, but I have seen them all, stated to them plainly & decidedly the situation of Pembroke etc., giving every testimony in my power . . .'

Honble Charles Greville * to Lady Cawdor. [No date.]

'It made me happy to hear that yr alarm was of short duration & the event honourable to Lord C. & his friends.

* Nephew of Sir William Hamilton, to whom he introduced Emma. He looked after Sir William's property in S. Wales.

'I am very thankful for the communication of Stackpole news you sent to Lady Carlisle & shall hope soon to hear from you.

'I saw yr groom for a minute, he is no great general, but gave me sufficient information to know that Lord C. had all on his hands & that his activity gave animation to his friends.

'The Morning Chronicle has given the supreme command to Mr Mansel but my Milford letters are in unison with all other accounts in praise of Lord C. Mr Adams & son I find were at their posts. The March of the infantry from Pembroke was very spirited & praiseworthy; but I am provoked by Lord M[ilford's] letters. At H. W. he might have collected animating details & done justice to the active, & I shd scold Lord C. for not writing an official detail of the whole to substitute to the Ld Lt's deficiency of facts. I hope our Milford reinforcements did credit to the new post. I am sure they are not deficient in their praise of your Lord.

'The whole world is alarmed of the great demand for specie. . . . This & the Irish business will employ the Senators while I am at the play with the King. Adieu. Pray remember me kindly to Lord C. & say all handsome things to his partners in glory.'

Honble Charles Greville to Lady Cawdor. [No date.]

'It is very unlucky for Lord Spencer that letters which reached London this morning from Ld Bridport had not arrived some hours sooner, that the debate might have [been] animated by the news of two of the Frigates which landed the men at Fishguard having been taken in Brest Water in sight of the French Fleet.

'Lord Bridport had ordered Sir H. Neale into Brest Water. Having examined the French Fleet, they were standing out when the little Squadron of Descasteaux were coming into port. Sir H. Neale engaged & took two; the lugger got in, as did one of the larger ships . . . but it is clear that Descasteaux in the largest Frigate is taken.'

A final gathering-up of loose-ends. The frigates, as events turned out, would have been safer had they after all remained off Fishguard. It was not till a fortnight after the landing that a British squadron came in pursuit of them to Fishguard. Of the two captured by chance (as mentioned by Greville) one was repaired and re-named 'Fisgard' and became and remained until about 1880 Receiving Ship at Sheerness. Of the

'legend' of the Welsh wives and their coloured whittles, the following gem, accurately transcribed from the original, proves the substance. It was written by a local woman, in the red-heat of excitement, to her sister in domestic service in Swansea :

'Narberth. Feb. 27, 1797.

'DEAR SISTER,

'I write to you hoping that you are in good health as I am at present thanks be to God for it the French invaded near fsgard Last Wednesday wich put the Contry in Great Confusion because they wear 14 hundard and the Contry gathard from all parts of Pembrokeshire near four hundard Women in Red flanes and Squier Cambel went to ask them were they to fight and they said they were and when they com near the french put down thair arms and they weas all tok presoners that time and are brought to haverfordwest friday night Last not one kild But too of our men and five of the french by been to Bould please to give my love to my Brother and receive the same your self and we are wel so no more at present from you loving Brother and Sister John & Mary Mathias.

'We had no more than about four hundard men under arms and they thought the women to Be a Ridgment of Soldiers and they 14 hundard and the Lord tok from our Enemes the Spirit of War and to him be the Prais.

'God save the King.'

The French officers, after examination in London, were sent to the military prison at Dartmoor and in course of time released. The ultimate fate of Tate and of Madame Tate I have never been able to find out. The rank and file were in the end repatriated. A few escaped from Pembroke Castle and one or two married local girls and settled in Wales. Lord Cawdor's Castle Martin Yeomanry long afterwards received permission to bear the word 'Fishguard' on their 'standard and appointments.' Authority: letter from Lord Palmerston, Whitehall, to Sir John Owen, Bart, May 18, 1853. The credit for the successful defeat of the last invasion of Britain is, therefore, fairly divided between Lord Cawdor and his officers, the local volunteers, the peasantry, and their womenfolk, in just proportion.

JOHN GORE.

Art. 7.—THE ANGELS IN 'PARADISE LOST.'

THAT conception of angels which played so prominent a part in Milton's theology, and to which he gave such consummate expression in 'Paradise Lost,' is a subject that has been left largely untouched by the many scholars, both American and European, who have done so much in recent years to elucidate the springs of the poet's thought, and to show where he stood in relation to the theology, politics, and social questions of his day. It is an understandable omission; the emphasis placed upon the doctrine of angels in the ages of faith finds no counterpart in the modern world, where an ever-widening humanism takes the place of dogmatic preoccupations. The width of Shakespeare is more congenial to us than the intensity of Dante. That this is so at least with the 'angels which fell not' is indisputable. The evil spirits, notably in the person of Satan, their leader and exemplar, have, owing perhaps to their closer affinity with frail mortality, received correspondingly greater attention.

According to mediæval belief, the heavenly host was divided into nine Orders or Choirs of angels, grouped in three triads. The first triad consisted of the orders of Seraphim, Cherubim, and Thrones; the second of Dominations, Virtues, and Powers; the third of Principalities, Archangels, and Angels. This system, of almost universal acceptance in the Middle Ages, received its fullest exposition in the writings of the so-called Dionysius the Areopagite, the convert of St Paul, and is an ordering and amplification of the references to the heavenly beings in the Pauline epistles. Milton, the inflexible opponent of mediævalism in all its forms, which he contemptuously relegated to the Limbo of Fools, adopted the mediæval angelology only in so far as it afforded him a framework for his own filling. He claimed for his poem direct inspiration of the Heavenly Wisdom and asserted the pre-eminence of reason in the interpretation of Scripture itself. 'Reason is free, and reason he made right.' This sovereignty of reason is central in his thought, and he uses the freedom it gave him to construct a cosmogony, Christian in broad outline, but far removed in its particulars and implications from the accepted tenets of orthodox belief. It is not surprising to find, then, that

he permitted himself great latitude in interpreting the general belief in angels, a doctrine, since the decline of scholasticism, insusceptible of precise statement, and of making it subservient to the ends of poetry. The problem of Milton's actual beliefs thus opened up, and the nature of his opinions as to the rival claims of poetry and dogma in the delineation of truth, interesting as it is, is one that, fortunately for the peace of mind of the old evangelicalism that kept a copy of 'Paradise Lost' on the same shelf as the Bible and 'Pilgrim's Progress,' need not be examined too closely.

From a collation of the various passages in the poem in which they are referred to, we learn that the angels, infinite in number, were created before the foundations of the world were laid. To have held the opinion of Dante that the angels—pure form or act—were created simultaneously with the 'prima materia'—pure potentiality, 'the possibility of everything, the actuality of nothing'—and the physical heavens, in which the two were united,

'Forma e materia congiunte e purette,'

would have been to render the plot of 'Paradise Lost' impossible and kill it in the egg. The angels are spirits, of ethereal essence, immortal, excellent in wisdom, most powerful in strength, of perfect holiness and righteousness. As another searcher into these 'wingy Mysteries in Divinity' has well said, 'Conceive light invisible, and that is a Spirit,' or Angel. These characteristics, all derivable from Scripture, are in keeping with the thought of the poet's time. So, too, much of his description, as commentators have pointed out, is traditional and may be compared with the representation of angels in mediæval art. The 'stripling Cherub,' in whose face,

'Youth smiled celestial, and to every limb
Suitable grace diffused,'

suggests comparison with the creations of Cimabue, and the distant vision of the radiant Regent of the Sun,

'Of beaming sunny rays a golden tiar
Circled his head, nor less his locks behind
Illustrious on his shoulders fledge with wings
Lay waving round,'

is in the traditional manner, where every attribute had its symbolic significance, culminating in the wings that denoted exaltation in act and knowledge and a mind 'ravished to the uttermost contemplation of the love of God.'

Milton adopted this symbolism, as Dante had done before him, appreciating its convenience, if he declined to subscribe to the reason the elder poet had given for it :

' . . . la Scrittura condiscende
A vostra facultate, e piedi e mano
Attribuisce a Dio, ed altro intende.'

Indeed, he went further and, possessed of a mind incapable of sympathising with mist or mystery of any kind, hinted that Earth might be

' . . . the shadow of Heaven, and things therein
Each to other like, more than on Earth is thought.'

On the other hand, there is much for which he had no authority beyond his own unbounded imagination. Notable among such passages is that astonishing outburst of 'the affable Archangel's'—

' . . . Let it suffice thee that thou know'st
Us happy, and without love no happiness.
Whatever pure thou in the body enjoy'st,
(And pure thou wert created), we enjoy
In eminence, and obstacle find none
Of membrane, joint, or limb, exclusive bars.'

This is pure Milton, and, though often dismissed by those not in sympathy with his thorough-paced realism with a smile or a shudder, is in keeping with his firmly held monism of 'one first matter all,' which is itself divine, in which life and consciousness are inherent, from which all comes, so that there is no essential difference between the reality of rocks, plants, animals, men, and angels. His opinions on the point were in the nicest agreement with those of a contemporary from whose general position he differed widely. 'There is in this Universe a Stair, or manifest Scale of creatures, rising not disorderly, or in confusion, but with a comely method and proportion. Between creatures of meer existence, and things of life, there is a large disproportion of nature ; between plants, and animals or creatures of sense, a wider difference ;

between them and Man, a far greater : and if the proportion hold one, between Man and Angels there should be yet a greater.' Sir Thomas Browne, one would like to think, knew his 'Comus' and the means whereby mortal flesh, 'the unpolluted temple of the mind,' is turned 'by degrees to the soul's essence, till all be made immortal.'

In 'Paradise Lost' the angels fulfil their threefold Scriptural function. They are the choristers of heaven. They perform their 'ministeries due and solemn rites' about the throne of God, and from His sight receive 'beatitude past utterance,' adoring the Triune Godhead with triumph and rejoicing, in a manner that sometimes recalls the Temple worship on the hill of Sion, sometimes the towering visions of Ezekiel and St John. They are the guardians and ministers of men, collectively and individually. Gabriel and his cherubic guard take up their post at nightfall by the gate of Paradise, to protect Adam and Eve during the hours of darkness ; the office of Raphael is to warn and admonish them ; that of Michael to execute judgment. The vision of the heavenly stairs alight with angels on their way to and from Earth, and of those radiant files of 'guardians bright' that dazzled the moon in Eden, recalls the outburst of that teacher of Milton's youth, the 'sage and serious poet Spenser,' whom he dared to think (a supposition that would receive wide suffrage nowadays) 'a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas,'

'And is there care in heaven ? And is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures bace,
That may compassion of their evilles move ?
There is : else much more wretched were the cace
Of men then beasts. But O ! th'exceeding grace
Of highest God that loves his creatures so,
And all his workes with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed Angels he sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe.'

They are besides the warriors of heaven. Like imperial proconsuls, they dwell in 'many a towered structure high' in the vast regions of the empyrean, ruling the great principedoms committed to their charge. They fill the towers of heaven 'with armed watch,' and their

legions, scorning surprise, often encamp by 'the bordering deep' and make inroads into Chaos. This warrior nature of the angels has been developed from the merest hint in the canonical books—'And there was war in heaven: Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought and his angels, and prevailed not.' The passage suggested to Milton the course of that war in heaven, the grandiose description of which occupies the whole of the sixth book. In like manner, as the purposes of epic poetry demanded a heaven furnished with a greater diversity of feature than sufficed for the rapt vision of the mystic—

'I saw Eternity the other night,
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
All calm as it was bright,'

he developed, in his delineation of the celestial regions, a terrestrial imagery first adumbrated in the writings of the apocalyptists.

To the angels, also, is given the governance of the visible universe. The identification of the fallen angels with the demoniacal powers of earth is a Rabbinical doctrine. In patristic and mediæval literature the connection is taken as granted. The endowment of the good angels with a similar but undefined share in the government of the universe, and their employment in the economy of the visible world, was developed by the Alexandrian school, though indeed it may be traced back to Zoroastrian cosmology, where the whole creation was placed under the guardianship of six Amesha-spentas, or Archangels, charged with the welfare and protection of the works of the Almighty. Such angelic control is implicit in 'Paradise Lost,' though Milton does not follow out the connection so fully established in the 'Convivio'; nor does he attribute the creation recorded in Genesis to the instrumentality of angels. Nevertheless, on the fall of Adam and Eve, the Creator, 'calling forth by name his mighty Angels,' gave in charge to them that alteration of the physical world entailed by the sin of man. The doctrine was one that Milton was content to leave somewhat indefinite of outline, in that unlike the founders of recent systems of theosophy who have elaborated and made it peculiarly their own, using it, as

was long ago suggested it might serve, as 'an Hypothesis to salve many doubts.'

The poet's independence of mind reveals itself likewise in his classification of the Hierarchies, stereotyped as they had become. In his ardent and unhammered youth he, who was later to reveal himself as the iconoclast, in all Church matters the uncompromising Independent, showed no distaste for ceremonial, and indeed knew the attraction of 'service high' in venerable minster or college chapel, nor objected to the constitution of that Church he himself intended to enter. In his pamphlet on 'The Reason of Church Government,' published in February 1642, advocating the abolition of the ecclesiastical hierarchy, as contrary to right and reason, he recognises the existence of a hierarchy in heavenly matters, affirming 'the angels themselves, in whom no disorder is feared, as the apostle that saw them in his rapture describes, are distinguished and quaternioned into their celestial principdoms and satrapies, according as God Himself has writ His imperial decrees through the great provinces of heaven.'

In 'Paradise Lost' he does not, as has been said, follow at all points the system associated with the name of Dionysius, nor yet that of the Rabbis, where the Angel of the Presence looms vast and shadowy as an emanation of the Deity, superior to Angels and Archangels, and of another nature to the 'many-winged' Seraphim and 'many-eyed' Cherubim, not developed into independent personality, proclaiming yet veiling the presence of God. Neither does he draw largely upon the world of Spirits in the apocalyptic writers, whose cloudy and majestic visions were produced when Jewry was struggling against the overwhelming might of the Seleucids, and the thoughts of men, hopeless of this world, turned with longing to a better. Nevertheless, the Book of Enoch, in which angels play a prominent part, finds, in so far as it was known to him through the large quotations of Syncellus, several echoes in the epic. Such is the conception of the Seven Archangels, characterised as 'those that sleep not,' who find their functional counterpart in the 'seven who in God's presence . . . stand ready . . . and are his eyes.'

The collation of a few passages may help to elucidate the method he adopted, approximating the Dionysian but his own. The ninefold classification is there, serving,

it must be confessed, something of the purpose of metrical pattern in verse—as an instrument on which variations may be played. Five of the nine Orders are mentioned in that repetitive line,

'Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers,'

where, contrary to the received order, the Princedoms or Principalities are placed third instead of fifth, an alteration made, it would seem, since it is equally incongruous with the systems of Gregory and Isidore of Seville, solely in the interests of scansion. This mode of address is placed in the mouth of the Almighty, and is, in turn, copied by Satan in reviewing his assembled host. In addition, Seraphim and Cherubim are present in countless numbers, both among those who stood and those who fell. More may be gathered, in attempting to estimate Milton's own conception of the heavenly hierarchy, from the many references to particular angels. Thus Michael is spoken of as 'an Archangel,' as 'the prince of Angels,' 'of celestial armies prince,' the equal of Satan, and a 'Power.' Gabriel, next to Michael 'in military prowess,' is 'chief of the angelic guards,' who are Cherubim. He is treated as a peer by Satan and talks on terms of equality with the Seraph Uriel, yet it is clear with what reverence one who was merely a Cherub speaks to the great Regent of the Sun. Again, in another place, we find Gabriel definitely called a 'Cherub.' The 'sociable Spirit,' Raphael, stands among 'thousand celestial Ardours,' or Seraphim, and his state is honoured by the Cherubim on watch. He is expressly said to be a 'Seraph,' an 'Archangel,' and a 'Virtue,' and is addressed by Adam as a 'Throne.'

Uriel, 'the Regent of the Sun,' is an 'Archangel,' 'one of the seven Spirits' that stand in the presence of God, and is shown great reverence as a superior spirit by Satan in the guise of a seeming Cherub. He is 'the sharpest-sighted Spirit of all in Heaven,' that is to say, he, who is a Seraph, has in superlative degree the characteristics of the next order, the Cherubim, and in consequence and by implication, the characteristics of all the orders inferior to them. Abdiel also is a 'Seraph,' yet obviously subordinate to Satan, whose commands he obeys. From this it seems to follow that not all in each order or choir

are of equal rank with one another. Internally, too, the orders are graded, both among the good and bad angels, for Nisroch was 'of Principalities the prime.' And lastly Uzziel, who is 'next in power' to Gabriel, yet superior to Ithuriel and Zephon, who were Cherubs, and may therefore have been either a Seraph or a Cherub. If the latter, he may be understood to be 'next in power' to the great Messenger of the Annunciation on that particular occasion only; if a Seraph—and this is perhaps intended—next indeed.

From this the following scheme seems to emerge :

ARCHANGELS	{	SERAPHS, Michael, Gabriel, Raphael, Uriel, Abdiel.
		CHERUBS, Uzziel (?), Ithuriel, Zephon, Zophiel.
		THRONES.
		DOMINATIONS, or DOMINIONS.
		PRINCEDOMS, or PRINCIPALITIES.
		VIRTUES.
		POWERS, or POTENTATES.
		ANGELS,

the title 'Archangel' being one of function not of rank and embracing, as it does not do in orthodox angelology, the burning Seraphim and multiform Cherubim, besides inferior orders. Again, we must infer that the higher order necessarily includes in it the titles and functions of all the orders beneath it. No other explanation will serve to account for the nomenclature the poet employs, which, apparently less accurate than in many writers, is in reality the point on which he follows the actual teaching of Dionysius most closely—'throughout every sacred order the superior ranks possess the illumination and powers of the subordinates, but the lowest orders have not the same powers as those who are above them.' It is indeed here, in his delineation of individual angels, that Milton was pre-eminent, dignifying and deepening all previous conceptions of the heavenly beings. Angels in popular estimation had declined, consequent upon the Reformation, into little more than exalted men. Milton clothed them with a personality far transcending all human limitations. Here he owed much to Dante, whose angels burn with a white incandescence as blinding in its intensity as unanalysable in its quality, but much more is attributable to the godlike power of his own imagination.

The four angelic portraits that he draws in greatest detail are distinct and individual ; their only resemblance lies in the fact that they are all alike beautiful. The ineffable grace of Raphael, the Guardian-Angel of mankind, as he alighted on the eastern cliff of Paradise and to his proper shape returned,

' A Seraph winged. Six wings he wore, to shade
His lineaments divine : the pair that clad
Each shoulder broad came mantling o'er his breast
With regal ornament ; the middle pair
Girt like a starry zone his waist, and round
Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold
And colours dipt in heaven ; the third his feet
Shadowed from either heel with feathered mail,
Sky-tinctured grain. Like Maia's son he stood,
And shook his plumes, that heavenly fragrance filled
The circuit wide ' ;

is of another mould to the stern majesty of Michael, coming down to execute judgment on the mortal pair :

' . . . the Archangel soon drew nigh,
Not in his shape celestial, but as man
Clad to meet man. Over his lucid arms
A military vest of purple flowed,
Livelier than Meliboean, or the grain
Of Sarra, worn by kings and heroes old
In time of truce ; Iris had dipt the woof.
His starry helm unbuckled showed him prime
In manhood where youth ended ; by his side,
As in a glistening zodiac, hung the sword,
Satan's dire dread, and in his hand the spear.'

The brief picture he gives of Abdiel defying the powers of Evil,

faithful found ;
Among the faithless faithful only he,'

or of the ' two strong and subtle Spirits,' Ithuriel and Zephon, encountering with the Arch-Enemy in Paradise, show that he had by no means exhausted his perception or his power of portraying different types of virtue, and in so doing rendering Dr Johnson's well-known stricture invalid.

In conclusion, it may be said that Milton's angels are like himself—individual personalities of godlike

strength. They do not fit easily into any scheme or classification. They lack the intense spirituality that lights up the immaterial creations of Dante's genius; they are superhuman beings, but essentially, as one might expect from their author's firm conviction that matter is real, and only differentiated from spirit in degree not kind, akin to men—a step, though a vast one, higher in the scale of being that leads, 'as body up to spirit works,' from lowly to sublime up to the Author of all Being. In spite of the poet's early vision of the Blessed receiving 'the regal addition of principalities, legions, and thrones into their glorious titles, and in supereminence of beatific vision, progressing the dateless and irrevoluble circle of eternity,' there is, there could be, nothing in his heavens comparable to that insurpassable vision of the 'divine rose,' with its ninefold wheeling convolutions, blended in perfect harmony and all subsisting upon that point of unsustainable light we call God. Milton's heaven is peopled with the gigantic personifications of the varied aspects of his own proud spirit, endowed with his own lofty singleness of purpose, his passionate purity of heart, and bathed in the hues of glorious light in which, uplifted and inviolate, he, a blind man, lived.

REX CLEMENTS.

Art. 8.—THE SAAR PLEBISCITE—AND AFTER.

1. *The Saar—and the Franco-German Problem.* By B. T. Reynolds. Arnold, 1934.
2. *The Saar.* By Margaret Lambert. Faber, 1934.
3. *The Saar Struggle.* By Michael T. Florinsky, Ph.D. Macmillan, 1934.
4. *The Saar Problem.* The Royal Institute of International Affairs, 1934.
5. *The Saar Plebiscite.* The Royal Institute of International Affairs, 1934.

I. JAN. 13, 1935, will remain an historic date in the memory of the German people. It was Plebiscite Sunday in the Saar Valley, and the population of the territory was summoned to 'indicate their desires' on the three following alternatives: (a) The maintenance of the regime established by the Treaty of Versailles; (b) Union with France; (c) Union with Germany. Polling took place at 800 stations throughout the territory. In spite of the inclement weather, 98.6 per cent. of those entitled to vote had in most places recorded their votes by the early afternoon, although the polling booths remained open until 8.30 p.m. The proceedings were conducted with perfect order and discipline. An international military force of 3,300 men with active service equipment was distributed during the day at strategic points from which they could be transported without delay to any scene of disorder, but they were not called upon, nor did the troops show themselves near any of the polling stations. The figures of the voting were:

(c) Reunion with Germany	477,119
(a) Status quo (maintenance of League of Nations Regime)	46,513
(b) Union with France	2,124

The figures for (c) and (a) are just under 91 and 9 per cent. respectively of the total 525,756, the difference of 4 per 1000 being given by the voters for (b). It may be fairly assumed that all the voters under (a) and (c) are of German nationality, and the plebiscite, which has been a sore between France and Germany for fifteen years, resolved itself finally into a struggle between Germans and

Germans in which the adherents of 'the new German Reich'—to quote the expression used by Herr Hitler after the declaration of the poll—won hands down against all comers. The verdict in the Saar, however, does not appear to be so much a vote of confidence in the Hitler regime, as the expression of an indomitable will to demonstrate the truth of the slogan 'Deutsch ist die Saar.' Herr Burckel, the National Socialist Commissioner in Germany for Saar affairs, was not far wrong in his speech of triumph when he claimed that the vote bore witness that the call of the blood is a law of iron. Without belittling the victory gained by the Deutsche Front, it will not be denied that until Herr Hitler became German Chancellor on Jan. 30, 1933, it was a foregone conclusion that the Saar would record an almost unanimous vote for reunion with Germany; doubt only arose when the character of National Socialism became manifest, and the doubt split the German vote. Nevertheless, the result was striking, and there is a real danger that it may go as wine to the heads of the younger generation and awake longings in other directions in Europe.

There has been disappointment in France, of course, not so much at Germany's victory, but at the smallness of the figures for France. A vague and uneasy feeling may have perhaps arisen in some quarters that France had somehow been betrayed, but it is probably quite true that the French Government is relieved. No one in France can dispute the decisiveness of the figures, and no one can gainsay the absolute fairness and excellent execution of the Plebiscite. M. Flandin, the Prime Minister, greeted the result as a 'matter for congratulation' and said that Frenchmen hoped that Franco-German relations would progressively improve. It is certain there has been no heart-burning in Geneva at relinquishing the guardianship of the Saar: on the contrary, the result has come as a relief, as there never was any eagerness there to continue the experiment thrust upon the League of Nations in its infancy by the Treaty of Versailles.

II. It may appear peculiar at first sight that an international force of British, Italian, Dutch, and Swedish soldiers should have been holding the ring while German strove with German at the polls for the reunion with Germany of the Saar Basin, a small territory, rich in

coal-mines and industrial works, touching Lorraine on the west. The Saar Basin has none of the features usually connected with a Black Country, and it is difficult to realise that the wooded hills and charming valleys, which so often form the background of the mining and industrial areas, are part of one of the most thickly populated areas in Europe. The Plebiscite was the outcome of the sabotage of coal-mines in the north of France, in the neighbourhood of Lens and Valenciennes, under orders of the German Army Staff Headquarters towards the very end of the War. It was a wilful and malicious act, differing entirely in its nature from what may be called the ordinary incidents of war. It was not required for military reasons, and seems to have been inspired by German industrialists with no other object than to bring about the material ruin of that part of France. It was estimated that the sabotage meant an annual loss of 20 million tons, a figure nearly equal to the French imports of coal in 1913. No one anticipated at that time that the engineer would be hoist with his own petard and that the consequence of the sabotage would be to introduce French industrial supremacy into the Saar.

The Saar question was formally introduced at a Supreme Council Meeting on March 28, 1919. The meeting revealed a triangular opposition from the respective points of M. Clemenceau, President Wilson, and Mr Lloyd George. M. Clemenceau insisted on his demand for the ownership of the mines (which in most part belonged to the Prussian State) and annexation. President Wilson would agree to nothing except deliveries of coal to France. Mr Lloyd George rejected the idea of annexation and suggested the idea of a separate political administration with local autonomy. It is evident that President Wilson realised the possibility of a complete rupture between himself and M. Clemenceau. Matters looked critical. Time was slipping away and the Saar was holding up a mass of other urgent questions which had to be settled before the drafting of the Treaty could be proceeded with. Moreover, what was far worse, it looked as if the Saar problem would wreck the Treaty. In the earliest days of the Saar discussions at Paris it seemed as though the United States experts had ranged themselves with the French. Nevertheless, the committee of three experts

now appointed by the Supreme Council, consisting of M. Tardieu (French), Mr Haskins (United States), and Mr Headlam-Morley (British), met in a spirit of goodwill to work out a just solution. The invaluable spadework of the Committee prepared fresh ground for a compromise—on the basis of the mines, but not the population, for the French. It was necessary, therefore, to evolve some scheme for the government of the inhabitants. A continuation of German administration seemed impracticable; annexation to France was set aside, and so was the suggestion of a mandate for France. At that time great hopes were being entertained at Paris of the future of the League of Nations, to include America, and there seemed a strong probability also that Germany might receive an invitation to enter before long. The plan of a Governing Commission under the League of Nations thus came into being with modification in the form of a plebiscite at the end of fifteen years. On April 9 the deadlock was over and the Supreme Council took the decision on which the Treaty now stands. The main points of the plan were :

1. Compensation for the destruction of the French coal-mines by cession of Saar coal-mines.
2. Establishment of a special form of government under the League of Nations to provide for the welfare of the inhabitants.
3. Plebiscite at the end of fifteen years when the inhabitants should express their desires on one or other of those alternatives (a), (b), and (c), which have been given at the beginning of this article.

III. We have seen earlier that the inhabitants of the Saar Valley decided by an overwhelming vote for union with Germany. The question now arises : In what way has the special form of government under the League of Nations functioned during the Plebiscite period of fifteen years?—surely the longest ever recorded in the annals of plebiscites !

During this prolonged interval of suspense and uncertainty, the territory was administered by a commission of five members appointed yearly by the Council of the League of Nations. The five included : one French, one Saarlander (not a French citizen), and three neutrals.

The executive power was vested in the chairman selected by the Council from among the five members. The Saar member has always been a German: the first chairman, 1920-26, was French; following him was a Canadian, 1926-27, who was succeeded by two British during the periods respectively, 1927-32 and 1932-35. At the time of the framing of the Saar Statute, it was taken as a matter of course that the United States would enter the League, and it was generally supposed at Paris that Mr Haskins, the U.S.A. expert, would be invited to be the first chairman. The Council, however, at the first meeting in 1920 decided to nominate a French chairman. M. Rault was a *Conseiller d'État*, formerly a prefect of Lyons, and well known in France as an able administrator. It was unfortunate, however, that he had no knowledge of the German language, although he was being appointed the chief executive of a territory in which the population spoke only German. The start was not promising, and it soon became evident that the Commission would have to reckon with a sullen and hostile population. The German Government had already officially characterised the new administration as an 'odious domination,' and together with the German political parties set to work to try and make the whole arrangement break down, and so throw discredit on the Treaty. This animosity runs throughout the course of the fifteen years.

The first act of the Commission was to deal with the acute question of food shortages, and this difficult problem was dealt with in an efficient manner. At the same time, the Commission proceeded to establish a form of government in accordance with the Treaty, including a Civil and Criminal Court of Appeal with cosmopolitan judges. The Advisory Council of elected representatives of the people, locally known as the *Landesrat*, was not set up until 1922. This body consisted of thirty members elected from all political parties. So long as the *Landesrat* confined itself to local affairs, it was of real assistance to the governing body. Unfortunately, the temptation of playing to the gallery, both in the Saar and in Germany, was too strong for its members, and they expended most of their time and energy in abusing the Governing Commission and holding the League of Nations up to ridicule. Simultaneously, an Advisory Committee (*Studienaussichtsrat*) composed of

eight natives of the Saar was established. The members were nominated by the Commission, independently of the political parties, and selected from those in direct touch with, and with a wide grasp of, local social affairs. This Committee rendered useful service to the Commission and their advice was characterised by its soundness and common sense.

The story of the occupation of the Ruhr Valley by French troops in the beginning of 1923 and its repercussions in the Saar is told by Major Reynolds in the interesting Chapter VI of his book, 'The Saar and the Franco-German Problem.' The feeling of the Saarlanders was stirred to its depths by the event. The Saar is credited with being the most densely populated area of its size in Europe, and it is a remarkable fact that it holds no leisured class. Every one there who can work does so for his or her living and the support of their families. All workers of whatever class were united against the Governing Commission. Seventy thousand coal-miners brought industry to a standstill by refusing to work. The strike lasted from Feb. 5 until the middle of May. There were murmurings and unrest. The number of French troops was increased to 6000 and drastic emergency decrees promulgated by the Commission. These decrees, it is true, were based on a Reich decree of 1922 and a picketing law of 1918, but public opinion in England criticised the Commission severely. In July, the late M. Rault defended himself skilfully before the Council, and the latter adopted a vote of confidence in the Governing Commission qualified by a recommendation as to the desirability of the withdrawal of the French military forces. Nevertheless, the event showed that public opinion abroad, especially in England and in Sweden, was not satisfied that the Governing Commission was as impartial as the ideals of the League demanded; apprehension, moreover, was felt that the majority was dominated by the chairman. The meeting at Geneva also appears to have aroused an uneasy feeling in France itself that the attempt to convert the Saarlander to French allegiance was perhaps after all little more than a forlorn hope. During the first six years of its existence, the Governing Commission was fiercely attacked and the Council at Geneva bombarded with petitions and complaints. The alleged grievances were often trivial, due in

many cases to misunderstanding, and not infrequently they could not stand the test of examination. There were two questions, however, which attracted the attention of foreign public opinion, viz. the establishment of French schools in the mining administration, and the maintenance of a French garrison. The former was debated at the Council Table at Geneva, and both parties brought forward eminent legal opinion in support of their respective interpretations of Clause 14 of Chapter II of the Saar Annex. Two legal experts, one British and one from Luxembourg, favoured the French; while the Germans relied upon an American and a German. The number of German children attending the French schools did not exceed 4000, and some years later had dropped to 1500, or an average of about $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of the total number of Saar children of elementary school age. Long after the matter had ceased to have political significance in the Saar, the agitation was kept alive by the Catholic clergy. The second question, of the garrison, touched the *amour-propre* of the German and the Saarlander and was delicate to handle. Directly after the War, the Saar Valley was occupied by French troops and placed under a French military administration. The Governing Commission of the League of Nations succeeded the military administration in February 1920, but the garrison remained, and it was not until 1927 that the Council decided that it should be replaced by a mixed force of 800 soldiers, consisting of 600 French, 100 Belgian, and 100 British, to which the name of the Railway Defence Force was given, and each man was required to wear an armlet with the letter B (Bahnschutz). The Railway Defence formed a link in the security of direct railway communication from France to the Occupied Zones in the Rhineland. It was never called upon for service; the British contingent was recalled in 1929, and the French and Belgians a year later. In spite of their inactivity, the discipline and behaviour of the Railway Defence Force left little to be desired, and the man in the street accepted the situation with stolid patience. The proverbial good nature of the British soldier melted the icy indifference with which he was at first received, and even the German critic admired his smart equipment and soldierly bearing on parade. The occasional visits of the regimental band from Wiesbaden

attracted enormous crowds, silent and orderly, very appreciative of a military band and martial music.

The years 1927-32 were marked by economic troubles, labour unrest, strikes, and trade depression, and financial difficulties followed the German banking crisis in June 1931. Nevertheless, neither complaint from Germany nor petition from the Saar was presented to the Council. This was a period of comparative quietness for Geneva, and the archives of the Secretariat-General seemed to indicate that the Saar had no history in these years.

In January 1933, Herr Hitler became Chancellor. The startling events in Germany which followed in rapid succession after a victorious Reichstag election for the National Socialists in the following March not only excited the eager interest of the inhabitants of the Saar Valley but profoundly agitated their minds. It was true that National Socialism had been introduced into the Saar as early as 1930. It showed no outward activity then, and was content for a time to work underground in a small way among the school teachers and police. The political parties did not participate in the new movement; they were uneasy at the prospects of the elections to the Landesrat, due in the spring of 1931, and approached the Governing Commission with a request to postpone them until the following year when it was hoped that the tide of National Socialism might have turned in Germany. The Communist party held aloof from the others and preferred to use its own methods of violence against the invaders. The elections were postponed, and the National Socialist for the first time publicly appeared as a political party and put forward a list of candidates. The wave of National Socialism from the Reich was only beginning to reach the Saar, and the National Socialists were content with their moderate gain of two out of thirty seats, wrested from the right, representing the votes of about 7 per cent. of the resident population. Less than three years later, such was the perfection of their organisation, they controlled and dominated the Deutsche Front which polled over 90 per cent. of the votes recorded at the Plebiscite.

It is now proposed to glance at the French and German propaganda prior to the development of the Nazi movement in the Saar. The former appears to have been ill-

conceived and badly conducted from the outset: the gain was negative. Active work was dropped after 1926 and never resumed. On the other hand, German propaganda and methods of 'persuasion' have been systematically and efficiently conducted since 1924. The Saar political parties, except the Communist, united in a special committee which had but one purpose, namely, to work for the reunion with Germany. The moving spirit of the committee was Herr Roechling. Substantial funds appear to have been granted by the German Government. Extravagant subsidies had also been given to the principal newspapers to keep alive animosity against the Governing Commission, and to hold up the League of Nations to ridicule. The writer of this article was appointed Chairman of the Governing Commission in July 1927, and offered the olive-branch to the Press in the autumn of that year. There were no French members of the Saar Press, and the German representatives throughout the territory, numbering about 100, were invited to an informal talk. The Saar member of the Governing Commission was also present. Another talk was held a few days later at their own wish, and a Press Bureau was established under the direction of an Englishman who spoke German well. Unfortunately, after a hopeful interval of three weeks, Berlin frowned upon the idea. The Press Bureau was boycotted, and the Saar Press resumed the tenor of its previous ways. Large subventions running into many millions of marks were made through the Trade Unions for distribution to the workers, and 'loyalty grants' were paid to members of the civil service and State employees. A secret 'black list' of suspects was drawn up by the committee, and names were inscribed for what seemed to be trifling offences, such as mixing socially with French acquaintances. It was also considered a crime to say a good word for the Governing Commission, and there were gross cases of intimidation of Saar officials. Few were courageous enough to brave the terror of the demoralising black list. Attractive cultural propaganda in the form of music and literature was not neglected. The sentimental feeling in Germany was profound for the Saarlander who was, of course, Germany's scapegoat. Winter relief was generously provided, although the necessities in Germany were greater than in

the Saar. Moreover, in official discussions concerning the settlement and adjustment of questions which came under the Treaty, such as workmen's pensions and insurances, the departmental officials of the Reich thought it well to take into consideration the popular pro-Saar sentiment before proceeding far in controversy. Speaking generally, the German propaganda from 1924-32 was organised and subsidised; after that date, it was intensified in both these respects.

The development of the Nazi movement in the Saar led to acute friction with the Governing Commission in 1933. Nor was this surprising when we consider that the development was accompanied by open intimidation and high-handed methods. The Chairman of the Governing Commission outlined the situation with startling distinctness in his quarterly report (July-September 1933) to the Council. It was clear also that the Nazi policy aimed especially at sapping the loyalty of the civil servants and the police forces to the Commission. The situation was not improved by the withdrawal of the German Delegate from the Council Table of the League of Nations at which he had been sitting since 1926. It was not until March 1934 that indirect, in place of direct, intimidation was adopted as the policy of the Deutsche Front, and it was intense. The Plebiscite was resolving itself into a struggle between German and German, and the traditional dislike for the Frenchman was being replaced by positive hatred of German for German. The attempted plebiscite of Teschen in 1920 revealed how dangerous a plebiscite between relatives might become.

The conduct of the police forces, 1927-32, had left little to be desired, but Nazi propaganda and the approach of the Plebiscite were now undermining their loyalty towards the Commission. In order to strengthen their police forces, the Governing Commission attempted two experiments. First, the enrolment of local neutrals, i.e. men with military training who belonged to no Plebiscite group in the Saar; second, the construction of an international police. As regards the first, it seemed a task verging on the impossible to pick out neutral Saarlanders at this time. In August 1934 things had come to such a pass that the construction of the international force was begun, but the results do not appear to have been com-

mensurate with the necessities of the situation, and when recruiting ceased, on Dec. 12, the force consisted of about 100 rank and file (mostly Saarlanders) and 20 officers.

IV. The hopes for maintenance of law and order of the Plebiscite looked very unpromising at the close of October. The fears of a Nazi Putsch and of French military intervention in the Saar had created a serious state of international tension. On Nov. 2, the S.A. and S.S. Nazi formations in Germany had been prohibited from any form of display or manifestation over a belt of twenty-five miles wide touching the east frontier of the Saar. At the same time the German Government gave a solemn assurance that there was no danger of a Nazi Putsch for an invasion of the Saar territory. The action of the German Government was correct and timely; nevertheless, it seemed to indicate apprehension lest the Nazi rank and file might break away from discipline.

At the beginning of November the German Government instructed their diplomatic representatives in Paris, London, Rome, and Brussels to explain to the Locarno Powers their objection to the employment of French troops in the Saar, and reference was made to the recent insistence of M. Laval, the French Foreign Minister, that in certain circumstances France would be not only justified but obliged to send troops to keep law and order. The German contention did not seem to be without reason, viz. that in no circumstances could the occupation of the Saar by troops belonging to a country directly interested in the Plebiscite be justified. On the other hand, the mines belonged to France, and many of the big industrial works were controlled by French managers: some hundreds of Frenchmen were employed in these undertakings and were living with their families in the Saar. It was evident that French public opinion would demand intervention for the safety of their countrymen if the League of Nations was unable to afford them the necessary protection. Furthermore, on Nov. 5, Sir John Simon stated in the House that there never had been any question of the use of British troops in the Saar, and nothing of the sort on our part was contemplated.

Heavy clouds of gloom were overhanging the Council Chamber, when, on Dec. 5, Mr Anthony Eden announced unexpectedly that the British Government would be pre-

pared to take the initiative and send a force into the Saar provided that other members of the League would associate themselves with Great Britain in this matter, and that France and Germany would raise no objection. It was a dramatic moment. Geneva was full of very serious forebodings of local and international complications, and it was even feared that the peace of Europe was in danger. M. Laval warmly supported Mr Eden's proposals. The German Government agreed, with the reserve that no such step was necessary. A decision was taken speedily to send as a preventive measure a wholly neutral international force into the Saar. The solution was generally hailed as happy, and welcomed by the Governing Commission. The tense feeling in the Saar relaxed appreciably at the news. In France, it seemed evident that official and public opinion were much relieved at the turn events had taken at Geneva. Whatever may have been the reasons which determined the Cabinet to take the step, it is clear that Mr Eden handled the situation in a statesmanlike manner and chose exactly the right moment for his declaration. It was felt at Geneva that the British Government had given a new lease of life to the League of Nations, not merely by extricating it from a dangerous predicament in the Saar but, also, by unequivocally committing Great Britain, as a member of the League, to collective action in Western Europe; the present problem was Franco-German, and the solution was being made in the spirit of Locarno and within the framework of the League of Nations. As a sequel to the League's decision, a composite force of 1500 British, 1300 Italians, 260 Swedes, and 250 Dutch troops, under a British Commander, Major-General Brind, was in the territory before Christmas, where it served with remarkable success as an emergency reserve during the Plebiscite and transition period.

The Council of the League of Nations began its duties in connection with the Plebiscite by appointing in January 1934 a Committee of Three (Italian, Spanish, and Argentine) to study the questions involved, with Baron Aloisi as Chairman. The work of Baron Aloisi and his colleagues has been striking confirmation of a belief that the best work of the Council is frequently done in Committee. It will be remembered that Germany had with-

drawn from the League in October 1933. Nevertheless, the German Government expressed its willingness to negotiate directly with the French and the Committee of Three. The work of the Committee fell into two parts: first, actual organisation of the Plebiscite; second, preparation for the transition of the territory. Two Franco-German agreements were successfully negotiated in consultation with representatives of France and Germany in June and December 1934, respectively; the one covering the condition of the Plebiscite, and the other post-Plebiscite problems. The German Government further agreed to refrain from discrimination on the grounds of race or religion for one year from the date of reversion of the territory. A Plebiscite Commission composed of Swiss, Dutch, and Swedish members, together with an American lady, Miss Wambaugh, known for her expert knowledge of plebiscites, was appointed; the duties of this Commission were to arrange for and carry through the voting and counting.

The second agreement of December 1934 was prospective and covered problems of an economic, financial, and social nature which the union with Germany have now brought into being. It provided for the purchase of the mines, the disposal of French currency, and the protection of Saar loans; the pension rights of the Saar officials and the social insurances of the inhabitants were also guaranteed.

V. Chapter I of the Saar Annex, dealing with the cession of the mines to France, was based on the proposition of French mining experts; amendments were freely made in committee, chiefly by American experts, and then passed under the scrutiny of the Supreme Council before the final draft for the Treaty was prepared. The rights of France over the mines were laid down in considerable detail. On the whole, it was an excellent piece of work. The Mines Administration was accused in the local Press of exploiting the mines and leaving them in poor condition owing to the short-term policy of working. Such complaints may well be regarded as local propaganda and are far from the truth; on the contrary, the French found the mines in a disorganised condition as a result of the War and revolution. Clause 56 of Chapter I makes provision for the re-purchase of the mines in the event of Union with

Germany. The second Franco-German Agreement, sponsored by the League Committee of Three in December 1934, regulated the price at approximately 900 million francs (12,000,000*l.*) and gives the arrangements for the payment. The Saar Annex subjected the territory to the French Customs regime, but during 1920–25 the Saar-German frontier remained opened free of duty for native goods and goods of local consumption. The system has worked well on the whole and brought in a large contribution to the State budget; since 1927 friction between merchants and Customs was reduced to a minimum. The transfer to the German Customs regime duly took place on Feb. 18.

VI. The opinion is held by many that the longer the term of a plebiscite, the more dangerous becomes its execution; further, the larger the majority in a plebiscite, the more likely is the prospect of a permanent settlement. In the present case, it is true that the welfare of the population was well cared for during the long period of anxiety and uncertainty. It is no exaggeration, however, to say that the Saar sore was continually poisoning attempts to remove the ill-feeling between France and Germany. The verdict was, however, so overwhelmingly in favour of Germany that the Saar can no longer be regarded as a bone of contention between those countries. Herr Hitler has renounced German designs upon Alsace-Lorraine and proclaimed Germany's desire for peace. These are points to the good: nevertheless, political relations between the two countries are somewhat strained—which is all that can be said for the present.

On the economic side, the Saar settlement has helped to clear the air between France and Germany. The most important Saar industries are pig-iron and steel, manufactures of iron, glass, and pottery. The French interests in these undertakings were estimated in 1934 at 2 milliards of francs, or about 25 million pounds sterling. Lorraine iron ore and Saar coal are interdependent: in 1933 the Saar imported 85 per cent. of her requirements from the Briey minette area and exported more than 4 million tons of coal into France. It must be borne in mind that Alsace-Lorraine and the Saar have been within the same Customs since 1871; consequently, the severance brought about by the reunion with Germany will affect adversely

the commercial relations with Alsace-Lorraine and East France. Compensation for this decrease, however, may be found in South Germany, which is the natural outlet for the Saar. The coal-mines, too, will lose a large portion of their French market—2½ million tons annually—and will have to compete for fresh markets with the Ruhr. The Saar miner works half an hour less daily than his rival in the Ruhr, and the relative output is as 2 to 3. It is evident, therefore, that the Saar mines must be rationalised. The cost of such rationalisation has been estimated at 200 million marks, and many of the unprofitable mines will have to be shut down in the process, with a loss of employment to many thousands of the miners. The smaller local industries which have been artificially favoured, e.g. furniture, will be swamped by German competition. The union with Germany will mark the beginning of a difficult period for Saar economy in general and bring in its train a good deal of unemployment.

The sabotage of mines in the north of France in 1918 was a wilful blow directed against French industrialists. Counter-blows against German industrialists followed in the Saar basin and in the Ruhr Valley. All these offensives have failed of their objective, viz. the domination of coal, iron, and steel by one or the other. From the broader point of view, therefore, the Saar settlement gives the opportunity to French and German industrialists to form a Western European alliance for coal, iron, and steel production. The experiences of both parties in the past appear to favour such a continental combination, which would probably have to include the industrialists of Belgium and Luxemburg. The dividing line between practical politics and practical economics is at no time clearly cut. The two overlap and the influence they exercise upon one another is sometimes great. France and Germany may, therefore, hope that an improvement in their economic relations will react favourably upon the political situation between the two countries.

In conclusion, it may fairly be said that no part of the Treaty of Versailles has been subjected to so much unfavourable criticism as the Saar Annex, and this created an unfortunate prejudice against the work of the Governing Commission. The German attitude is not difficult to understand. The Treaty was commonly referred to

throughout Germany as the Versailles Diktat, and the Governing Commission had been officially branded as an 'odious domination.' Its critics in England and in other countries assumed too hastily that the Annex was unjust and opposed to the peace ideals. They appear to have ignored the fact that it had come into being as a result of an act of wanton destruction on the part of the Germans, and that the compromise reached within the Supreme Council was necessarily complicated. However, the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and the conclusion of the Saar regime shows that, in spite of unforeseen difficulties, the Governing Commission of the League of Nations has succeeded, on the whole, in maintaining a sound and efficient administration and in assuring the rights and welfare of the population.

ERNEST WILTON.

Art. 9.—THE TRAGEDY OF NANGA PARBAT.

1. *Die Deutschen am Nanga Parbat*. By Bechtold Bruckmann. Munich, 1934.
2. *Alpine Journal*. November 1934.

THERE is no doubt that the popularity of mountain-climbing is increasing in the Himalaya as well as in European mountain ranges. All over Europe, the new fashion of 'hiking' and the improved facilities for travel have drawn attention to the hills. Moreover, since the novelty of the Alps is said to be exhausted, adventurous climbers are more frequently turning their thoughts to the Himalaya. So intense, in fact, is the keenness of the rising generation that in the case of the great Himalayan peak, Nanga Parbat, over 26,000 feet high, and situated in a district where difficulties of supply and transport compel the authorities to limit rigorously the number of expeditions approaching the mountain, there is already a waiting-list of several climbing-parties clamouring for permission to attack. The candidates are quite undeterred by the fact that out of forty-five amateurs and porters who made the attempt last year, ten men lost their lives. Indeed, the survivors of this unfortunate expedition are among the foremost applicants on the waiting-list, and next year will doubtless make good their claim to priority.

It may seem strange that so formidable a mountain should be so much sought after. The fact is that a peak that is suitable for record-breaking purposes must exceed 26,000 feet, and it happens, unfortunately, that the supply of such peaks is limited, ten of them being in the forbidden territory of Nepal. Of the remainder that are available, Everest is very far away, and can only be approached after delicate negotiations with the Tibetan Government. Kangchenjunga, although it has been repeatedly attempted, is even more terrible than Nanga Parbat, and the giants of the Karakoram are not only remote, but are said to be utterly impossible to climb. Consequently the ambitious mountaineer must content himself with Nanga Parbat. Yet, if Nanga Parbat is less redoubtable than Kangchenjunga, it is still in many

respects the most imposing summit in the Himalaya. It is not merely the tenth highest mountain in the world, but it occupies a position of superb isolation, without a rival within fifty miles. From its summit the crags and ice-walls of the southern face fall almost sheer to the floor of the Rupal valley for 14,000 feet, forming the greatest precipice in the world. The north face is almost equally abrupt, and the spectator, only fifteen miles away, on the banks of the Indus, sees the supreme peak soaring to all but 23,000 feet above his head. There is nothing in the world to compare with such a spectacle.

It was only last year that the late Herr Merkl's expedition met with its shattering repulse. Now that authoritative accounts have been published by the survivors, we are able to study in detail one of the greatest tragedies in the history of mountaineering, and it is a story that contains many lessons for climbers. The past history of the mountain is brief. The first expedition that attempted the ascent was British and took place in 1895. In that year the famous English mountaineer, Mummery, after climbing unsuccessfully to 20,000 feet on the desperately difficult north-west face, left the rest of his party and, accompanied by two Gurkhas set out to make a short cut over the Dima Pass (20,000 feet) to see if an easier route existed on the other side of the mountain. When the remainder of the party, travelling by the valleys, reached the appointed meeting-place, there was no one there, and it was evident that Mummery and the two Gurkhas, in descending the pass, must have been swept away by one of the numerous ice-avalanches that thundered down its north-eastern slopes.

After this fatality thirty-seven years passed without any attempt being made; and then, in 1932, Herr Merkl took out a very strong German-American party, which was defeated by bad weather and coolie troubles after it had reached a height of 23,000 feet. Lastly, in 1934, came Herr Merkl's second expedition with which we are now concerned. It was one of the strongest climbing parties that has ever visited the Himalaya, and the members displayed the highest courage and determination. The climbers consisted of ten Germans and Austrians with two English transport officers and thirty-five porters from the eastern Himalaya. They reached

their base-camp in seventeen days from Srinagar. Then occurred their first misfortune: the death of Herr Drexel, who was seized with pneumonia and died within twenty-four hours. This disaster and various transport difficulties delayed the plan of attack, so that it was not until June 22, with the help of continuous fine weather, that the expedition succeeded in equipping their advanced base-camp at a height of 19,521 feet (Camp IV). The route to this camp from the base led up the huge Rakhiot Glacier. As the climbers ascended the series of vast and complicated ice-falls, they were threatened by immense ice-avalanches that fell down the precipice towering 10,000 feet above their heads on the right. However, good progress was made, and stores of food, fuel, and sleeping-bags were carried up to Camp V. This camp was at a height of 21,982 feet, and was intended to serve as the last 'strong-point' from which the assault party could set out to establish the three remaining camps on the way to the top.

The next section of the route was more complicated, for, between Camps V and VI, it was necessary to climb nearly to the summit of the Rakhiot Peak, a 23,000-foot satellite of Nanga Parbat. Two days were spent in fixing ropes to the cliffs to enable the heavily laden porters to effect the traverse. At last, during a snow-storm, Camp VII was pitched in a notch in the ridge leading up towards the peaks of Nanga Parbat. The site was at 23,294 feet, and had to be laboriously hewn out of névé, hardened by the wind. On the evening of their arrival the weather cleared, but a sea of cloud lay below, concealing Camp IV and the rest of the world. The climbers seemed as if marooned on some vast iceberg in a polar sea.

According to Herr Schneider, the route above Camp VII is 'mostly difficult and especially very long.' On the climbers' left is an abyss, 10,000 feet deep, its depth increasing as the climber gains height. In the bottom of the tremendous gulf, through gaps in the cloud-floor, can be seen from time to time glowing patches of green meadow-land, glimpses of another world. The route follows a soaring ice-ridge to the Silbersattel, a depression lying at a height of 25,000 feet, between the two eastern peaks of Nanga Parbat, and giving access to a great plateau of névé, hitherto unvisited. Across this lofty

snow-plain the way ascends gently for nearly two miles up to a minor summit of the mountain, 25,800 feet high, and then down into a final depression, from which a steep shoulder in the ridge has to be climbed before the highest peak can be reached. So far, at the immense height at which they had been travelling, the weather had remained fine. Yet a sinister feature was the constant sea of cloud that cut the climbers off from the rest of the world below, and—had they only known it—down at Camp IV a storm was raging daily. They fondly hoped that beneath the clouds at their feet Mulritter was busy stocking Camp VI with food and fuel to cover their retreat from the top. They little knew that this work was completely held up by constant heavy falls of snow. At their own camp it was only towards the evenings that the clouds used to rise threateningly round the tents and smother the ridge along which they had to travel.

At last, on the morning of July 6, the five Europeans and eleven porters who had hitherto held out against mountain-sickness and exhaustion, emerged from Camp VII. It was to be the day of fatal decision. On that very morning an experienced Swiss mountaineer happened to be gazing at the celebrated view of Nanga Parbat from the summit of the distant Chachor La. He noted the ominous black clouds that were being driven by the wind against the great cliffs of the mountain. It was evident that the weather had broken, and the solitary watcher could see that a severe storm on Nanga Parbat was only a question of hours. Indeed, Bechtold, who was deputed that morning to escort two sick porters down to the advanced base at Camp IV, was caught in the snow-storm that was raging at the lower levels, and only reached safety with great difficulty. It is said that it required much persuasion to prevent the remaining porters from evacuating Camp VII and following the invalids.

But at any rate the Europeans in the party at Camp VII had no thought of danger—yet. Lured by the blue sky above them, they decided to set out on what they hoped might prove to be the final stage of their pilgrimage. At first all went well. The Austrians, Aschenbrenner and Schneider, went ahead to cut steps up the steep slope leading to the Silbersattel, and gained height at the rate

of 650 feet an hour—an extraordinary speed for such an altitude. They even crossed the great elevated snow-plain lying beyond the saddle and began to mount the ridge towards the minor summit of 25,800 feet. Within two hundred feet of its top they halted, for the main body behind them was coming on with increasing deliberation. Evidently all was not well with the porters; yet waiting for them on the highest plateau in the world was cold work in such a violent wind. The two Austrians felt that they were temptingly near the end of their journey, for the supreme peak, 26,620 feet high, was only 1000 yards away and only 1000 feet above them. However, it presently became obvious that the main body could go no farther that day, and the two leaders were reluctantly obliged to retreat and rejoin their companions in order to fix one more camp, close to the Silbersattel, at 24,935 feet. At this highest camp some soup was cooked for an evening meal—it was as much as they could eat—and all were now confident that the summit of Nanga Parbat was at last within their reach. They cheerfully assumed that the wind which raged across the high plateau on the edge of which they were camped was a constant phenomenon at these extreme heights.

Nevertheless, on the morning of July 7 their hopes were dashed, for a tremendous, roaring snow-storm burst upon them, and the blizzard was so fierce that it was impossible to breathe in the open. 'The driving snow was blown horizontally in broad sheets,' wrote Schneider; and by ten in the forenoon perpetual darkness seemed to gather about them. All day they lay in their sleeping-bags in the tents, while the storm raged. It was impossible to cook, and only once could a little snow be melted, enough for half a cupful of tea apiece. Snow fell unceasingly, and the occupants of the tents felt that they were being buried alive. The night that followed was the worst in Schneider's experience. The tent-poles were broken by the violence of the gale, and the tents could not be erected until next day. Sleep was almost impossible, and headaches were common.

When dawn broke on July 8 there was no improvement, and living in the tents had become nearly unendurable. At eight o'clock, therefore, Wieland struggled

into the tent occupied by Aschenbrenner and Schneider for a council of war. Finally it was agreed by all that the attack must be written off as a failure, that the whole party must descend to Camp IV; and when all were ready, Aschenbrenner and Schneider were directed to start ahead of the rest with three porters to break the trail, leaving the main body of eight porters under Merkl, Welzenbach, and Wieland to follow in their steps. As the advanced party started, the visibility was ten yards, and the task of making tracks in the deep, fresh snow was terribly fatiguing. Moreover, just as they were embarking on the descent of the steep slopes below the Silbersattel, the gale blew one of the three porters out of his steps. He was saved by means of the rope, but his load, which consisted of the double sleeping-bag and india-rubber mattress belonging to Aschenbrenner and Schneider, was blown off his back and was never recovered. The porters had their own bags to sleep in, but the two Austrians were now without protection for the night, and it was therefore imperative that they should reach the shelter of a camp before dark.

As the advance-guard descended, exhaustion from exposure, starvation, and mountain lethargy began to overcome them; every thirty yards they sank down to rest in the snow. In turns, first Schneider, and then Aschenbrenner, were almost overwhelmed by weakness. All the time the storm continued. When they reached easy ground, it was agreed to remove the rope, which was now felt by the whole party to be an encumbrance. Unfortunately the result of this manœuvre was that near Camp VII the three porters dropped behind, and were lost sight of. The two leaders, however, pushing on alone, and after passing over the very top of the Rakhiot Peak, came to Camp V, where they were able to find some food, although the tents must have been fast disappearing under the enormous accumulations of snow. At length, in the late afternoon, they arrived at Camp IV, confidently expecting that their three porters would shortly rejoin them, or be picked up by the main body which they believed to be close behind. When no one turned up it was assumed that the whole party must have halted at Camp V. Meanwhile, at Camp IV they found Bechtold, Mulritter, and Dr Bernard, who were weather-

bound and had been trying repeatedly, but in vain, to reach Camp V. Normally it was a steep, easy climb of three hours, but the weather and the fresh snow had made it almost impossible. That night half a metre of snow fell, and the storm continued as it had done at this level all the week; but on the morning of the 9th, the clouds lifted momentarily, and the inhabitants of the camp saw a number of men at a great height, coming down the mountain. The gale must have been terrible at the higher levels, for snow streamers a hundred yards long were blowing off the Silbersattel. A solitary figure could be seen following the others; it was probably Wieland, for, as was afterwards learned, it was at about this time that he died. As they stared in astonishment, the men in camp realised to their consternation that the main body was still on the far side of the Rakhiot Peak, and had not even reached Camp VII.

That evening the sky cleared with a raging gale, and four porters were suddenly observed descending the Rakhiot Peak. The occupants of Camp IV hurried out to meet them as they approached, and helped them into camp. All four porters proved to be badly frostbitten and had to be sent down to the base for treatment. For those at Camp IV, day after day passed in increasing anxiety. Repeated attempts were made by the garrison to carry help up the mountain, but, after a first attempt, the porters in camp were all too exhausted to follow their leaders, and the latter often wallowed up to the shoulders, helpless in the masses of fresh snow. The conditions that now made even the relatively easy task of the descent so difficult, became prohibitive when it was a question of forcing a way uphill. Twice they reached Camp V, but could climb no farther.

All hope of finding their comrades alive had now been wellnigh abandoned, when, on July 15, an astonishing incident occurred: a single figure appeared, coming down the glacier, and the porter, Angstering, alone, exhausted and badly frostbitten, staggered into the camp. He had been a whole week on his way down from the highest camp (VIII), without food or shelter in the raging storm, and this is the terrible story that he told: it appears that soon after Aschenbrenner and Schneider with the advance-guard had started down on July 8 from Camp VIII,

Merkel, Wieland, and Welzenbach with the main body of eight porters set out, as arranged, to follow in the tracks. The storm, the deep snow, and the prolonged exposure at extreme altitudes soon began to overwhelm them, so that they collapsed before reaching Camp VII, and passed the night in the open on a tiny shelf of snow, just below the Silbersattel: Merkel and Wieland sharing a sleeping-bag, while Welzenbach, who, it seems, had lost his bag, lay out among the porters, who presumably had bags of their own. During the night a porter died, and on the morning of the 9th only three Europeans with four of the porters were strong enough to start; Angstering and two other porters were so ill that they remained lying where they were. Of those who were able to continue, Welzenbach, in spite of his night without a sleeping-bag, seemed to be the strongest, and was even able to fix a rope to an ice-axe, upright in the snow, in order to give security to the party on their way down to Camp VII. It was just as they were reaching this camp that Wieland sank down quietly in the snow and died. Unfortunately only one tent was now habitable, and, as there was not room for all in it, Merkel told the four strongest porters to push on down to the next camp (VI), not being aware that the tents there were by now buried out of sight in the snow. The four porters that were sent on subsequently overtook the stragglers from the advance party, these having lost their way on the Rakhiot Peak. Of this combined group of seven porters, three succumbed before they could rejoin Aschenbrenner and Schneider at Camp IV.

In the meantime, the party that remained at Camp VII passed another terrible night; the sleeping-bags had filled with snow-dust, and Merkel was seated with Welzenbach, outside the tent, and apparently semi-delirious. In this state, without food or shelter, Merkel's party remained from the 9th till the 11th, when they were rejoined by the porters with Angstering and Gaylay, who had succeeded in creeping down from the place where they had been lying out in the snow since the 8th, and where they had left a dead comrade. The reunited party then stayed at Camp VII for the whole of the 12th, and during the ensuing night Welzenbach died. On the 13th, Angstering made a despairing effort to escort Merkel and Gaylay down to Camp VI, Merkel using two ice-axes as crutches. When

further progress became impossible, they scooped a small hollow in the snow and crouched in it till the 14th. The weather then began to improve, and they tried again to move down, but were too weak to continue. At last, on the 15th, Merkl told Angstering to try and fetch help. Angstering accordingly set out once more on his miraculous journey, and succeeded, as we have seen, in reaching safety. His two companions must have died soon after his departure. Thus ended the greatest mountaineering disaster that has ever occurred in the Himalaya.

As to the conclusions to be drawn from the study of this catastrophe, it is possible to learn more from the story of Merkl's gallant failure than from the example of an expedition that has never come near to disaster, and it is likely that several general principles will be evolved for guidance in the future. Firstly, climbers will recognise the danger in an expedition of making the final assault 'top-heavy' by allowing too many members to take part in it, for the example of Merkl's campaign has shown that by taking so many Europeans to the higher camps, not only are the porters that have to establish the camps given more work than they can perform efficiently, but the number of mountaineers in reserve at the advanced base, and available for emergencies, is dangerously depleted. Secondly, in respect to tents, strength of canvas and poles will not be too rashly sacrificed to lightness. Thirdly, leaders will not push forward assault parties until every camp in turn has been adequately organised. Finally, we may assume that Himalayan storms will be treated with greater respect, even to the point of abandoning an apparently hopeful attempt at the cost of deliberately submitting the personnel to the subsequent fatigue and tedium of repeating every phase of the attack from the very beginning.

If such principles as these are observed in future, the tragedy of Nanga Parbat will not have been in vain.

C. F. MEADE.

Art. 10.—THE RED INDIANS OF TO-DAY.

‘*Ἀνθρώποισι τὰς μὲν ἐκ θεῶν
τύχας δοθείσας ἔστ’ ἀναγκαῖον φέρειν.*’—SOPHOCLES.

FULLY feathered and robed for the ritual, Bird Rattler of the Blackfeet received Mr Roosevelt into the tribe at a solemn pow-wow held in the bleak Montana spaces. The President now became ‘Lone Chief’; and on either side of him two stoic braves, Weasel and Bull-Calf, signified in the tacit sign-language ‘Welcome’ and ‘We are Brothers.’ This was in token of the New Deal, into whose spacious ambit even these forgotten men had come: the ‘First Americans’ who, for three centuries, had fought a losing battle, with their many ‘Nations’ now scattered over a continent that was wholly theirs until the Machine Age routed them. ‘The white man’—as one of the new historians says—‘had the repeating rifle, the telegraph, and the railroad. The Indian had only his primitive weapons and his native courage. So the Stone Age was foredoomed to defeat.’ And once trapped and tamed, the misfit philosophy of Hesiod was fed to him: ‘Work hard and do right; for God hates the lazy man.’ It was well meant, but very bitter to the dispossessed. When Sitting Bull drifted back out of exile in Canada (and how American officers praised his tactical genius!), his Sioux people were deprived of their arms and horses. Slop suits were doled out, and poor-house rations in dingy huts. They now had churches and schools, farming tools were put in proud warrior hands. There came the great cession of Sioux lands which that red Napoleon opposed to the last. ‘What do your Indians think of it?’ Sitting Bull was asked. ‘Indians?’ echoed the fallen Chief. ‘There are none left but me!’

Yet from the first the Federal Government did what it could to keep the peace between the red man and the several States, jealous of their own powers under the Constitution, and often irked by the claims of Indian *enclaves* in their midst. Up to President Jackson’s day, the Tribes were held to be ‘Sovereign Nations’ with whom Washington alone had the right to treat. But Georgia took an obstinate stand. Her Treaty with the Creeks in 1825 left that people with a stinging sense of wrong;

the Cherokees fought their case as far as the Supreme Court. Here the State viewed her Indians as dependents, mere tenants at will of the soil. President John Quincy Adams—an able and strong-willed man (and the real author of the 'Monroe Doctrine' draft)—sided with the Tribes in this long conflict. Georgia continued to defy the Federal decisions. When force was threatened from the White House, the Governor of Georgia, George M. Troup, called out his own militia to resist 'any hostile invasion of the territory of this State.' It was an early shadow of civil war in a unique and complex system of government.

At one time the U.S. Government, at a loss for a solution of this perplexing Red problem, had the fantastic idea of a segregated Indian 'Kingdom' somewhere in the original Missouri Territory which became Arkansas. The Indians fought amongst each other as well as with the white men; it was a game, a law of life as it is among the Pathans of the North West Frontier or the clans of the vague Arabian Peninsula to-day. From the Blackfeet of the North, to the Apaches of the South-West, this inter-tribal strife lay at the heart of moral and physical prestige. The supersession of bow and arrow and tomahawk by the rifle and Colt revolver did but vary the Indian's tactics without quenching his ardent love of war. When summoned to Washington to account for wholesale raids on their meeker Osage brethren, the Cherokees sent Chief Tahlontasku to expound their cause, and this he did with full virtuous Bismarckry:

'We suffered many insults from this Nation, and were forced to strike at last for honour's sake. We looked for no booty, since they had none to give. Our object was to be repaid in lands; so I hope that, if you, Mr President, make peace between us and the Osage—you will see that this is done with justice, lest we be cramped in our future development.'

What the Cherokees in this case sought was the buffalo country and access to the Western Plains. In the following year they made ready for yet another pounce, and now the weaker Osages put in their plea and plaint:

'When the President let loose the Cherokees on this side of the Great River and allotted them lands which we had sold

him, he surely did not give our aggressors all the beavers, bears, deer, and buffaloes which belong to the Osage domain.'

Not long after that tribal tussle, white emigrants surged in full spate towards what is now Eastern Oklahoma. And soon they clamoured in the old way for the eviction of *all* Indians. And as the enormous tide of immigration rose in later years at Ellis Island from every land upon earth, so did the submergent pressure grow. And so also did the accepted creed that the red man was committing racial suicide by his 'restless' spirit and his inveterate hatred of 'settling down'! This view is well seen in the Montana gold-rush of the 1860's. Polyglot prospectors raged to have a road made between Fort Laramie and the new diggings. Troops were soon at work on that portway to fortune, paying no heed to loud protests from stately Red Cloud, lord of the formidable Sioux. 'These are our hunting-grounds,' that chieftain warned the soldiers. 'Stop this work, or I shall fight you!' White men's houses would be built there, he feared. Wild game would then be driven away and his people would suffer in consequence. But nothing was done. So Red Cloud laid siege to the U.S. forces in a rigorous winter. The usual massacres followed, with Captain Jen Eyck buying back forty-nine of his dead in a single bunch from the furious Sioux.

In all the shunting into regions of little promise, America's magical sub-soil played strange tricks with these aborigines. Thus in 1902 a well-meaning Government had a mixed 'family' of 120,000 red men on its hands and resolved to provide for them in what was then called Indian Territory; it is now part of the State of Oklahoma. A poor Creek was given a barren plot; and when the great oil-boom began and boring-rigs pricked the desert spaces, that simple soul became very rich overnight without moving a hand to earn it. As a ward of Washington his lease to a company was inspected and passed, his royalties checked until they stood at the breathless figure of \$2,000,000! In his new estate that Creek Indian took a white wife. This lady soon made an energetic move for her legal rights, and she laid hands upon half a million (to go on with)—having the full assent of the Bureau of Indian Affairs in her harvesting. But

when 'Mrs Jackson Barnett' made still further demands, Washington authority saw fit to resist her, and even brought suit to declare her Red Indian marriage invalid. Control of her aged spouse's affairs (he died last year at ninety-two) was at last taken out of the white wife's lavish hands, and her large donations to religious and other bodies were revoked.

The fate of the Osage Tribe was still more dramatic: quite half of these are 'mixed-bloods,' as well as U.S. citizens, and in cult they are Roman Catholics or Baptists. On a sudden, natural gas and petroleum came flaming and spouting out of their meagre properties. Uncle Sam stepped in at once to safeguard his Indian children from sharpers and exploiters in uproarious fields that now bristled with derricks and 'gushers' which had sprung up like a fabulous forest. A tribal roll was called, and 2229 'headrights' were assigned to the Osage Nation. Their wondrous luck became a fluent theme for the novelist. And, of course, Hollywood 'shot' scenes on the reeking spot in order to flash the wonder of 'easy money' on the myriad screens of a continent. In 1925, this lucky Tribe drew in bonuses no less than \$29,584,739. Pope's well-known couplet had long taken on a droll and lurid gloss in the newspaper cartoons and wisecracks of America's 'colyumists.'

'Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds or hears Him in the wind!'

'Mr Lo' now lolled in a Chevrolet car with his squaw and papooses beside him. His maidens defied the tradition that only males may indulge in personal adornment. Rhapsodic scribes of Tulsa and Tishomingo scattered the news:

'Once their hair was undecked; they just combed long raven locks, knotting these at the back of their necks. But now marcel waves and "perms" dazzle us, along with manicured nails and plucked eyebrows. Not rayon but silk do these women wear, inside and out, with fetching hats and lureful stockings. On expensive radio-sets do they all listen-in to the President's "talks." And they eat and drink like Wall Street plutocrats for a spree amid the blinding White Lights of Broadway.'

Up to 1928 the once abject Osages of Oklahoma had drawn a grand total of \$109,416,479 in bonuses and gas and oil royalties. The jail at Pawhuska, the 'Nation's' capital, was full of white grafters and crooks who had done their damndest to loot these Indians. Each one of them—braves and squaws and babes—had drawn \$13,000 apiece in the 'flush-time' season. And then the orgie began to pale! By 1927 the tribal income had dropped to \$17,315,910. In 1930 the rich 'melon' had shrunk to a mere \$5,704,160; the following year it was only \$1,716,320. Soon the quarterly headright was a beggarly \$192. What had happened to those deep holes in Osage soil, out of which 'Lo' saw the big producers by some magic suck a thick black liquid which had smothered the little 'Nation' in dollars? The price of oil fell to zero. In East Texan fields, where 14,000 wells gushed madly in a tiny tract, thirty miles by six, Federal and State laws were put in force to shut down supplies.

The stuff slumped at last to ten cents a barrel; and 'Lo,' the once opulent Osage, wailed aloud outside the Indian Agency at Pawhuska. His finest lease could bring no more than \$27,900 instead of the reckless bids of yesteryear, when pop-eyed gamblers stormed the official rostrum in hoarse vying at any price. Worse still, the Osage gas and oil wells were fast petering out. And they had saved little or nothing, these care-free folk—thanks to high-pressure salesmen who dangled exotic bait and drew monstrous pelf—often parting with nothing at all but exuberant talk. So the red millionaires were once more poor. They sold their 70 m.p.h. chariots and jewels for pitiful sums, and could not keep even these in the usurious clamour of raw disillusion. 'And being broke is hard on Lo, our new hobo-Osage'—as the local white scribes impressed upon sympathetic sophisticates of the far-off East, who knew all too well how it felt. 'He has tasted the savor of Wealth and now must work as a nomad and outcast—like the Hill Tribe up there at Great Falls in Montana, who got jobs in the smelters and lived like hogs in huts of tree-poles and flattened tin cans. But the Osage people took it good; when they knew the worst they said, So be it!'

Such is the Red Man's immemorial way. He accepts

his fate when the 'baneful tokens' come, such as the *σήματα λυγπά* which Bellerophon brought to the Lycian King—'scratching on a folded tablet many spirit-destroying things!' 'I am convinced,' says Frank Lindeman, an exponent of the new school of Tribal history and psychology, 'that no white person has ever thoroughly known the Indian.' He bases this opinion on forty years' intimate friendship with Plenty Coups, Chief of the Crows. These red men are reticent, and all chronicles of them are tinged with bias, religious or commercial, military, pioneering or merely predatory. This Chief of the Crows is of the same stuff as Pontiac and Tecumseh in the past, and of the long line of leaders that ended with Geronimo, the Apache, whose exploits in the empty desert of Arizona read like a legend.

These Apaches had a genius for war which only professionals like Generals Hugh Scott and Nelson Miles could properly appraise, and even learn from them as supreme tactical masters. Here is an American tribute to Geronimo in a heart-breaking terrain of jagged rocks and Saharan trails of fierce climatic extremes. That Indian, we learn :

'With only thirty-five men and eight half-grown boys, encumbered with the care and sustenance of 101 women and children; with no base for supplies, no means of waging war or of obtaining food or transport other than what they could seize from their white foes, maintained themselves for eighteen months in a country 400 miles by 200 in extent against 5000 regular troops and militia, aided by 500 Indian auxiliaries and an unknown host of civilian scouts.'

A magnificent race, even in their twilight. It is no wonder that President Roosevelt, who admires them greatly, should endorse a \$10,000,000 Bill to assist them in co-operative trading and the defence of their lands. He urged upon Congress that it was high time 'for a new standard of dealing between our Government and its Indian wards.' Yet many of the Tribes hug their ancient pride. Thus the woodland Menominees of Wisconsin were offered \$30,000 out of the Public Works fund to make new roads. They declined this politely, and sent envoys to their 'Lone Chief' in the White House with stately greeting, such as the Iroquois Sachems crossed the Great

Water long ago (in 1709) to present as the Six Nations' homage to our own Queen Anne. Plumed and robed, those Menominee Chiefs thanked President Roosevelt for his *caritas*. But they would build their own roads with the Tribal funds, preferring to stand on their own eighty-year record of self-reliance. That same Tribe still ensues the primitive life, though now in the paths of peace. Their squaws fashion needles from bones of the wild goose to sew the moccasins and deerskin robes of their lords in the *tepee*. Both the men and women love showy baubles. Not long ago a learned man I know saw fit to present a Menominee Chief with an old top-hat and a brass carriage-clock that was older still. Next market-day that headman rode into town in native kit which was oddly surmounted with the topper—now decked with the clock-wheels set in shining array! 'I complimented him on his new tile,' the guileless doctor told me. 'And he replied in a shy and kindly way: "I wonder you never thought of doing this yourself?" And with that the old fellow clapped the thing on *my* head!' They have a keen sense of humour, these red men, though the fact runs counter to white belief.

How many of them remain in the U.S. to-day? About 350,000, either in whole Tribes or fragments, distributed between the two oceans, and from the British Columbia Border across the continent to the Gulf of Mexico. Nearly half of them dwell in Oklahoma and Arizona. The rest are more or less obscurely sown in twenty-four other States; from New York—which is nearly as large as England—over to California, that sunny empire 185,000 square miles in extent. The more important are the Five Civilised Nations: Creeks, Cherokees, and Choctaws (whose curt '*Okeh*' of assent has become the Anglo-American vulgarity of '*O.K.*'), with the once-dreaded Seminoles—who cost the United States millions of money and a seven-years' war to subdue—and also the Chickasaws. The Navajos, Pueblos, Pimas, and pagan Hopis of Arizona and New Mexico; the Chippewas of Minnesota, North Dakota, Wisconsin and Michigan, together with the Sioux of the Two Dakotas and Montana—these make up the main peoples. But hundreds of lesser Tribes exist. In the far North-West the Klamaths, in Washington the Quinaielts, and in Wisconsin the sturdy

Menominees all squat on their own timber lands. But in rich California, as well as in poor, bare Nevada and many other zones of widely disparate climates and resources, there are thousands of landless Indians, shifting as best they may. With those of Canada I cannot here deal, nor with the endless Tribes south of the Rio Grande as far down as Peru—where I studied them in Incaic Cuzco and the high Andean *puno*, and in Chile whose valiant Araucanians not even Spain's Conquistadores could ever bring to heel. There, as in Mexico, the Indians have been absorbed in the dominant race.

But none of these approach in 'Greek' dignity and worth the Redskin of the United States whose poesy and prose has been full of him. This saga begins with 'Princess' Pocahontas and her romantic rescue of Captain John Smith—that glib spinner of 'De Rougemont' adventures in the early Virginian wastes. The Puritan record is of bloody affrays; but with Freneau (1752–1832) the Indian is already in nobler guise, the heroic child of nature, even if idealised to an absurd degree. Pauling was the first to find humour in the red man, though he dealt with scalping horrors, too. Gentle Washington Irving scathed the perfidy and cruelty of the whites towards the primal lords of the soil, as in his 'Astoria.' Then Indian plays, unhistoric enough yet 'thrilly' as melodrama, held the American stage about 1850. James Fenimore Cooper's novels were sound as to fact, although never gained at first hand, as Professor Albert Keiser shows in his learned survey of 'The Indian in American Literature.' In wild Kentucky a starkly realist school of writers next appeared. Some of these, like Dr Montgomery Bird, swept away sentiment and illusion to stress the sheer savagery of Indian wars, as every advance of the whites was resisted doggedly.

Opposing this view came W. G. Simms, the story-teller *par excellence* of the Old South; he in turn weighed down the scale against his own race, blaming them for the results of their own lust and treachery towards the Indians. Then came Whittier and Longfellow; these were the first to use the legend and myth of folklore. Thoreau took the more scientific side of the red man, and in the West, Joaquim Miller wrote his well-known lyrics. Bandelier presented the Cliff Dwellers in his novel 'The

Delight-Makers'; and the war-like Tribes of the Great Plains were best sung by the modern poet, John Neilhardt. But the chapter of errors and misconception is ages old. It goes back, indeed, to Columbus's famous report of February 1493, wherein the 'Discoverer'—whose very voyage was a 'mistake'—announces mysterious human types whom he calls 'los Indios,' believing himself arrived in South-East Asia instead of in a New World he had never thought of at all. So did the term 'Indian' for these Americans pass into all our European languages.

Their influence has been profound and far-reaching, socially, politically, and even in industrial ways which few people apprehend. Thus the vast iron and steel activity of the United States, at home and abroad, owes its origin to an Ojibway Indian named Marjigesik, who led a band of copper-prospectors from Jackson, Michigan, in June 1845. He was awarded a share in the first iron-mine on the Marquette Range, the oldest of the six enormous deposits on Lake Superior. It is from these that 85 per cent. of to-day's iron ore is drawn: and so did 'poor Lo' start the mightiest of all America's roaring trades. Yet it was not until President Hoover came to the White House that a real effort was made to redeem the red man from his obscure estate of mendicancy and dependence. True, he was given medical care and outdoor relief from a special Bureau in Washington. He had his own school system, from kindergarten to college, with training in domestic and industrial science, in community-work, the administration of property and the keeping of law and order in his own Reservations. But that system was inefficient and loose; grave abuses were rife in it, Senate Committees sought to check these, and to soften the rigid sway of a bureaucracy whose dealings had too long been done in the dark. At last the 'Indian Rights Association' was formed in Philadelphia, and its banker-President, Mr Charles J. Rhoades, was made Chief of the Office of Indian Affairs.

President Hoover was intent upon a drastic house-cleaning in this branch of his Interior Ministry. The Indians were glad of this. Forgotten dances were then revived by the Gros Ventres of Montana. With reed flutes and drums they prayed the Unseen Powers to give back America's prosperity. The new Secretary of the

Interior (Dr Ray Wilbur) thought the 'wardship' status unsound, even injurious both to the 'nurse' and the 'nursed' in all this well-meant coddling—to say nothing of the moral mischief wrought by Wild West shows, rodeos, cattle round-ups, cinema-'shots' and Frontier pageants. In all these, troops of Indians took part as whooping hirelings for a few casual dollars, with much gun-play and scalping of 'murdered' whites. The Sioux Chiefs met in South Dakota to protest against so tawdry an exploitation and sent delegates to Washington to present their views: 'We do not consider that tomahawks, face-paint, and war-dances accord with our racial ideals of to-day.' The Minister agreed that this 'Buffalo Bill stuff' was degrading to the Indians. It took them away from their ploughs and pigs on liquorish jaunts over to noisy ranches in the rattling family 'flivver.' Nor was Dr Wilbur in favour of showing off the New Mexican tribes on the three-day Taos-Puyé Detour which the Santa Fé Railroad advertised so widely. '... Weird and spectacular are the ceremonies of the Pueblo Indians. Your courier-hostess and guide will save all the petty worries of a motor-trip on the side for the all-in rate of \$57.50 a head.'

President Hoover backed up his Minister. All this infantile gaping was harmful as an 'easy money' stunt for the red man. He should be weaned from it as one takes a robust babe from the breast where it has sucked too long unto the weakness of mother and young. 'The thing to do in that case'—as Mr Secretary Wilbur so quaintly opined—'is just to hand the child a pickle and let it howl.' In brief, there was drastic need of changes in the Bureau of Indian Affairs. It was grown slack. Scandals were again disclosed, both in Washington and among the scattered Agencies; neglect, mismanagement, and corruption. Witnesses told the Senate of overcrowded Indian schools, of underfeeding, of cruelty and illegal employment of children on white farms. The press took sides in the upheaval, pointing out the folly of running 'the red tape of Government control' around *all* the red men—as though their culture and traditions were everywhere uniform. Vast was the gulf, for instance, between the Hopi snake-dancers of Arizona's hot and rugged *mesas*—pagans all, with their Mænad women and

antelope-priests—and the staid episcopal Sioux of the Two Dakotas. Or again, between fisher-Chippewas of Minnesota's lakes who were co-operative marketers, and the 'white-collar' job aspirants of Upper Michigan and the isles.

Unable to find clerical posts in the crowded cities after graduating at Carlisle and Haskell Colleges, these Pottawottamie and Ojibway boys and girls went back home as failures to the old folks, who were already on the public relief-rolls. Then the Cherokees of western North Carolina—the so-called 'Eastern Band'—how strong and brave were they after centuries of wrong and twenty-three Treaties with the whites torn up as scraps of paper! Those 'Reds' are to-day better governed than any Tribe in the United States. And the Montana Crows, under Chief Yellowtail, are resodding their lands with buffalo-grass and have been given a new herd of buffaloes by the National Park Service authorities. These men, again, differed from their fellows in ways of life as the Laplanders do from the orange-growers of Valencia. Again there were the Navajo rug-and-blanket weavers of New Mexico, small farmers, artists, and craftsmen of a thousand years. In Arizona, a vast domain with few whites in it, the Indians raise cattle, sheep, and goats, and strongly oppose prospecting for minerals on their tribal lands. Governor Moeur is no skilled politician, but a sincere and able man with the interests of his many thousands of Indians deeply at heart. But opposing his views in Washington is Senator Ashurst of Arizona, who contends that the new Wheeler-Howard Indian Reorganisation Act and the Indian Bureau's protective rules have now closed 18,000,000 acres of a rich prospecting-field from the purview of white men's interests. The Indians, it is complained, take no interest in likely 'deposits.' They do not chip the steep rocks nor hunt for shining veins and lodes; they are not miners at all.

It is the old story; and the Indians, here as elsewhere, look to Mr Roosevelt, their 'Lone Chief' of the Blackfeet Tribe, to stand between them and these eager delvers into their subsoil. They and their brethren have had devoted white friends in the past, like John H. Seger among the Arapahoes and Cheyennes, or F. B. Riggs,

whose family has been associated with the Sioux for generations, and men of science like Dr Byron Cummings the archæologist, who made researches in the cave-tombs of the Yavapai and have added valuable data to the prehistoric history of these people. Grant Foreman and Stanley Vestal have set the Indian's 'case' in a new light, especially in regard to the Five Civilised Nations who copied their masters (even as slave-owners), and suffered grievous havoc from the liquor-trade which their own Sachems vainly strove to suppress. Then new interest is shown in the Indian languages by such philologists as Professor Frank Boas, of Columbia University, and Dr Alexander Lesser. These and others sought out native speakers and made phonetic records from Kitsai squaws, from literate Pawnees and from the few Mohicans, who still use a dialect of the Eastern Algonquin tribe, made famous in Fenimore Cooper's romances. The all but vanished speech of the Uncas was recaught, and that of the Tillamooks of North-west Oregon which is the key to many more elsewhere. Some \$14,000 was spent in collecting texts of the Natchez tongue, and of the Pomo, Yuki, Yandanchi and Washo, as well as the Patwin of California which was previously quite unknown. In all this research the University of Pennsylvania was joined by those of Chicago, Yale, and Harvard, as well as by the great Smithsonian and many State bodies.

Then it was felt that the education of the Indians had been conducted on many lines that were utterly wrong. It was a common saying in the Reservations that three days' feasting at home stripped from returned students all that ten years' schooling by the white men had given them; and that they were all too apt—not, indeed, to leaven the native lump, but rather to shed civilisation with their own 'white' clothes amid all the chants and rites and medicine-man's incantations. Vividly was the return of the young prodigy set out, after he had spent his first night in the paternal hut on a bed-tick stuffed with straw, laid on a mud floor beside the open fire and its earthen pots. A bath? Impossible! The tooth-brush must be used in secret; ridicule of new-fangled 'white' ways was a very hard cross to bear. And the lad was now a plumber, a house-painter, or a carpenter. But he had no tools; there was nothing here to 'plumb' or to paint.

Neither could the Indian Agent find a job for the boy; he had hundreds of such applications before him unfulfilled. It was the same with the girl after her boarding-school course in typing, nursing, keeping accounts, or running a house as the white folks did it. She starts for home in high hopes—she and her bags astride a burro, plodding along a dusty trail with her father, a long-haired, leathery Indian, who jogs on his own spavined mule behind her. For hours they journey into the silence. And then a wretched shack appears. Sitting on the ground before it is a wizened squaw grinding corn, and all around her stretches a limitless waste of scrubby hills and plains . . .

All this has been changed since President Roosevelt made Mr John Collier his Commissioner for Indian Affairs. The old Bureau has been turned inside out, and the new policy is thus officially stated :

'No interference with Indian religious life or ceremonial expression will hereafter be tolerated. The cultural liberty of the Race will be respected and preserved. And it is desirable that our Indians be bi-lingual—fluent in English, and also in their own vital and beautiful languages. Moreover, the Indian arts and crafts are to be prized and fostered, and honoured.'

So was the New Deal of the Great White Father in Washington inaugurated at a pow-wow held in the heart of the Black Hills. Better make the red man a good Indian than a poor and misfit 'white.' Around Mr Collier were assembled Flatheads and Crows and Cheyennes; Arapahoes, Mandanes and Shoshones from Wyoming; Winnebagoes of Iowa and Sioux from the farming Dakotas—with Red Tomahawk, son of the Indian who slew Sitting Bull, acting as interpreter for these. Their 'New Dealer'—a forceful little man, a life-long student of the Race and a lover of them all—was very frank. Great was the Government (he asserted), 'but it shall not go on disgracing itself in Indian affairs.' Mr President, now 'Lone Chief' of the Blackfeet Tribe, as well as Secretary Ickes and the Bureau itself, 'have resolved that the time has come to stop misleading the Indians and to re-write the stupid and cruel laws that rob them and crush out their family lives.' When he

took office Mr Collier found that the Tribal Funds had shrunk from \$100,000,000 to \$12,000,000; moreover, 93 per cent. of expenses was being used in the Bureau's maintenance. But now came the Wheeler-Howard Act, which meant Home Rule for the red man and a general revolution in the old régime, under which lands were fast vanishing and native life demeaned and pauperised by steady degrees.

Even some of their white friends had taken disastrous roads of reform. That devout Methodist, General Pratt, sought to wipe out 'Indianism,' removing the children from their parents at the age of six and never permitting them to return; so that all might be 'white' in a generation or so. Mr Collier has closed the boarding-schools. I cannot present all this Commissioner's reforms: they include a new Indian Civil Service, new Courts, new methods of training and self-government, and in general a high appreciation of the Race and its future potentialities in the U.S. body politic. Mr Collier himself has been good enough to send me a survey of the dismal past, with its many wrongs and palterings. And as Mr Roosevelt has given him a free hand with full Executive support, the Commissioner has planned a revolution, no less, in favour of his charges. This I may briefly summarise here: A special Act of Congress passed in 1924 made the Indians U.S. citizens, in token of their loyal service in the World War. Yet as Government 'wards,' two-thirds of them were still unable to make contracts, or borrow money, or hire legal aid—or even to secure their own funds without a permit from the Washington Bureau.

First came the land-problem, which is the main cause of their poverty. This was based on the 'Allotment' System of 1887, which in turn was aimed at the 'whitening' of the Indian, and is the cause of all his woes. Man, woman, and child, all were given a tract of land by the Secretary of the Interior: it was tax-free and could not be sold or mortgaged during the trust term of twenty-five years. But after that? It went for a song, or else the heirs lost it to white men. Moreover, after all the tracts were doled out in a Reservation, any surplus land could be bought by white homesteaders for as low as \$1.25 an acre. In this the Tribe had no voice, though solemn Treaties had guaranteed the land to it 'for ever.' In

this way were lost 43,000,000 acres. To-day the red men own but 47,000,000 acres, and of this nearly half is desert, or semi-arid lands. Then the cost of bureaucratic rule grew enormous. In one Agency, out of \$80,000 available, no less than \$65,000 went in real-estate costs leaving only \$15,000 for education, hygiene, and relief. The authors of this system hoped that 'by destroying tribal holdings, tribal life would be also destroyed, and in time the Indian would "go white," alike in his tastes, aptitudes, and abilities.' But in fact he only became 'bewildered, demoralised, and discouraged.'

Red he remained *quand même*, 'although autocratically ruled at long range from Washington by a Bureau which ordained even the details of his personal life.' . . . 'We have failed to prepare him for our civilisation, we have done our best to suppress his sense of belonging to his own.' On the other hand, those Indians who escaped the 'Allotment System'—say, the Navajos and Pueblos of the South-West—have largely kept their own social, economic, and religious institutions. These are the most fortunate of all; the most vital and least 'broken' in a psychological sense; and they are to-day in the best condition among our Indian population.

The moral is plain, and was fully demonstrated by the Indian Emergency Conservation Works project carried out under the N. R. A. Act. Here 15,000 red men were employed in the Navajo Reservation in soil erosion service, with Indian foremen and machinists, electricians, clerks, and skilled artisans, all of them working to reclaim a vast domain that was fast degenerating into a desert.

Then new day-schools were opened with funds from the Public Works appropriation. And, lastly, came the Wheeler-Howard Act which is the new Indian 'Bill of Rights.' . . . 'It is an exact reversal of our historic Indian policy at every point. But who can look on our red men to-day—poverty-stricken, dying at twice the white man's rate, hampered in education and opportunity, as well as hopeless and distrustful—and not say that such a *volte-face* is amply justified?

This race has already produced able men in public life, alike in Canada and the United States: Mr Hoover's Vice-President (Mr Charles Curtis) was a half-bred Kaw, brought up on the native Reservation in Kansas. No

social stigma attaches to the marriage of white persons with educated Indians : even Virginia's aristocracy are proud of their descent from the Indian notables of history. To-day, aboriginal music and painting, as well as Indian folklore and poesy, attract widespread attention from cultured Americans.

So fresh dispensation is at hand for the Tribes. In stately language I heard them pay grateful homage to the President, as their forefathers did to white leaders long ago on Jamestown Island and Plymouth Rock. It was a moving sight to watch a Chieftain, fully arrayed and plumed, chanting aloud the thanks of his people to Mr Roosevelt in the new Executive Office in the White House grounds. He used simple words in the manner of a Pindaric ' singer of stitched verse '—*ραπτῶν ἐπέων ἀοιδοί*—one who makes plain the mystical surge of calm strong souls of true Hellenic mould. For, as we have seen, the red man receives fair fortune or foul with the serenity of Neoptolemus in Sophocles :

' Mortals needs must bear
The chances which the gods on high shall give.'

IGNATIUS PHAYRE.

Art. 11.—BRUSSELS OVER FIFTY YEARS.

1. *Leopold of the Belgians*. By Comte Louis de Lichtervelde. Heinemann, 1929.
2. *Leopold the Unloved*. By Ludwig Bauer. Cassell, 1934.
3. *Histoire de Belgique*. Vol. VII. By H. Pirenne. Bruxelles: Lamertin, 1932.
4. *La Belgique et la guerre mondiale*. By H. Pirenne. Les Presses Universitaires de France, 1928.
5. *Belgium under the German Occupation*. By Brand Whitlock. Heinemann, 1919.
6. *Belgium*. By Emile Cammaerts. Fisher Unwin, 1921.
7. *The Treasure House of Belgium*. By Emile Cammaerts. Macmillan, 1924.

How weary one grows of the stock phrases applied to great cities—The Modern Athens, The Venice of the North, Dear Dirty Dublin, and so on! It is bad enough when they are kept in currency by the average man, but one resents them even more when they are used by writers of mark. Years before the War (which, of course, was to change many opinions) Mr G. K. Chesterton, in a little essay in his book, 'Tremendous Trifles,' not merely repeated the time-worn catchword that Brussels is nothing but an imitation Paris, but expounded this entirely misleading notion in words so characteristically emphatic as to be unforgettable. 'Except for some fine works of art, which seem to be there by accident,' he declared, 'the city of Brussels is like a bad Paris, a Paris with everything noble cut out and everything nasty left in.' Then, having discoursed in his antithetical way on the contrasted glories and miseries, nobility and shame, of the French capital, he dashed off the following :

'Now Brussels is Paris without this constant purification of pain. Its indecencies are not regrettable incidents in an everlasting revolution. It has none of the things which make good Frenchmen love Paris; it has only the things which make unspeakable Englishmen love it. It has the part which is cosmopolitan—and narrow; not the part which is Parisian—and universal. You can find there (as commonly happens in modern centres) the worst things of all nations. . . . But there is no English broad fun . . . no American exhilaration, and, above all, no French tradition of fighting for an idea.

Though all the boulevards look like Parisian boulevards, though all the shops look like Parisian shops, you cannot look at them steadily for two minutes without feeling the full distance between, let us say, King Leopold and fighters like Clemenceau and Déroulède.

The wildness of this onslaught will be manifest surely to everyone who has spent more than a few days in Brussels. No 'fighting for an idea,' as in France, in the city of Burgomaster Max!—in the city ceaselessly enlivened even now by the thrilling strains of the *Brabançonne*! The Hôtel de Ville and the Grand' Place, matchless of their kind throughout the world, 'by accident,' merely, in the Brussels which saw their gradual growth hundreds of years ago! As for the lack of the 'broad fun' and the 'exhilaration,' I can only exhort Mr Chesterton to revisit the Belgian capital! Cured of such lamentable fallacies by a longer stay there, he would, I believe, soon qualify to be its most whole-hearted panegyrist. Listen to this account of a familiar aspect of Brussels life penned by one of the most distinguished Belgians of to-day, M. Emile Cammaerts—does it not call out for the epithet, Chestertonian?

'The instinct for clubbing together is perhaps more deeply rooted in the Capital than anywhere else in the Kingdom. The number of guilds, corporations, "serments," societies for all kinds of sport (archery, skittles, "balles au tamis"), thrift societies, choral, orchestral, and dramatic societies, defies imagination. People join forces for the sole purpose of eating and walking together, and there still exists, or at any rate there still existed until shortly before the War, a club called the "Cockchafer Hunters," whose members wandered through the countryside in summer, wearing the green uniform of their Brotherhood. Needless to say, the destruction of the cockchafers was merely a pretext for merriment and good cheer. Like all Belgians, the Bruxellois is especially fond of a bright display of colour and of brilliant pageantry. The splendid frame of the Grand' Place is a great asset to any historical procession or tournament, and the best painters, sculptors, and musicians are frequently called upon to help with the arrangements.'

That reference to King Leopold, also, was most unfair. Brussels has had its gallant and brilliant citizens, its Clemenceaus and its Déroulèdes, just as Paris had a

Leopold II (to a certain point) in Napoleon III. And, as it happens, the notables of Brussels, whether in art or literature or politics, towards the end of last century and at the beginning of this, were just the kind of men in whom Mr Chesterton, had he known them, would have been certain to delight. M. Cammaerts reminds us of some of them: Constantin Meunier, the sculptor, for instance, 'who opened a new field by his idealisation of agricultural and industrial work'; Jacob Smits, who, like Breughel, brought 'the Christian story close to the people's hearts amidst Flemish contemporary surroundings'; Camille Lemonnier, the novelist, journalist, and critic; Emile Verhaeren, the national poet; Maeterlinck, most famous of them all, so much of whose work shows the influence of Flemish mysticism and miracle plays; and, last but not least, Max Waller, the founder of '*La Jeune Belgique*.' The great strength of this periodical, says M. Cammaerts,

'lay in the fact that, apart from its bold challenge to the public prejudice that no real literature could flourish in Belgium, it was entirely eclectic, with regard both to literary traditions and to politics. Catholics, Liberals, Socialists, Mystics, Realists, defenders of regular verse and of free verse, were all placed on the same footing, Waller's idea being to admit all original and interesting contributions. The Brotherhood did not last very long, but when it broke up, after about ten years, its work had been accomplished.'

It was a forerunner of the '*Mercure de France*,' and several of its contributors were to be an inspiration in Parisian circles.

Of one other conspicuous Brussels figure I can speak with more personal knowledge, the late M. Gérard Harry, close friend and biographer of both Maeterlinck and Burgomaster Max, translator of '*La Princesse Lointaine*' into English for production at the Haymarket Theatre, founder in 1894 of '*Le Petit Bleu*,' the first illustrated daily paper on the Continent, and for some years editor of that fine journal, now more than a century old, the '*Indépendance Belge*.' M. Harry, born in Paris in 1856, was an exceptional man in many ways, not least in this, that, being of English parentage—the son of a '*Daily Telegraph*' correspondent in Paris who met with financial

reverses—he chose to be a French citizen. As an ambitious boy of eleven, with no hope of adequate schooling, he succeeded, through a bold appeal to Napoleon III, in getting himself educated at the expense of the French State. While remaining ardently a Frenchman, he went to Brussels in 1874 to earn his livelihood and married in 1878 a Belgian lady with whom he lived in rapturous bliss until her death in 1927. 'Their love for each other was so fervent . . . so touching, so complete,' declares his friend Maeterlinck, 'that in the whole course of my existence I have never known the like.' Not long before his own death in 1933, M. Harry wrote his reminiscences in several volumes and he sent them to me. Perhaps the most noteworthy thing about them was the author's censorious attitude towards Great Britain, and his out-and-out admiration of King Leopold. It would have amused me to hand them to some patriotic English journalist of kindred temperament—someone as hot-blooded and combative and outspoken—and to watch the result. M. Harry was a Don Quixote of the Press. That, he himself felt, was his chief title to respect. In this capacity he had achieved some admirable things—among them the institution of a Fresh Air Fund for poor Brussels children. But, astonishing as it may seem to us, what he most prided himself on was his championship of King Leopold against British assailants. His paper, 'Le Petit Bleu,' went down in 1909 in the great battle over the Congo. Here is his own reflection upon the matter :

'The Don Quixotes of the pen must know beforehand that they are destined to many cruel mortifications as was he of La Mancha and of the lance, above all, when they measure their frail weapon not against windmills but against real wicked giants. No matter ! Let the Don Quixotes persist ! They will die happy to have fought for their dreams, facing no matter what risks and bearing up against no matter what penalties.'

A noble sentiment ! And straight from old Gérard Harry's warm, simple, generous heart ! But what strange reading for any of the hundreds of thousands of English men and English women who in 1909 were thinking of E. D. Morel as the Don Quixote and of Leopold II as the wicked giant !

These Brussels worthies played their parts in the life of the city, together with many political leaders whose names are little known outside Belgium ; but it is, one must admit, a fact that they were all thrown into the shade from a spectacular standpoint by King Leopold. One is apt in retrospect to visualise the Brussels of the closing quarter of last century and the first nine years of this as a background to the King's strange and dominating personality. From the time of that great congress of explorers which he called together in 1876 down to the day of his death, it was nearly always Leopold who brought the eyes of the world upon the Belgian capital. And from an even earlier date he had come to be its principal builder. In his very first public speech, in 1865, a few days after his accession to the throne, when the civic authorities were expecting only a ceremonial discourse from him, he proclaimed his intention to renovate the city, which had suffered so long, he declared, from 'the emanations of an unwholesome river.' And he had been as good as his word. The all but stagnant Senne was quickly lost to sight and Brussels was adorned with its first lines of stately boulevards, among them the Boulevard Anspach. Needless to catalogue here the countless other improvements and embellishments which were to follow, all of them through the King's initiative, most of them made possible by the Congo !

King Leopold's champions, while unable to close their eyes completely to the Congo scandals, make very light of them. Comte Louis de Lichtervelde dismisses the famous Casement report and all Mr E. D. Morel's charges with a sneer. He and other Belgian biographers admit that Leopold may be classed, perhaps, with such guileful statesmen as Cavour, but they will not admit much more than that ; and they cite Cavour's cynical exclamation : 'What scoundrels we should be, if we did for ourselves the things we are prepared to do for Italy !' They maintain that what Leopold did was always for the welfare and aggrandisement of Belgium, not for himself. One of the most interesting chapters in the latest biography of the King, 'Leopold the Unloved,' by Ludwig Bauer, is that entitled 'Belgium is a Cage.' Mr Bauer maintains that Leopold's mind, especially in the 'eighties, was continually harassed by the thought that his kingdom was

too small for him. 'Was there no way out of his cage? Must he *for ever* continue to play the King in this pocket-handkerchief of a country with an area of barely more than 11,000 square miles?' Whatever amount of truth there may be in this view of Leopold, he undoubtedly contrived to achieve enough both for Belgium and for Brussels to satisfy the ambitions of any reasonable man. But for his foresight and statesmanship in respect to the national defences, Belgium would have fallen an absolutely helpless prey to the Germans in 1914 instead of thrilling all mankind by the splendid stand she made. Who shall measure the tremendous effects for the whole world of those few days of resolute and efficient heroism?

One of the strangest things about King Leopold did not become noticeable until after his death. This observant and singularly clever man seems to have been blind to the great character of his nephew and heir. King Albert was not on the throne many weeks before the Belgians discovered that their new ruler, in his very different way, was as notable a sovereign as his predecessor. From early boyhood King Albert had been keenly interested in science, above all, in its modern practical applications. He had made a special study of aviation and of shipbuilding. After a course at the Belgian Military Academy, he had spent a year in Germany as an officer of the Grenadiers of the Prussian Guard Corps. He had always kept a watchful eye on the social conditions of Belgium, and, to obtain first-hand knowledge of the lives of the toilers, he had actually worked, under an assumed name, as a miner in the coal-field of the Borinage, living, on his weekly wage, as a lodger in the home of a collier family! His travels had included a visit to the United States, and, just before his accession, a long journey in Africa, accompanied by his wife, the much-loved Princess Elizabeth of Bavaria. Landing at Cape Town, he travelled through British South Africa, reached the Congo State by the mining district of Katanga, and then followed by easy stages, with visits to every important centre, the course of the Congo to the sea. Everywhere on his travels he had made friends. On his return to Brussels, artists, writers, and scientists were among those welcomed to his home circle. In a hundred ways he had sought zealously to

perfect himself for the position to which Destiny had called him. Is it too much to say that in King Albert, Belgium was given the most self-less and most high-minded King known to history—and the most universally admired ?

I wonder whether many of my readers are acquainted with the two big volumes, containing nearly a thousand well-filled pages, in which the late Mr Brand Whitlock, American Minister to the Belgian Court when War broke out, recorded his personal memories of the years 1914–17 in Brussels. Not a great many, I imagine. I have met few readers of the work. I came on it myself quite recently, led to it not only by my interest in Belgium, but also by the desire to know more of the author, whose biography of Lafayette I had enjoyed. He was, I felt, a man it would be a delight to meet and talk with. It was a shock to learn of his death in June of last year. One finds it difficult to think of him as dead when one browses in this book of his on Belgium—it is so palpitating with life. It radiates so wonderfully the author's own warm feelings. The second volume has for frontispiece a portrait of him by Franz Van Holder. He is seated sideways, but looking towards the reader: his rather long, thin, intellectual, refined face is very serious-looking, but one can almost fancy it smiling at the next moment. One imagines the man to have been as sympathetic and attractive as his books.

In 'Belgium under German Occupation' he is continually brightening his poignant narrative with little vignettes of Brussels scenes. The book is not actually a diary, but it is almost in diary form, and we can visualise him at work on it in the American Legation in the Quartier Léopold, the quarter which is sacred to the aristocracy and lies West of the boulevards of the 'upper town.' Conrad, in one of his stories, shudders at the grey melancholy of the Quartier Léopold houses, their monotonous façades that have a way, Brand Whitlock admits, 'of scowling gloomily in the rain that drops down so easily from the low, grey Northern skies.' The American Minister, however, had the *entrée* to all the best of those houses and came to know the charm of their stately interiors, the beauty of their subdued colouring, the

exquisite lines of their French furniture, the loveliness of their formal gardens—the mystery ‘of high walls with the blossoms of wistaria or the bloom of a peach-bough falling over them in spring.’ The American Legation, on the corner of the Rue Belliard and the Rue de Trèves, did very well for the ordinary years of peace, he tells us, though it was hardly prepared for the time ‘when it was to be daily crowded with the victims of tragedies that even Joseph Conrad could not have imagined and to become the strange stage of events that are now part of the history of the dear, the charming, the tragic land’; the time when the Legation became the refuge of nearly all the foreigners stranded in the Capital, beginning with the French and the Germans. Presently Brand Whitlock was to assume diplomatic charge of the affairs of half the countries of Europe! His first important task was, with the co-operation of the Belgian Government, to repatriate the Germans—5000 one night, 2500 the next, and so on. ‘The action of the Belgian Government in this emergency,’ he tells us, ‘was superb in spirit and in execution, and the population nobly generous.’

His first volume opens dramatically with scraps of conversation heard at the German Legation after a great official dinner given by Herr von Bülow-Saleski in May that year. The German Minister has been showing Whitlock a valued trophy, a silver bowl with a jagged bullet-hole through it and a history. ‘I have never had a post,’ he said, ‘where there has not been trouble; in Turkey it was the Revolution, in China it was the Boxers. I am a bird of ill omen.’ He laughed and continued: ‘But now I have the most tranquil post in Europe; nothing can happen in Brussels.’ And Brand Whitlock was of the same feeling. Nothing could happen in Brussels. As soon as the season was over, he would betake himself to his little rural retreat at Bois-Fleuri, with nothing to think about but the links at Ravenstein and the manuscript of a novel he had long wished to write!

Diplomatic functions of this kind, a *soirée* at the house of Prince Charles de Ligne on the Avenue des Arts, a reception at the Hôtel de Ville, an afternoon party at the Wittoucks to hear Debussy, a ball at the Palace, the Queen’s garden-party at the Summer Palace at Laeken—such was the pre-War life of fashionable Brussels. Above

all, there was the Opera—the opera every night, if one cared to go, at the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie; all the old operas, and the “Ring of the Nibelungen,” sung by a German company from the Opera at Dresden with German thoroughness, not a line cut out—and Wagner needs a blue pencil.’ ‘La Monnaie,’ continues Whitlock, ‘is the soul of the city; it was in this very theatre, at a performance of Auber’s “La Muette de Portici,” that the Revolution of 1830 burst forth. Everyone goes—the men keeping on their opera hats until the curtain rises, standing and sweeping the loges with their glasses, and the royal box to see if the little Queen, who is very fond of music, is there, or across at Burgomaster Max’s box to see if M. Max has come. . . .’ Already then, before the War, M. Adolphe Max, who had been elected Burgomaster in 1909, was an outstanding figure: ‘*svelte*, pale, with his prominent eyes, his pointed blonde beard, his curling moustaches.’ The Brussels season of 1914 ended, as usual, in the last days of May. The princes, dukes, counts, and barons went to their châteaux in the country or to their various cures, or, if they remained at home, they closed their houses. Throughout June and most of July, the Quartier Léopold remained silent and deserted, heavy shutters up at all its windows.

But with that June had come the shot at Sarajevo that was to change the face of the world. Enthralling even now is Brand Whitlock’s record of the events that followed: the High Mass sung at the church of St Jacques-sur-Caudenberg for the soul of the murdered prince; the memorable service at Ste-Gudule on July 21, the National Fête day, attended by the King and Queen and their children; the news of the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia on the 25th. On Aug. 1, a Saturday, at 6 a.m., there was an urgent knock at Whitlock’s door, and there stood Omer, his servant, now in soldier’s uniform—the rough blue tunic, the linen pantaloons, and the little *bonnet de police*.’ He stood at the salute. ‘C’est la guerre, Excellence!’

The Palais de la Nation, the Belgian parliament house, has always been one of the sights of Brussels. It can never have been better worth seeing than on the morning of the Tuesday that followed—Aug. 4. Brand Whitlock arrived there at 10 a.m., just as Sir Francis

Villiers, the British Minister, was entering, and they went up the red-carpeted staircase together to the diplomatic gallery. Below were the senators and deputies, all in formal black, some seated, quietly waiting, others in excited groups, discussing the ultimatum of last night and the invasion of the land. The Duc d'Ursel was there in the uniform of the Guides. The Ministers, after their sleepless nights, were on their benches—the Baron de Broqueville, MM. Davignon, Carton de Wiart, Hymans, the new Liberal *Ministre d'État*, and Vandervelde, the new Socialist *Ministre d'État*, receiving congratulations. The hall is a hemicycle with columns all around, not unlike the chamber of the Supreme Court, the old Senate at Washington, though larger. The time had not been sufficient to erect the red velvet throne; instead a red and gold fauteuil was placed for the King on the President's dais; overhead, under the white statue of Leopold I, was the escutcheon of Belgium and a trophy of flags from Belgium and the Congo. The diplomatic tribune was hung with Belgian flags also. . . . A wait of some minutes and there came through the open window the strain of a band and suddenly a voice cried: 'La Reine!'

'And there was her charming Majesty, all in white, wearing a hat with great white plumes, lovely and gracious, just entering the chamber below to our left, acknowledging the loyal salute with sweeping curtsies, right and left. She was escorted by a committee of deputies, and had a modest suite—the Countess Henricourt de Grunne, the Grande Maitresse, in a violet gown; the two little princes, Léopold, the Duke of Brabant, the heir apparent, and Charles, Count of Flanders, in black satin suits, and the elfish little Princess Marie José.'

Then comes the King, the deputies shouting in a united voice, deep, rough, masculine, in a mighty crescendo: 'Vive le Roi! Vive le Roi! Vive le Roi!' It seemed to Whitlock as though they could not shout it loudly enough. 'As they stood there, some in tears, Catholic, Liberal, Socialist, those distinctions faded; it was Belgium acclaiming her King.'

No nation could wish for more splendid exemplars of all its finest qualities than Belgium found during the War in King Albert, Cardinal Mercier, and Burgomaster

Max of Brussels. Not all the stories about M. Max that were told at the time were true. It is not true, for instance, that 'when the Germans entered Brussels as conquerors he insisted upon riding at the head of the ill-ordered procession,' as the late Charles Whibley declared in the 'Daily Mail,' in one of those spirited contributions which he entitled 'The Letters of an Englishman.' Nor is it exact that, when the German order went forth for beds to be prepared in the Town Hall for three hundred, the Burgomaster interposed dramatically with the correction: 'Beds for three hundred and one!' But it is quite true that he remained installed there, day and night, until his arrest in September. Perfectly true, also, is that delightful tale how the German General began what was intended to be a hectoring talk in the Town Hall by planking down his cavalry revolver on the Burgomaster's writing-desk with a clatter, and how M. Max, his large eyes humorously defiant, mocked the bully's action by laying down alongside it his fountain pen! Indeed, by general admission, most of the acts and deeds recorded in illustration of the Burgomaster's wit and adroitness and resolution are so characteristic of him that it is hardly worth while to inquire which are true and which are legendary. His whole bearing was a tonic to his fellow-citizens, and won tributes of admiration even from the outwitted enemy. The Burgomaster had the clauses of the Hague Convention by heart, and was able over and over again, by citing chapter and verse, to prevent the German military authorities from infringing international law as to which they were less well informed. He had exact knowledge, one German official admitted, 'as to everything we had the right to take or impose or demand.' And all the time he was calming his own people and controlling their temper. But for his presence during the first two months or so the occupation of the Capital might have begun with some great catastrophe.

No one has been more eloquent in appreciation of Burgomaster Max than M. Pirenne, the eminent historian of modern Belgium. 'L'exemple du premier magistrat de la capitale,' he writes, 'montra à ses collègues la voie à suivre. Sa déportation, le 26 Septembre, 1914, au lieu de les terroriser ne fit que fouetter leur énergie. Elle le transforma en héros national. Il prit place dans la

lignée de ces martyrs de la liberté : les Artevelde, les Egmont, les Agnéésens, les Laruelle, dont la légende se conservait au sein du peuple.' M. Pirenne brackets M. Max with Cardinal Mercier, as one of the two great men who stood out at this critical moment as champions and symbols of Belgian independence. Of the Cardinal, he says :

'... sa puissante personnalité ne s'était pas encore révélée au public. Sa qualité de chef de l'Eglise Belge, l'eût rendu en temps de paix incapable d'agir sur les libéraux et les socialistes. La guerre fit de lui l'incarnation de ce sentiment national qui avait uni tous les partis en une même volonté. Le retentissement de sa lettre pastorale du 1^{er} Janvier, 1915, en dehors de l'enceinte des églises s'étendit à tout le peuple.'

Since the War, Brussels has had few memorable events to record in its annals, apart from the funeral, last year, of King Albert, and the accession of King Leopold, with his charming young Swedish consort ; nor has the aspect of the Capital undergone any great changes. One beneficent development in the life of the city does, however, call for notice : the continued progress and increased prestige of that school for the training of Belgian hospital nurses, of which Edith Cavell was made Principal in 1907, and to which her heroic life and death were to bring undying fame. In 1913, only twenty-four young nurses were being trained ; in 1933, the number had grown to 107. Now, with a medical dispensary and a maternity ward attached, the school has established itself as an institution of first-rate importance, cramped only, as most such institutions are cramped, by inadequate funds. Is there any enterprise in all Europe more worthy of British support ?

FREDERIC WHYTE.

Art. 12.—THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA BILL.

The Cambridge Shorter History of India. By J. Allan, Sir T. Wolsley Haig, K.C.I.E., C.S.I., and H. H. Dodwell. Edited by H. H. Dodwell. Cambridge University Press, 1934.

So much attention has been focussed upon the Indian constitutional problem for so long a period of time that, at the very moment when all the labours expended upon it are being brought to fruition, the immediate situation created by the introduction of the reforms may prove to be something in the nature of an anti-climax. While it will be all to the good if the acrimony it has engendered were to subside, it would be deplorable indeed if either Parliament or the nation, excusably wearied of the long controversy and anxious to be concerned with pressing reforms at home, were to under-estimate the implications of a measure which will affect for good or ill the fortunes of a continent populated by a fifth of the human race.

Manifestly there is no fear that there will be any slackening of interest in India itself. On the contrary, if well-established precedent is to be taken into account, there will be a crescendo of adverse criticism until the moment arrives for translating words into action, and the smooth operation of the reforms may be prejudiced by the unconciliatory attitude of those Indian political leaders who, for various and conflicting purposes, may decide to contribute nothing but an element of obstruction both in the Legislatures and the Administration. On every account, therefore, it is supremely important that the interest of Englishmen in the problem here at home should be sustained. So far as any just estimate can be formed it must be assumed that the average intelligent English elector, embarrassed, as he no doubt is, with the responsibility of making a decision upon a matter with which he must, in the nature of things, be unfamiliar, recognises that the Bill dealing with the Indian Constitution offers to India a scheme of reform not hastily devised to serve some party purpose, but the result of a protracted concentration of effort upon the problem by all the experts best qualified to determine its solution. It must be some consolation to those who have found difficulty in arriving at any conclusion that the Joint Select Committee, if not

without a dissentient voice, made its recommendations with a measure of concurrence which in view of the complicated and controversial nature of the subject must appear truly remarkable.

But the electorate of this country, more especially that section of it which now complains that the Government has no mandate to modify the Indian Constitution, would do well to bear in mind the genesis of the scheme of reform which has been submitted ultimately for decision to the Imperial Parliament. Given birth to by a memorable proclamation of Queen Victoria, its growth can be traced through a series of State papers and instruments—the Montagu-Chelmsford Report, the consequent report of the Joint Select Committee set up in the year 1919, the amendments of the Government of India Act in accordance with the findings of that Committee, the Report of the Royal Statutory Commission, which owed its creation to one of those amendments, the simultaneous commentary of the Government of India, the report of the Indian States Committee under the chairmanship of Sir Harcourt Butler, the famous White Paper which embodied the conclusions of the Round Table Conference, and finally the recommendations of the Joint Select Committee which have been embodied almost intact in the Government of India Bill at present engaging the attention of British legislators. Surely the average elector in this country must pause and reflect before accepting without reserve any alternative proposals suggested by politicians and others whose authority compares very unfavourably in the balance with the formidable weight of experience thrown into the opposite scale.

The conclusions which the Joint Select Committee have submitted to the Government were arrived at by a laborious process of examining all possible alternatives and eliminating those that seemed less practicable. Having been privileged to take some part in the long preliminary deliberations, I can state without fear of contradiction that there is not a single alternative scheme hitherto offered for examination which has not been both in its principle and in its detail tested meticulously by all the best qualified experts. The electorate, therefore, can rest assured that if any one comes forward at the eleventh hour professing to have discovered a new and ingenious

alternative it is neither new nor ingenious. Moreover, it is necessary to indicate that the criticisms levelled against the Government's policy both in England and in India are mutually destructive. Indian politicians who attach any importance to the opinions of Fleet Street must be somewhat bewildered when they read, on one and the same morning, the considered opinion of the 'Daily Herald' 'that the grant of responsible government whether in the Provinces or ultimately at the Centre is largely illusory. Such fettered freedom is neither responsible government nor self-government,' and the 'Daily Mail' assuring them that 'this marks the end of British India. The King's Eastern Empire will be handed over to Gandhi and the Congress Party.'

As so often happens when a Government is exposed to a simultaneous cross fire from its own party and the party opposite, the two sets of assailants occasionally miss the common objective and inflict injury upon each other. Not the least intriguing feature of their combined attack is that they severally draw totally different conclusions from the same set of circumstances. For instance, Mr Lansbury uses the adverse vote of the Congress Party in the Central Legislature to arrive at his decision that we should grant a more liberal measure of reforms. Starting from the same premise, Mr Winston Churchill concludes that we have made too great a concession to Indian aspirations. Incidentally, it is somewhat imprudent for Mr Winston Churchill and his followers in the House of Commons to argue that because the India Bill has encountered opposition in India, therefore we must arrest its progress towards the Statute Book. There can be no doubt that Mr Winston Churchill's alternative scheme would be unanimously denounced by every race and creed from Cape Comorin to the Himalayas, in addition to raising troubles with which we might find it difficult to cope. We cannot resist the conclusion that if we are to condemn any scheme merely because it meets with Indian opposition we have no course open but to reject summarily that which Mr Winston Churchill contributes. The two varieties of extremist fail to appreciate that they are playing into each other's hands. If the English reactionaries had their way the Indian extremists could make the situation impossible in India,

and if on the other hand the views of the latter were to prevail the situation would become embarrassing enough in the English constituencies. The inference to be drawn, almost too obvious to mention, is that those of moderate and common-sense views in both countries must co-operate, and this end can only be achieved if concessions are made on both sides. Most of those who have taken a part in attempts to solve the problem, not excepting the signatories of the Report of the Statutory Commission, have learned the necessity of modifying their preconceived views. The problem is far too complex, far too many-headed, for any one to adopt or to sustain an unyielding attitude in relation to any part of it without due consideration to the whole.

At its face value and isolated from many of the relevant issues the criticism of Mr Winston Churchill appears devastating enough. But its force and dimensions contract when we come to inquire as to what effective substitute it is that he proposes to set in place of the Government scheme. The initial difficulty we experience in analysing it is to discover whether there is any agreed scheme whatsoever advocated by Mr Winston Churchill and the malcontents. They are evidently not unanimous in their obscurantism. But even if they could secure a consensus of opinion in favour of a Federation of All India—and surely they cannot be suggesting anything so impracticable as a Federation of British India?—upon the condition that the Centre should remain unmodified, they must be aware that the Princes would not accept such terms as the price of their accession. As soon as they come in contact with the problem of the States the whole of their case collapses. On the subject of the States they are barren of ideas.

It is true they concur in giving a grudging assent to the setting up of autonomous Provinces on the condition that law and order is not transferred, a recommendation that can only be described as a contradiction in terms; but the recent debates in Committee on the Bill have not clarified their attitude towards the question of responsibility at the Centre. Until recently it had been taken for granted that their main objection to the Government's scheme was that it conferred responsibility upon Indian Ministers. For years they have never ceased to stigmatise

the suggested reforms as the policy of surrender. It is difficult to appreciate how that term could bear any other interpretation but the transfer of responsibility from British into Indian hands. But Mr Winston Churchill, on March 12, sprung a surprise upon the Committee in the House of Commons when he said in the course of his speech :

'No one can read that Clause and the Clauses which immediately follow which enable the Governor-General himself to legislate by ordinance or by proclamation or to take over at any time the entire Constitution, in conjunction with Clause 18, and imagine that what is being given to this new body, to these institutions is responsible government or anything like it. It is a farce and a mockery on the name of responsible government. When we are told that the Princes insisted on responsible government and now say that they will not come in, they have a right to say that the condition of responsible government has not been made good.'*

This notable pronouncement surely knocks the bottom out of the case which has been made with so much eloquence for so long a time by Mr Winston Churchill and those associated with him in opposition to the India Bill. Responsibility is no longer the bugbear. The real truth is that they have entirely failed to appreciate the essential nature of the reforms. It is manifestly impossible with the best intention in the world to give Indians full responsibility until they themselves supply the missing factors without which responsibility is a meaningless phrase. Until the conditions which create responsibility are present not the most ingenious drafting in a written instrument can effect the desired result. When Indians supply these conditions it will be perfectly safe to give them full responsibility. The process is self-corrective. But we are endeavouring in the measure of responsibility we are giving—qualified as it is with safeguards and reservations—to assist in creating conditions which will gradually render safeguards unnecessary in proportion as Indians prove themselves willing or capable of dispensing with them.

It is quite true that the Statutory Commission reported against responsibility at the Centre. Mr Winston

* Official Report, House of Commons Debates, March 12.

Churchill and his friends have made great play with its reservation under this head. Incidentally, it is somewhat intriguing for the authors of the Report to discover that what was originally ignored by all parties is now quoted to serve varying and conflicting purposes. But while due allowance should be made for the fact that Sir John Simon and his colleagues were submitting recommendations for a Federation of British India and that their terms of reference precluded them from taking into consideration the possibility of the accession of the States, it would be only fair to admit that they failed to take sufficient account of the embarrassing position of an irresponsible Executive confronted by a Federal Assembly which was itself a microcosm of the Legislatures of self-governing Provinces burdened with the invidious task of imposing taxes of which the autonomous Provinces would enjoy the proceeds. Moreover, all reliable authorities now seem to acquiesce in the view that without some measure of responsibility at the Centre it would not be possible to guarantee that strong and stable government which it was the object of the Statutory Commission to secure. The Executive and the Legislature being perpetually at loggerheads obviously makes for neither strong nor stable government. On the other hand, the composition of the Central Legislature, including representatives of the Princes together with the reservations and the safeguards as recommended by the Joint Select Committee, discounts much of the objection raised by the Statutory Commission. Finally, the fact that the Princes would never agree to accede without being allowed to exercise an effective vote brings the argument to an inevitable conclusion that some form of responsibility at the Centre is essential in spite of all Mr Churchill's rhetoric.

But let us turn from the examination of criticism emanating from within the ranks of the National Government and analyse the criticism of its normal opponents. Two views are held in the Labour Party : the first voiced by Mr Lansbury, the Leader of the Opposition, one founded rather upon the traditional principles of the Labour Party and not very well-informed at that ; the second, which finds its exponent in Mr Attlee, a more moderate line derived from his experience upon the Simon Commission and the Joint Committee of both

Houses. In a broadcast speech of February Mr Lansbury drew a lurid picture of the lamentable plight of India's millions under British rule : their poverty, their ignorance, and their dependence upon an industry which hardly maintains them above the line of starvation. The inference he draws therefrom is twofold. In the first place, with characteristic naivety, he opines that had India during the past hundred years been able to govern herself things would have been otherwise. This is a proposition which it is obviously not possible to debate, but Mr Lansbury ignores or has banished from his mind the appalling condition of the Indian peoples which, on the testimony of history, obtained before the *pax Britannica*. He makes light of the remarkable achievements of the British Raj in the face of almost overwhelming difficulties—securing to the peasant his rights to the land he holds, rendering fertile the soil he tills by means of the most colossal irrigation works in the whole world, capitalising industries which have added untold wealth to the Indian Empire, establishing and codifying a sound legal system, and instituting a highly efficient administration in education, health, and other services beneficial to India's teeming population. But Mr. Lansbury fails to suggest what particular form of national government in all probability would have prevailed had the East India Company never traded in India. Supposing it was possible to conceive any form of nationalism, the destinies of India would probably have been in the hands of a Brahmin oligarchy. Whether the Indian peasant would have been any the better off under such a dispensation it is impossible to determine ; but in all probability, without the binding force of English administration and of the English language India, left a prey to internecine strife, would have been irreparably dissolved into warring elements, a situation hardly calculated to improve the lot of the Indian peasant or to insure due attention being paid to ' nation building services.' But it is obviously of little avail to dogmatise upon what might have been, had circumstances been entirely different from what in fact they were.

The second inference that Mr Lansbury draws is that it would be preferable that the Indian people should formulate their own constitution. Here we have incontrovertible facts to determine our conclusions. Such

a proposition is not quite so simple as Mr Lansbury seems to think. In the first place he carefully omits to state what he means by the 'Indian people,' and incidentally ignores the fact that on the only occasion that Indian politicians of various race and creed were charged with the responsibility of deciding one of the major problems connected with the reform of the constitution, namely, the basis of communal distribution of seats, Mr Gandhi had to confess with 'feelings of shame and humiliation' that 'the Indian people' were quite incapable of coming to any agreement and were obliged to leave it to the Imperial Parliament to make the decision.

Mr Lansbury was correct in stating that the first reaction in India to the report of the Joint Select Committee had been one of crude hostility. Disapproval of any suggestion for the reform of the Indian Constitution which the Imperial Parliament embodies in a Statute, whatever it may be, seems to be the only common denominator of the various shades of political opinion in India, but if one thing is more certain than another it is that if representatives of the various races, communities, religious sects, and tribes of India could be set down in one room, if any room was capacious enough to hold them, they would never agree unanimously upon any one single point of any of those problems with which the Joint Select Committee was confronted. Therefore, quite apart from the consideration that the Imperial Parliament is directly responsible for the safety and welfare of countless millions of the King-Emperor's subjects in India, and consequently, with the best will in the world, cannot divest itself of its obligations in that direction, there is no alternative but that the Imperial Parliament, albeit in conjunction with any Indian politicians who agree to co-operate, shall decide what form of constitution is most appropriate for India.

It was perfectly clear from the recent three days' debate on the report of the Joint Select Committee in the Indian Legislative Assembly at Delhi that no general agreement had been reached to enable opponents of the report even to put forward one single amendment acceptable to all parties. The value of their criticism therefore varies in inverse ratio to their ability to suggest an agreed alternative. The communal award quite obviously pre-

judged any chance there might have been of the various incompatible elements agreeing upon any alternative to the Government scheme. The fact that communal trouble was quiescent during the period of awaiting Parliament's decision does not alter the fact that it is one of the basic difficulties which has to be faced and which has not been taken into due consideration by any of the Indian political intelligentsia. Mr Lansbury completely ignores this initial and inevitable difficulty.

Mr Attlee's criticisms are pitched in a minor key. He takes the more statesmanlike view that although it is easy enough to criticise it will be better to put this measure of reforms into operation and submit it to the test. Whatever criticism he has to make is founded rather upon his prejudice against vested interests and landlordism in particular monopolising power in the Legislature. While acknowledging this defect it is difficult to appreciate how, in India's present state of development, political power is to be kept out of the hands of the well-to-do classes in India for some indefinite period of time. It would neither be to India's benefit nor would it make for nationalism if the Hindu lawyer were to monopolise political power. Whether Mr Attlee includes the legal profession as a vested interest is not clear ; but he surely must recognise that not until the spread of education and the widening of the franchise qualify more sections of human society in India to take any part in public life will it be possible to entrust the government and the administration of India to any but the propertied and the professional classes. Otherwise it would be necessary to postpone granting India any form of responsible government indefinitely.

It remains only to examine Indian criticisms. When ever throughout the history of the reform of the constitution amendments have been made to the Government of India Act they have always been received with bravely worded denunciations from various political parties and persuasions in India. Although it is an open secret that the Indian political intelligentsia were amazed at the nature and extent of the concessions made by the Montagu-Chelmsford reforms, the expressions of disapproval and derision with which Indians met them might have conveyed the opposite impression. This

uncompromising attitude may be partly accounted for by the fact that free expression of opinion is still a novel experience for a people held in submission for so many centuries, and partly by the consideration that Indians very naturally assume that there is more to be gained by criticism than by acquiescence. Moreover, all human transactions in the East are conducted upon the principle of bargaining. Incidentally the English are not a bargaining race. Indians fail to appreciate that the reforms which are now offered are not the minimum but the maximum instalment which existing circumstances permit.

The views of the extremists need not be taken into serious consideration. They are clamouring for complete and immediate separation. The futility of their claim is too obvious for argument. There is not a single intelligent level-headed Indian who has taken any part either in the Legislatures or in the Administration who believes that such a consummation is practicable within any measurable period of time.

Those Indians who affect to be disappointed with the measure of reforms now proposed seem oblivious of the fact that the supreme merit of the report of the Joint Select Committee is that it provides for a form of constitution capable of developing self-government to whatever extent Indians prove capable of governing themselves. In the introduction of the Statutory Commission Report is to be found the following paragraph: 'The first principle which we would lay down is that the new constitution should as far as possible contain within itself provisions for its own development.' His Majesty's Government has obviously made this first principle the very essence of its present scheme of reform. Indians also are apt to forget that how fast or how slowly the scheme develops towards self-government cannot depend upon laying down definite time-limits, but rather upon the measure of goodwill or the reverse that Indians display in the working of it. At present many of the leaders of the Congress Party are pursuing the shadow of independence instead of laying hold of the substance which is now within their grasp and which contains within itself the potentialities of self-government. From their sterile criticisms it is a relief to turn to the important joint statement issued recently by Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru and

Mr Jayakar, both of whom have made such valuable contributions to the deliberations of the Round Table Conferences and the Joint Select Committee.

These two illustrious Indians did not hesitate to offer their co-operation in the task of elucidating the constitutional problem undertaken by the Imperial Parliament. Both have in an eminent degree the qualities of which leaders are made. It is to be deplored that at present there are not more in India capable of emulating their moral courage or who can bear comparison with them in creative ability and worldly wisdom. Those who deny that India has adequate personnel to control her complicated machinery of government are given some justification by the unhelpful attitude habitually adopted by the majority of those Indians who aspire to guide the destinies of their country. But no charge of dilatoriness can be laid against these two leaders of Indian thought. If due allowance is made for the limitations imposed by circumstances upon the free expression of their views it could not be expected that their joint statement would err on the side of sycophancy. Nevertheless, in the following phrases they make appeal to their compatriots to discard merely destructive tactics :

‘ With all the difficulties and shortcomings of the proposed constitution and with all the attendant disappointment which is perfectly understandable, we cannot foresee in the future the possibility of any constitutional scheme being devised either in England or in India which may be acceptable to the country as a whole. In these circumstances we think that an effort may yet be made to bring about certain amendments which may tend to improve the constitution. We are clear that a negative and non-constructive policy may seriously affect our future for a long time to come, as indeed we are convinced it has affected every decision of the Committee and the general outlook on India in England.’

No one will be disposed to criticise the sentiments contained in this passage, which reflects credit upon the political sagacity of its authors.

But both these distinguished Indian statesmen seem to require that everything should be complete and definite within the written instrument of the constitution and that we should punctuate progress with stated time-

limits. To favour such an expedient is surely a profound error of judgment on their part, especially if their suggestion be applied to the safeguards. It would be injudicious from every point of view to make the written instrument of the constitution more rigid in its application. The history of any country that has drawn up a written constitution proves that a draft which leaves nothing undefined, nothing elastic, nothing capable of modification by circumstances and the trend of events is more stable than progressive. The constitution we give to India should contain within itself the embryo of development and growth, but it will prove barren if we force the plant into maturity before its roots have taken secure hold, all the more so as this particular plant is not indigenous and needs acclimatisation.

But if the statement of the joint authors to the effect that certain amendments can be introduced means the co-operation and active assistance of Indians themselves in the place of the sterile and destructive criticism of which they speak we can all be in agreement. Amendment of the constitution in the form of a larger measure of control and responsibility will be automatic in proportion to the 'co-operation received from those on whom new opportunities of service will be conferred and by the extent to which it is found that confidence can be reposed in their sense of responsibility.' Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru and Mr Jayakar must bear in mind that safeguards have been introduced as the direct result of the attitude adopted by many of their influential compatriots. The report of the Joint Select Committee contains the candid explanation that commercial safeguards would not have been necessary had it not been for the utterances of certain Indian leaders which have had such serious reactions upon trade interests here in Great Britain. Let these two distinguished Indians use their undoubted influence in restraining the more irresponsible section of their fellow-countrymen from prejudicing a situation which is difficult enough without unnecessarily creating additional embarrassments. They themselves both sat upon the Round Table Conference and the Joint Select Committee and, therefore, are well able to appreciate the value of enlightened co-operation.

For the present, and for a period for which it is difficult

to forecast any limit, effective safeguards are absolutely essential. It was in the matter of safeguards that the Command Paper which embodied the findings of the Round Table Conference appeared to many so nebulous. It is probably fair to say that during the deliberations of that Conference the recommendations made both by the Government and the Indian delegates were not submitted to that rigorous ordeal of cross-examination which was the most characteristic feature of the subsequent proceedings of the Joint Select Committee. The Round Table Conference included few, if any, either willing or competent to adopt a critical attitude, nor did it have the advantage of hearing, cross-examining, and re-examining witnesses. But on the Joint Select Committee Indian delegates who had in all probability formed their views entirely upon *ex-parte* reasoning or upon prejudice, for the first time heard the matter debated by those who held opinions contrary to their own. When the Committee was first set up it was alleged by the Conservative group which boycotted its proceedings that it was a packed body of servile adherents of Government nodding assent to the dictates of Government representatives. Incidentally, it is difficult to understand why those who held that view declined the invitation of the Secretary of State to serve on the Committee.

As the published evidence of its proceedings quite clearly demonstrates, nothing could be further from the truth than that the findings of the Joint Select Committee constituted a mere endorsement of those of the Round Table Conference. It is certainly the case that on paper the Government's normal supporters were in a clear majority on the Committee in accordance with form and precedent; but it is no exaggeration to say that among its normal supporters were to be found the severest critics of the White Paper. In fact, as the situation developed in the course of those long months of the Committee's session there was established a middle group which owed much to the mature wisdom and statesmanship of Sir Austen Chamberlain, the resourceful genius of Lord Eustace Percy, and Lord Derby's intimate acquaintance with the requirements of the commercial interests of the North, in addition to the invaluable asset of first-hand experience in administration which such members as

Lord Hardinge and Lord Zetland were qualified to contribute. Whether such a group could have enlisted a majority on the Joint Select Committee in the event of disagreement with the Secretary of State is problematical, but it would certainly have commanded the allegiance of a formidable body of opinion in the country at large. Unless the Government had given way on certain vital amendments which stood in the names of members of that group, even if it could have relied upon a nominal majority of supporters on the Committee, it is doubtful if it could have secured a majority on the floor of the House of Commons.

The White Paper, both in what it contained and in what it omitted, caused the members of this group considerable anxiety. Very early in the deliberations of the Committee it became apparent that not sufficient consideration had been given to the ways and means by which the safeguards were to be operated. Nobody doubts, least of all the intelligent Indian, that the measure of advance towards self-government laid down in the recommendations of the Committee is considerable. All those who have been associated with the government or the administration of the Provinces must fully appreciate the formidable load of responsibility which is to be transferred into inexperienced hands. To surrender, as the Labour Party suggests, unqualified control without reserving some power of effective intervention by the Governor-General and the Governors of the Provinces in the event of deadlock or disaster would be a dereliction of duty on the part of the Imperial Parliament. The risks are far too great ; the consequences of breakdown are far too serious. This consideration influenced what might be called the middle group of the Joint Select Committee in its decision to resist any weakening of the safeguards and to elicit from the Secretary of State a clear pronouncement upon their precise significance and the efficacy of their operation. Sir Samuel Hoare, with a statesman-like accessibility which has characterised his performance throughout his difficult and onerous task, reviewed the whole situation, clarified what was obscure, and adopted amendments which facilitated acceptance of the Government's proposals by many who could not otherwise have acquiesced therein with any degree of consistency.

In view of misgivings which still exist to the effect that no substantial modifications of the original White Paper scheme have been made, it is not inappropriate to summarise the radical alterations of the original proposals contained therein effected by the ultimate decisions of the Joint Select Committee. In order to ensure an increased measure of stability at the Centre, the Upper Chamber, which broadly speaking has equal powers with the Lower, is to be indissoluble, its members being appointed for a period of nine years, one-third of whom will retire every three years. The Lower Chamber is to be constituted by a system of indirect election. Second Chambers are to be set up in five of the Provinces, the power to abolish Second Chambers to be vested in the Imperial Parliament, not, as suggested in the White Paper, in the Indian Legislatures. The additional safeguards recommended in the case of the transfer of Law and Order include the necessity of obtaining the Governor's sanction to any alteration of the Police Acts or rules made under those Acts. Not the least telling argument against transferring Law and Order in the Provinces was that an Indian Minister in charge of the appropriate portfolio would not be able to deal with terrorism in view of the consideration that the secret agents would certainly not trust an Indian Minister, and therefore the sources of secret intelligence would run dry. The White Paper gives no satisfactory solution of this dilemma. The Joint Select Committee on the other hand recommends that the Instrument of Instructions should require the Governor to give directions that no record relating to intelligence affecting terrorism should be disclosed to any one (not even to Ministers) other than such persons within the provincial police force as the Inspector-General may direct. The report further recommends that the Governor should have the power to assume charge of any branch of the Government which he considers necessary to employ in order to combat terrorism and even to create if necessary machinery for this purpose. With regard to the day to day administration of Law and Order, it might be argued by those who view with misgivings the transfer of this department to a responsible Indian Minister that although the Governor retains a special responsibility and has reserved to him powers connected therewith,

there was no provision made in the White Paper by which the Governor could be kept supplied with the information essential to the discharge of his special responsibility, and that therefore the safeguard would be inoperative. But the Report cures this grave defect by recommending that the Constitution Act shall contain a provision laying upon Ministers the duty of bringing to the notice of the Government any matter under consideration in their Departments which involves any of his special responsibilities, and requiring the Secretaries to Government to bring to the notice of the Governor and the Minister any matters of the same kind.

In view of the fact that threats have been made in India that the Indian Legislature might penalise United Kingdom imports, not with the object of protecting Indian industries but for solely political purposes, it was thought good to add another safeguard to any there might be found in the White Paper to the effect that commercial discrimination should be one of the Governor-General's special responsibilities, even in cases where it was not discrimination in form. Apart from this reservation a recommendation is made strengthening the proposals of the White Paper safeguarding British subjects in India against legislative and administrative discrimination. In view of misgivings that the High Courts, being under the administrative control of the Provincial Governments, might be subjected to interference at the hands of the Legislatures, the Committee has recommended that the Governors will be directed in their Instruments of Instructions to reserve any Bill which would in their opinion endanger the position of the High Courts in this respect. Furthermore, the amount required for the proper administration of the High Courts shall in future be determined by the Governor and will not be subject to the vote of the Legislature.

While coming to the conclusion that the existing rights and privileges of the services, especially those recruited by the Secretary of State, are in the main safeguarded and are hardly susceptible of further statutory definition, the Joint Select Committee was not fully satisfied that the status of members of the remaining public services was so well assured. The Report recommends that all Civil Servants shall be servants of the Crown and the

Legislature shall have no control over their appointment or promotion, and only a very general control over their conditions of service. The Governor-General and the Governor respectively shall be, under the Crown, the heads of the central and provincial services. Appointments to these services would be made in their names and no public servant would be dismissed save under their orders. It is also recommended that the Executive Government as a whole should be authorised and required by law to give these services the necessary security through the medium of the Provincial Civil Service Acts. There are other minor changes too numerous to elaborate all of which have been accepted by the Secretary of State, but the above constitute a sufficient indication that the protracted labours of the Joint Select Committee have not been futile.

Now that in all human probability the Bill will reach the Statute Book without any very substantial modification, interest in its fortunes will shift from its passage through the Imperial Parliament to its reception at the hands of those to whom its operation will be entrusted in India itself. Nobody would be sufficiently optimistic to anticipate that the process of initiating the reforms will be effected without let or hindrance. Already ominous signs are not wanting of the difficulties which are to be encountered by the way. The eleventh-hour apprehensions and misgivings expressed by the Princes on the eve of Parliament going into Committee on the Bill afforded the scaremongers some justification for spreading the alarm.

But those who have carefully studied the question were not unprepared for some manifestation of hesitancy on the part of the Princes when words were to be translated into action. Their memorable announcement at the Round Table Conference came more as a surprise to those who were familiar with the subject than their subsequent recantation, if so it can be called, to those who were not. It was surely only to be expected that when the Princes were confronted with a Bill which contained no less than 450 clauses couched in the copious and unintelligible phraseology of the Parliamentary draughtsman, difficult of interpretation even for those well versed in such matters, they took fresh alarm and

required a definite assurance that no conditions were concealed in this complicated instrument which would commit them a great deal further than they were prepared to go in their instruments of accession. The Princes, be it remembered, are invited to make concessions in return for which they are entitled to make certain stipulations. It is obvious, therefore, that the *quid pro quo* offered to them must be definite, and also they are entitled to an assurance that they are explicitly safeguarded against any encroachment upon whatever they reserve to themselves. The Secretary of State has given Parliament a reassurance that he does not believe that the fears of the Princes cannot easily be removed and that there are no irreconcilable differences between them and His Majesty's Government. It is to be hoped, therefore, that ere long—perhaps before these words are in print—this initial difficulty will have been resolved.

But even when and if Parliament sanctions the setting up of an All-India Federation of the States and the autonomous Provinces under the conditions and circumstances set out in the numerous clauses of the Bill, it is legitimate for any one to entertain grave doubts and misgivings as to whether the constitution we give to India is appropriate to Indian genius and whether Indians themselves will be prepared to avail themselves of its provisions. It is permissible, therefore, to investigate what the chances may be of its being operated with goodwill both at the Centre and in the Provincial Legislatures. Sir Malcolm Hailey, than whom no one is better qualified to indulge in prophecy, has expressed in public his confidence that there will be no difficulty whatever in working the new constitution in the Provinces, and that when once the provincial constitutions are in full operation we shall hear very little of boycott or obstruction when the time comes for the establishment of the Federation.

Whether or not such an optimistic forecast is warrantable there is every indication that, with the possible exception of the extremists, there will certainly be co-operation to the extent of the various communities sending representatives to the Legislatures. Whether such co-operation will be prejudiced subsequently by an attempt to render the reforms unworkable in the hopes of demonstrating the necessity of making further con-

cessions remains to be seen. In all probability, however, those who have represented this advance towards self-government as negligible are either deliberately misstating the facts or they have no conception of the formidable burden of new responsibilities which *ab initio* will be placed upon their shoulders. Provincial autonomy will exercise the very severest strain upon those who have not been accustomed to responsibility. Many of those who now denounce the reforms as a niggardly measure of self-government will discover to their cost that the task of governing an Indian Province and administering the services with slender enough resources is more than sufficient to put their capacities to the fullest possible test. If they discharge their functions conscientiously and efficiently, there will be little enough occasion for some time to come to demand a more rapid advance towards full dominion status. Before deciding to hold out for accelerating the pace it would be well for Indians to make sure that their existing personnel is adequate to cope with the immense increase of responsibilities which the existing reforms will impose upon them. It is frequently alleged by Indians that we are not sincere in our constantly reiterated promises to speed India on her way towards self-government. It might be more justifiable for us to argue that Indians are not sincere in their demand for full responsibility when they must be perfectly aware that obstructive tactics are those best calculated to withhold it from them.

But if the reforms are accepted by all save the extremists to the extent of willingness to work them that result will largely redound to the credit of the Viceroy, Lord Willingdon. Bringing to his exalted office, as he has done, a first-hand knowledge of governing men, both in India and elsewhere in the Empire, which for length of period and for success of achievement is probably unique in the annals of British administration, he has given proof that his sound judgment and tenacity of purpose have been of inestimable value in controlling the destinies of India during a period of her history when indomitable perseverance in the face of overwhelming difficulties was essential. In less competent hands those dangers and those difficulties which have beset the British Raj doubtless would have been more apparent.

It is for the very reason that Lord Willingdon has ruled so wisely and with such success that we are apt to underestimate the difficulties with which he has had to contend. He has consistently and successfully pursued the dual policy of suppressing with a firm hand disorder and sedition while preparing the way for a steady advance towards self-government, a combination of aim which has successfully baffled those who for one pretext or another have endeavoured to thwart him in his steadfast purpose.

If it is true, as well it may be, that it is beyond the wit of man to devise a perfect form of constitution for our Indian Empire, with all its anomalies and complexities, then whatever form of constitution we decide upon must depend for the success of its operation more upon the quality and ability of those who will be called upon to work it than upon any intrinsic merits of the written instrument itself. It has been one of the fortunate accidents of history that, with hardly a single exception, the English administrators in whose hands the destinies of India have been entrusted during a hundred years of British Raj, have been men eminently qualified for the great tasks imposed upon them. For some indefinite period of time it will be essential that the influence and control of the British element throughout the administration shall persist in collaboration with Indians, who will gradually assume increasing burdens of responsibility.

The prosperity of India in the future no less than in the past depends above all else upon the personal equation. As Indians come to be increasingly associated with the government of their native land our chief preoccupation must be to ensure that the supremely high standard set by a long line of British administrators shall be sustained.

EDWARD CADOGAN.

SOME RECENT BOOKS.

'The Times'—English Country Life—'Arising out of That'—Walking in England—History of the War—The Army—F. S. Oliver's Finale—Countess Tolstoy and the Soviet—Dr Nazaroff—Maeterlinck—The Romance of Mountaineering—Sir James Frazer—The Accuracy of the Bible—Dr Headlam's Book of Doctrine—Modern Mystics—Freedom and the Spirit—Elian.

THE 150th birthday of a national institution like 'The Times' is an event which well deserves the celebration and commemoration that were given to it last January. Part of this celebration consists in the publication of the 'History of the Times' written (anonymously, according to fixed tradition), printed and published in Printing House Square. The first volume, with the subtitle of 'The Thunderer in the Making,' covering the years 1785-1841, has now been published: a dignified volume of over five hundred closely printed pages with thirty-one illustrations, and 'The Times' is greatly to be congratulated on it. The outstanding personality in the book is Thomas Barnes, Editor from 1819 to 1841. His memory has been too much overshadowed by his famous successor Delane, but this volume is a fitting tribute to his remarkable achievement and dominant character. Behind him in the book stand John Walter I and II, on the former of whom some curious sidelights are thrown. No man can be judged rightly except according to the standards of his day, but, even so, Walter's suppliant attitude to those in power and still more questionable methods of raising money do not make an attractive picture; but at least he founded 'The Times,' and that is a claim to honourable fame. If under him 'The Times' was suppliant to the Government, John Walter II and Barnes completely reversed the position and the manœuvres of leading politicians to 'square' 'The Times,' and their fury and measures of warfare against it, when they failed, make interesting reading. In 1834 Lord Lyndhurst said, 'Barnes is the most powerful man in the country,' and many agreed with him. This was the result of the broad and sane outlook on

affairs, and the invincible independence of 'The Times.' Often it was accused of inconsistency through misapprehension of its rooted principle of supporting measures and not men. Party labels meant little compared with carrying out the policy which 'The Times' thought right for the country. The invective of O'Connell or Brougham had no effect, except perhaps to call forth answering invective which would sound strange from Printing House Square in these less forcible days. Much might be said about the successful efforts, after many difficulties, of Walter and Barnes in securing comprehensive, accurate and speedy information from abroad, and of how Barnes brought the reading public to look to the leading article for guidance rather than to communications 'to the Editor' as before. He addressed not a governing class but all classes. He wrote as a teacher; he accustomed the whole country to ask, What does 'The Times' say: the change was fundamental—and yet even the great editor could condescend to split an infinitive! Thomas Barnes and John Walter II were notable in their lives, and they still live in the high, upright, level-headed, and independent traditions and standards which 'The Times' still so honourably and so successfully maintains.

The eighteenth century, as Mrs Rosamond Bayne-Powell declares and illustrates in her work on 'English Country Life in the Eighteenth Century' (Murray), was a century of contradictions in every department of social life. Prosperity and poverty in the extreme with degradation were close neighbours. It was in some respects a great period. It cradled the future ascendancy of Britain as a world-power as well as in material wealth. Four-fifths of the activities of her people then were spent upon the soil. Agriculture was by far her supreme industry, and in their several ways the fortunate land-owners, harassed farmers and yeomen and sorely-treated peasantry, combined to make their industry profitable and thereby incidentally established the bases of the Empire beyond the seas. In detail Mrs Bayne-Powell studies the conditions and characters of the men of the time; giving especial regard to such as Coke of Norfolk and Parson Woodforde, whose records are available and revealing. We see the labourer in the fields, the country doctor going his rounds in honest alliance with quackery,

the village tradesman and the schoolmaster, in comparison with whom the pedagogue of Goldsmith's 'Sweet Auburn' was more than passing rich on forty pounds a year. In their trials, games, sports and superstitions, we see the John Bull of that, his particular, age, strong, forceful and active, and discover reasons to lament and rejoice in the multitudinous changes that have come since upon our green and pleasant land.

As also is the moral of Mr Horace Annesley Vachell's new book. 'This was England' was delightful, and has now begotten one equally delightful in 'Arising out of That' (Hodder and Stoughton). Mr Vachell, with the skill and charm which we expect from him and his masterly character-drawing, gives us a composite portrait of the semi-mythical yet very real village of Venner on the borders of the New Forest in 1885 and at the present day. In the 'eighties Venner was still the semi-feudal property of Sir Marmaduke Ven—picturesque, unchanging and insanitary. In the 'nineties, under his son Sir Aymer, it became the precious 'museum piece' beloved now of picture postcards, much more sanitary, but still static. In 1935 the Hall is a girls' school, the smithy a garage; the squire has gone, the parson is no longer the genial and autocratic father of his parish; touching the forelock and curtseying have vanished, the schoolmaster is a genially inconsistent socialist, and it is the relics of the 'quality' of 1885 who wear wool and sober serviceable garments, while the young women of the village go in for artificial silk and spend their holidays in 'Cronmouth.' Venner is still a 'beauty spot,' popular with chars-à-bancs, but it now has an overflow bungaloid town appended, go-ahead and horrible. Cynics in 1885 called Venner 'Veneer.' The veneer is wearing thin. The solid wood of human nature beneath remains the same, with its good grain and its bad, its virtues and its vices, its kindness and back-biting, its genuine love of home and equally genuine restlessness, its appreciation of real character and its outward flippancy and cynicism. There are many Venners in this land of ours, and slowly or quickly as it may be, they are all going the same way; and who shall say in the end whether it is for better or worse? Mr Vachell gives us a series of living Conversation Pieces of historic value. His book should be treasured

in the library of every one who takes serious thought for our ever-changing England.

Mr Geoffrey Trease writes uncommonly well, and knows it. It is fortunate that he knows it, for his confidence helps his enthusiasm and thereby adds colour and decision to the imaginative music of his words. But why is he so hard on hikers? The world does not belong to the Elect alone, otherwise many of us would go darkling; and the true country-lover, as Mr Trease is, should welcome by hedgerow and highway the workers in offices, warehouses and shops who have the grace to spend their scant leisure in plodding along rural paths and practising folk-dancing, however clumsily. Why the folk-dance should arouse the author's scorn as it does (on p. 17) only the Institution generally known as Goodness can possibly know! However, for his delightful '*Walking in England*' (Fenland Press) we are grateful. It brings out the richness of this island in its wonderlands of beauty, sometimes stark, at other times softly and greenly enchanting, and shows how close some of them are to wherever we may be. He has footed it widely in England and Wales and not only captured a store of memories of places visited, but is able to pass on those impressions to his readers. Sometimes his touch is happy—as in the reference to Exeter Cathedral at dawn, 'like a lingering shadow of the night,' and to the 'occasional sheep, peering from the bracken with its vacuous, delicate face.'

'*The Official History of the War*' (Macmillan) continues its dignified and unhurried progress towards completion under the skilled authorship and editorship of Brigadier-General Sir James E. Edmonds, with his able collaborator in maps and sketches, Major A. F. Becke. A volume of six hundred pages, with a second one of appendices amounting to one hundred and fifty pages, and still another of maps, have now been issued covering the German offensive of March 1918. Seven chapters deal with the circumstances, military and political and geographical, leading up to the attack on March 21; eleven deal with the eventful days of the attack itself, March 21–26, and a final chapter treats of the Doullens Conference. Surely no phase of any war has ever been dealt with more comprehensively, impartially or skilfully. When we consider the immense amount of invaluable

evidence, both human and documentary, which was lost in the retreat during these memorable days, it is amazing to find what a complete and connected narrative has been made. We are shown frankly the disagreements and conflicting views of the allies during the preceding months and the compromises and makeshifts which attempted to satisfy the French and ourselves. We see how far our defensive preparations of necessity fell short of what the military leaders wanted, and are shown the German plans and how they worked out. The authors concerned in these volumes deserve the warmest congratulations—and the thanks of all students of war.

Major-General J. F. C. Fuller in 'The Army in My Time' (Rich and Cowan) has written a highly shrewd, amusing and serious book. His pen laughs but often is dipped in gall. It will be well if students of war take to heart the lessons it asserts as to the inevitable tendencies of the military mind to cling to the old accustomed ways and resist necessary changes until their tails are a-fire. He points the morals of the stiff barrack-yard manner—'unmounted men preferred'—in which we fought the Boer War until our enemy with his slimmness taught us better; and those of the Great War, which meant a re-learning of hard lessons because since the settlement in South Africa military minds and methods had grown again wooden. The Great War ended with the British armies the finest in any field; but already the rot, it seems, has returned, as is illustrated in a trifling fashion by the Guards on sentry-duty at the royal palaces, wearing their Crimean headgear and making their turnings with an exaggerated stamping angularity which cause the crude who pass by to smile. A searching and revealing book. But what of the future? General Fuller is no comforter. The age of eternal peace will never be while humanity has teeth and finger-nails; and we must be reconciled, according to him, to abolishing the cavalry and concentrating our resources on armoured machines, tanks, and a vast organization of air-fighters, closely linked in a much-reformed army.

The third volume of 'The Endless Adventure,' by F. S. Oliver (Macmillan), cannot, with its abrupt ending and list of chapters still unwritten, be read without

sadness that death should have removed the distinguished author when within sight of his goal. This casts a pathetic light on Mr Oliver's own heading of the concluding section of his book, 'A Political Testament, in which the author being pressed for time throws a clumsy pontoon across the river of events instead of building the series of bridges which originally he had planned.' The reader will find this last volume as delectable as its predecessors, whether in watching Walpole in the parliament of 1735 or considering the characters of Chesterfield or Bolingbroke or in the Political Testament, dealing with love of country, instinct for power, the morals of a politician, or the despondencies of great men seen in the parliamentary history of this country from 1830 to 1885. In the nineteenth century, as in the eighteenth, Mr Oliver carries out his theme of the endless adventure of the art of government, illustrated by the careers of distinguished politicians, decorated with pleasing incursions into political philosophy and enlivened by equally pleasing aphorism and trenchant phrase.

The Countess Alexandra Tolstoy's devotion to her father, which incidentally caused much displeasure to her difficult mother, has so truly won the sympathy of those who know, that her books are assured of an interested attention. She has already told the moving story of Tolstoy's last years; yet even that book has not the tragic force of this revelation of the vileness of the Bolshevik régime: its treacheries, stupidities and cruelties, the results of a tyranny inspired by a few sinister leaders and carried out ruthlessly by their subordinates. 'I Worked for the Soviet' (Allen and Unwin) details the Countess's experiences from the outbreak of the Revolution until some ten years afterwards when, worn down in spirit and strength, despairing of Russia, with the Tolstoyian ideals for which she had striven proved futile, she took an opportunity to escape to Japan and so to the blessedness of freedom. Deftly and with vigour she paints scenes and the portraits of officials, time-servers, victims, and incidentally condemns the system which for the blundering brutalities that go with its thoroughness, excels even that of the Tsars. It is evident from the account in 1919, of hordes of children, homeless in the streets—a glimpse of an outcast boy with his wife aged

eight—that the rulers of the Soviets have made some social progress since then; but with all the sentimentality of the silly 'Red Front' elsewhere and their mechanical chanting of the International, Communism, even in Russia with its unassertive driven people, spells ruin. As a peasant declared to the author, 'The Kremlin is our worst enemy.'

It would be impossible for one who had read Dr P. S. Nazároff's 'Hunted through Central Asia,' with its account of hard and dangerous adventures and close escapes from the revengeful Bolsheviks, not to welcome this completing volume of his *Odyssey*, 'Moved On!' (Allen and Unwin), wherein he tells of his compulsorily renewed flight from Kashgar in Turkestan over the Karakoram range—all but the highest mountains in the world—to Kashmir and the blessings of British freedom. Again Dr Malcolm Burr has proved a helpful and effective translator and editor. Nazároff was no ordinary traveller. Besides having been a figure in Russian politics, and therefore a refugee, he is a trained man of science, with his eyes open not only to the possibilities in Central Asia for his own branch of engineering and metallurgy, but authoritative in biology, botany, geology and therefore able to shed light on the natural facts, fauna and flora, and the insects too, of the Land of Lost Civilization as appropriately he terms Chinese Turkestan. Six hard and dangerous years were spent on these journeyings—a time which he claims is comparable to that spent by Marco Polo in his travels to and from Cathay, and the means employed were the same, 'on foot and on the backs of horses and of yaks.' The account of the crossing of the mountains is thrilling; but the whole book has its values as a record of courage unsubdued amid adversities and of helpful scientific achievement.

The imagination of M. Maeterlinck, with its daring assumptions and richly poetic colouring, is a wonder in itself; and when it is spent upon one of the living miracles, whether ants or bees or stars, gives his readers occasion for stimulating and admiring thought. In his new little work, 'Pigeons and Spiders' (Allen and Unwin), his imagination is as adventurous as ever, and in studying especially the Water Spider brings us to awe of Nature and some sense of the insignificance of mankind in comparison with

the complicate infinitesimal creatures that dwell in the shadowy places, whether of woods or waters. It seems that our new friend *Argyroneta aquatica*, is not much known even to entomologists because of its baffling seclusiveness, and M. Maeterlinck has been unable to detect some of its activities and their causes. One thing he has determined, that the lady spider is an exception to her order, inasmuch as after the nuptials she does not devour her bridegroom—for the reason that he is bigger and more powerful than she. It is an attractive study in which the author's characteristic prose is excellently rendered into English by Mr Bernard Miall. The associated study of the Pigeon is more obvious, but yet is revealing, and again helps M. Maeterlinck to exalt the miracles of Nature in comparison with the blundering efforts of man. Compared with her triumphs, "We shall never be anything more than accidental, accessory, supernumerary beings, without effective action, without consequence, without importance." Well, well!

On an earlier page in this number of the 'Quarterly,' a detailed account of the German attempt to conquer Nanga Parbat is given; and it comes as an exciting appetiser to the full, fascinating and beautifully illustrated volume, written by Mr R. L. G. Irving, 'The Romance of Mountaineering' (Dent). The history of this most arduous exercise of sporting adventure is told from the shadowy beginnings, through the sustained efforts to conquer the giants of Switzerland to the recent and tragic assaults on Mount Everest, and has the necessary vigour, clarity and richness of detail; while the pictures are even more finished and revealing than the text. But they suffer from a fault which should not have been; just as the book itself is the poorer for wanting an index. Instead of every illustration having as a legend the name of the mountain depicted, we often have, for instance, 'A Naughty Boy's Choice,' 'Treasures of the Snow.' A note at the end of the volume tells us that the former of these unhelpfully fanciful titles marks the north-east face of the Aiguille Verte; but why not say so at once? It will be easy to mend these faults in a new impression, which is certain to be wanted, for the mountains are a lure to many; and here is a book which reminds old climbers of their triumphs and attempts, and yet gives

stay-at-homes the opportunity to realise some of their dreams of the magic might-have-been.

We pass from the worlds of history and science to that of general religion. The wealth and width of the range of Sir James Frazer's intellectual interests is illustrated to some extent in the collection of essays or addresses which he has brought together under the title of its first and most serious 'piece,' '**Creation and Evolution in Primitive Cosmogonies**' (Macmillan). Beside that brief essay on one aspect of his long-drawn anthropological studies, he gives us a brief paper on Mediaeval Latin Fabulists, a glimpse of Edward Gibbon at Lausanne immediately before and after the writing of his '**Decline and Fall**,' personal studies of Sir Baldwin Spencer and Canon John Roscoe, whose pioneer work among the aborigines of Australia and Africa were of fundamental service to him, coming to fruition in the '**Golden Bough**'; a philosophical treatise on the teachings of Condorcet; and last, and even the best because of their human sympathy and personal interest, recollections of his parents and their home at Glasgow, which cradled his gifts and led him to Cambridge and greatness. But now to the more particular in religion.

There is encouragement for the reasonably orthodox, with no actual discouragement for the reasonably critical, in Dr A. S. Yahuda's justification of '**The Accuracy of the Bible**' (Heinemann), so far at any rate as the Old Testament is concerned. As recent investigations have shown, there was in those early times a great flood—Ur has the evidence of that; and the walls of Jericho were really broken down—by an earthquake which the rejoicing Hebrews may honestly have regarded as caused by their challenging trumpets. In similar fashion now, Dr Yahuda, having made himself familiar with the Egyptian language as well as with Hebrew—a double qualification rarely possessed by Biblical scholars—examines the stories of Joseph, of the finding of Moses, the Plagues and the Exodus; reverting then to the early narratives of Genesis, with the creation of Adam and the animals, with the story of Paradise, an oasis surrounded by desert—how illuminating that simplicity is!—with the flood, and, finally, to the erection of the Tower of Babel. He makes it clear from the details that the setting, not only of the

scenes in Egypt but to some extent those in Babylonia, is such as an Egyptian would have described, and brings out the truth that however much of the story of the Creation is legendary and mythical, the accounts of Joseph and Moses in Egypt and much else as recorded in the Bible are true history.

No books, it seems, so speedily grow out-of-date as those treating of religion and theology. A curious fact, for dealing as mainly they do with truths made manifest some nineteen hundred years ago, one would have expected their teachings to be steadfast. The interpretations of those truths, however, are subject to modification with the times, as new revelations of science and knowledge are applied to them. The latest views of religious faith and of Anglican teachings on 'God transcendent and God immanent, God incarnate, God the Creator, and God living on earth as man, God as our Father, and God in us,' are expounded—rather for the clergyman in harness, to keep him spiritually alert, than for the casual student—by the Bishop of Gloucester in '**Christian Theology: the Doctrine of God**' (Clarendon Press), and it is as full a book as could well be expected from any theologian in the over-pressure of these times. It is at once conservative and yet progressive. Possibly Dr Headlam is a little hard on the Modernist, overlooking the fact that without some savour of modernism all the time we should still be wandering in the Arabian (or Tennessee) desert of crude Fundamentalism; but for the rest his work is courageous in its breadth and insight and the painstaking endeavour to reach and teach the truth, whether entirely acceptable to himself or not. In its powers and lucidity of exposition it is sometimes brilliant.

That Sir Francis Younghusband in the course of his far-reaching studies should have been attracted by that phenomena of the spirit, Mysticism, must have been evident to all who had followed his writings. It is a further result of that great march over the Gobi desert, when he heard the voices of the stars. His new volume, '**Modern Mystics**' (Murray), might, therefore, be regarded as inevitable. It is assuredly sincere and courageous, and modest withal; for although the author challenges the consideration of farther than far-off things, he does so with reverence, humility, and awe. In the

pioneer volume, 'Mysticism,' which opened alluringly to many the study of the deeps of wonder that are of the realities of the soul, Miss Evelyn Underhill dealt only with European mystics. Sir Francis rightly has recognised the value in his inquiry also of the Asiatic mystics; examining the reactions towards the Divine, the Creative Spirit that he believes is the centre of the universe, and the crux of an infinite unity, of the Hindus, Keshub Chander Sen, Ramakrishna, and Vivekenanda; of the Moslem the Bab; of St Theresa of Lieux; of the anonymous author of 'The Golden Fountain,' whom he dubs a 'Protestant Mystic'; and finally, somewhat queerly it may seem to many, of Evan Roberts, the revivalist, who was a leader in the extraordinary wave of religious emotionalism that ran through Wales thirty years ago and then lapsed, generally exhausted by its own uncurbed ecstasy. The spirit that animates all mystics, and is by no means divorced at times from physical enjoyment, seems in some of its qualities and manifestations to be similar, while in other respects different; comprising a study fascinating and yet on occasions because of that fascination dangerous, as every inquiry into the psychical may be.

It must be confessed that Professor Nicolas Berdyaev's 'Freedom of the Spirit' (Bles) makes stiff reading; not through any obscurity of the language used in the excellent translation by Mr Oliver Fielding Clarke, but from the fact that, describing himself as a Christian theosophist, he goes well beyond what the Churches teach and endeavours to add a yet more ethereal spirituality to that of the religion which most of us hold and proclaim. He recognises that the problem which above all is confronting us to-day is that of the spirit and the spiritual life; a truth which all who observe and think must accept, however distant they may be from holding the extreme views of this earnest and far-reaching teacher. M. Berdyaev, however, after his heavy sufferings in Russia for the right of thought, is entitled to be listened to with respect; and although others, the 'bourgeois Christians,' against whom he tilts a lance because of their 'Pharisaism,' will not accept his views, his work is to be commended for its absolute sincerity and its courage in recognizing that no limits can be applied to the spirit

or to religious truth ; while everybody who has something to contribute to the body of thought on the mysteries that encompass us is entitled to a considerate hearing.

The House of Methuen, whose name is now closely and very honourably associated with that of Charles Lamb, has issued, over-late for the centenary, but in good time for the appreciation of Elians, two volumes, 'Lamb's "Barbara S——"' which tells the life-story of Fanny Kelly, and 'Lamb Always Elia', a tribute to him from America and as admirable a study of the diversified character of our 'Pope Innocent' as any yet written. Professor Edith C. Johnson in this volume answers the careless assertion that Elia was not the real Charles Lamb, by showing how absolutely the real Charles Lamb grew to be more truly himself as his Elianism developed—at first in his letters, especially in those to Coleridge and Manning, the friends who most helped his personality and genius to come to fruition, to find complete expression in the Essays which his lovers with reason for their concentrated wit, humour and wisdom know to be second to none. Miss Johnson has established her case. The accompanying brief but adequate study of Fanny Kelly, by Mr L. E. Holman, is chiefly notable for revealing the fact that the 'Miss Greville' who lived with the actress and whose body was buried with her in Brompton Cemetery, was her natural daughter. The child was born ten years after Miss Kelly's refusal of Lamb's offer of marriage and, therefore, presumably was no result of the 'early and deeply rooted attachment' which was the stated cause of her refusal of him. Happily, these days being more liberal-hearted over such escapades, one does not love Fanny any the less for this entirely unexpected revelation.

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